

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 28, 1964

TIME



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VOL. 84 NO. 9
1964 U.S. POSTAGE



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T-9



ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 26

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, NBC and CBS, 7:30 p.m.—conclusion). Continued coverage of the nominating, balloting and politicking from Convention Hall in Atlantic City, N.J., where the party will nominate its presidential candidate.

Thursday, August 27

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION (ABC, NBC and CBS, 7:30 p.m.—conclusion). Choice of the vice-presidential candidate; acceptance speeches.

Friday, August 28

IT'S A BIG WORLD (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Actor James Garner and Comedian Pat Harrington Jr. introduce the four-day Carling World Golf Championship and interview some of the foreign competitors, including Nationalist China's Chen Ching-Po, New Zealand's Bob Charles, Brazil's Mario Gonzales.

Saturday, August 29

THE KING FAMILY (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). The six King sisters, members of Alvin Rey's Orchestra in the '40s, appear with 33 of their musically gifted children, cousins and nephews in an hour of music spanning two generations.

Sunday, August 30

SUMMER OLYMPIC TRIALS (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). Swimming competition from Astoria, N.Y.; gymnastics from the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N.Y.

CARLING WORLD GOLF TOURNAMENT (CBS, 4-6 p.m.). Final holes of the 72-hole \$200,000 event, the first in the world with an international field qualified through open competition.

REVIEW OF THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION (ABC, 5-6 p.m.). Senators Hubert Humphrey and Sam Ervin Jr., and Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. discuss the expected conduct of the campaign.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Report on the U.S. Navy training program for frogmen and sea-land-air teams. Repeat.

RECORDS

Jazz

CHET BAKER (Colpix), freshly returned from a dope cure in Europe, makes his first recording in five years and shows that he is coolly sure of himself and very jaunty (*in Walkin'*). He can also be as lyrical as anyone in jazz today. He says a lot in little, can sing like a flugelhorn (*Whatever Possess'd Me*) and make a flugelhorn sing (*Soultrane*).

COLTRANE'S SOUND (Atlantic) is free, air-borne and intense; his tenor sax describes a flashing, looping melodic maze in his composition called *Liberia*, pokes broadly into small, dark corners in *Equinox*, has the jitters in *Satellite*. The fine drummer Elvin Jones explodes some free-style fireworks too.

ORCHESTRA PORTRAITS (Pacific Jazz). Composer-Arranger-Bandleader Gerald Wilson conducts his zesty, Hollywood-based big band, using huge splashes of colored sound propelled by a cast-iron beat. The wide brush works best on his own pieces; So

What by Miles and Round Midnight by Thelonious loose their definition.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS (Mary) swings her way into bebop and then retired from jazz to devote herself to prayer and good works. After ten years' absence from the recording mike, she is back in good form as the pianistic pivot of several talented groups, among them the Howard Roberts Chorus, which sings her *Black Christ of the Andes*. As a hymn it is simple and moving, with cool kaleidoscopic harmonies, but its jazz superstructure seems to be an afterthought.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE (Blue Note). More jazz hymns, by Veteran Trumpeter Donald Byrd, the son of a Methodist minister. Schooled in classic composition, Byrd is writing spirituals with jazz textures and African rhythms. There are stretches of monotony, but mostly the music comes to life, catalyzed by the performance of the excellent small choir and combo. *The Black Disciple* is the most effective, with its unusual rushed rhythms.

TRUE BLUE (Atlantic). A specialist in "soul" like Ray Charles, with whom he played for five years, Alto Saxophonist Hank Crawford performs some of his own pieces (*Shake A-Plenty, Skunk Green*) with a small, well-integrated band. Nothing cosmic, just cheerful blues, short, catching and swinging.

FOLK 'N' FLUTE (Pacific Jazz). Folk music is so popular today that blues singers call themselves folk singers and jazz combos have been known to swing *John Henry* and *We Shall Overcome*—violently. Bud Shank and the Folksingers, featuring Shank's cool flute and Joe Pass's warm guitar, stay close to the spirit of the ballads in their gentle improvisations on songs like *This Land Is Your Land* and *Blowin' in the Wind*.

CINEMA

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. She seemed too good to be true in *A Taste of Honey*. In her second picture, Liverpool's Rita Tushingham, 22, seems even better than that: a girl who both acts like an angel and looks like a star. Peter Finch plays her middle-aged lover and plays him well, but Rita's dazzling presence turns Finch to sparrow.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. A treat for the Beatle generation. The holler boys' first film is fresh, fast and funny, and it may moderate the adult notion that a Beatle is something to be greeted with DDT.

HARA-KIRI. A gory, sometimes tedious, sometimes beautiful dramatic treatise on an old Japanese custom: ritual suicide.

CARTOUCHE. French Director Philippe de Broca, the brilliant satirist who made *The Five-Day Lover*, has executed a careless but wonderfully carefree parody of a period piece in which Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the Robin Hood of 18th century Paris.

THAT MAN FROM RIO. De Broca and Belmondo are at it again, but this time they do better. *Rio* is a wild and wacky travesty of what passes for adventure in the average film thriller.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. In John Huston's version of Tennessee Williams' play, several unlikely characters (portrayed with talent by Richard Burton and with competence by Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner) turn up in the patio of a not-very-

grand hotel in Mexico and talk, talk, talk about their peculiar problems. Often they talk well.

LOS TARANTOS. With mingled dance and drama and burning Iberian intensity, Spanish Director Rovira-Bellet tells the story of a gypsy Romeo and Juliet.

ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS. This intelligent and tasteful tale of an Indian girl (Celia Kaye) who shares an island exile with her dog is a model of what children's pictures ought to be but seldom are.

A SHOT IN THE DARK. Sellers of the Surete sets a new style in sleuthing: let the murderer get away but make sure the audience dies laughing.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Young love becomes a Sicilian nightmare in a sometimes wildly farcical, sometimes deeply affecting tragicomedy by Director Pietro Germi, already famed for *Divorce—Italian Style*.

ZULU. A bloody good show based on a historical incident that occurred in 1879: the siege of a British outpost by 4,000 African tribesmen.

THE SINKABLE MOLLY BROWN. As a girl from the mining camps, Debbie Reynolds makes waves in Denver society and energetically keeps this big, brassy version of Meredith Willson's Broadway musical from going under.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. A lower-crust clerk (Alan Bates) hires an upper-crust crumb to teach him the niceties of Establishment snobbery in this cheeky, stylish, often superlative British satire.

THE ORGANIZER. Director Mario Monicelli's drama about a 19th century strike in Turin has warmth, humor, stunning photography, and a superb performance by Marcello Mastroianni as a sort of Socialist Savonarola.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE GAY PLACE, by William Brammer. Hardly noticed when it was first published in 1961, this first novel by a sometime aide to Lyndon Johnson has become a top-selling paperback and a political conversation piece. Deservedly, for despite fictional camouflage, it is an adroitly written *roman à clef* about L.B.J. in the days when he was ringmaster of the U.S. Senate.

THE SCOTCH, by John Galbraith. In this memoir of his childhood in a frugal Scotch community in Ontario, the author of *The Affluent Society* documents the tightwad society. It is a diverting study of the Scotch and an intriguing, ironic insight into the formative influences that made Economist Galbraith an evangelist of big spending.

THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER, by Eleanor Clark. All about the care and feeding of the world's best oysters, and the Bretons who attend them. With love and encyclopedic knowledge of *Ostrea edulis*, the author has written a nourishing and succulent book, which can be safely read before the R months begin.

EUGENE ONegin, by Vladimir Nabokov. Novelist-Scholar Nabokov has rendered Alexander Pushkin's 19th century novel-in-verse with accuracy and range of meaning closer to the original than any previous translation. By contrast, his volumes of notes show Nabokov as an obsessive genius of the species that he kidded so guilefully in his novel *Palo Fire*.

CORNELIUS SHIELDS ON SAILING. Corny's own philosophy for winning races is also

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Consider that a European vacation can easily cost less than one at home. Then start thinking of the wonder and excitement of a European holiday in terms of the very next week, or two, or three you can get away. Whet your appetite with the flavor of the



heady festivities that are happening in the great cities and colorful countryside of Europe. Then—realize that it's as close as your telephone.

P.S. When you come back, you'll quite probably remark to your envious circle of friends: "It's so easy to go to Europe."

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Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey and Yugoslavia write to European Travel Commission, Dept. 406, Box 258, New York, New York 10017 or see your travel agent today.

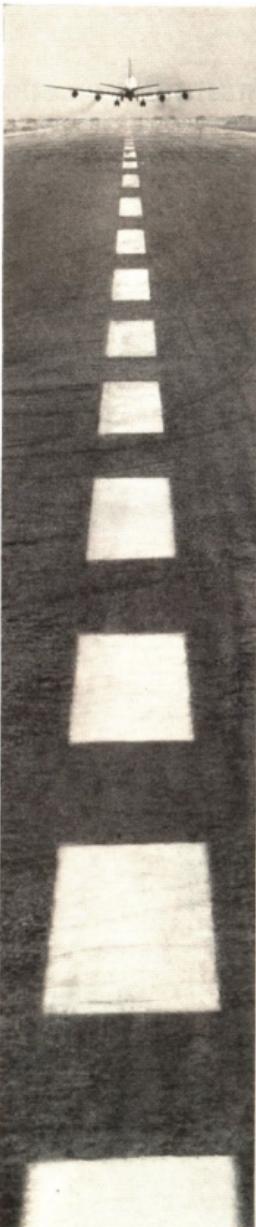


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2 hours.**



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**American
Airlines**

a frank memoir of the man, who at 70, is the champion U.S. skipper.

THE SIEGE OF HARLEM, by Warren Miller. In this book's fantasy plot, Harlem grows tired of riots and declares itself an independent nation. Miller, who lived there for five years, proves his skill both as satirist and Harlemonologist.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE, by John P. Roche. The A.D.A.'s national chairman says that Americans have more civil liberties than any other people in history. His refreshingly forthright list of personal fears puts nuclear war in first place. The Birchers are only Fear 23.

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN, by Louis Auchincloss. A better chronicler of Massachusetts' elite Groton School and its wise, eccentric founder, Endicott Peabody, could hardly be hoped for. In this intricate, fascinating chronicle of "Dr. Prescott" of "Justin," Author Auchincloss finally fulfills his long-time promise of major distinction as a novelist.

TWO NOVELS, by Brigid Brophy. In these elegant and wickedly brilliant novellas about a masquerade ball and a lesbian schoolmistress, Brigid Brophy shows subtlety of both thought and style.

THE FAR FIELD, by Theodore Roethke. A posthumous selection of the poems Roethke wrote during the last seven years of his life celebrates movingly and prophetically "the last pure stretch of joy, the dire dimension of a final thing."

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. A voluminous, fascinating historical novel, well-researched, yet remaining oddly dispassionate and at one remove from the vibrant and youthful Roman emperor whose turbulent, 18-month reign marked the last conflict in the Western world between pagan Hellenism and early Christianity.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. Funny, if often unkind, inside reminiscences of the literati (Gertrude Stein, Ford Madox Ford, Scott Fitzgerald) who befriended the young unknown writer in his Paris springtime before *The Sun Also Rises* thrust him into their own outer-world of fame.

Best Sellers

FICTION

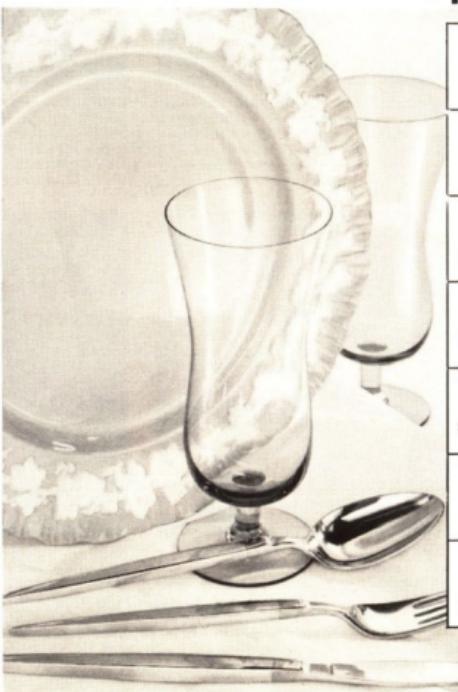
1. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (4 last week)
2. Armageddon, Uris (3)
3. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (1)
4. Julian, Vidal (2)
5. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (6)
6. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (5)
7. The 480, Burdick (7)
8. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (8)
9. The Spire, Golding (9)
10. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer

NONFICTION

1. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (1)
2. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (2)
3. Harlow, Shulman (3)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
5. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (7)
6. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (9)
7. Crisis in Black and White, Silberman (6)
8. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (5)
9. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver (10)
10. The Burden and the Glory, Kennedy

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not only ends water spots...but
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5. LEAFY VEGETABLE SPECKS
6. MILK FILM
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Guarantees spot-free washing, the most spot-free glasses, silver, dishes any dishwasher can wash—or your money back!

New Dishwasher **all's** super-penetrating solution gets in and under spots, lifts them off and floats them away. Your dishes come out sparkling clean—even after being stacked for hours in your dishwasher. And Dishwasher **all** is recommended by every leading dishwasher manufacturer. Get new Dishwasher **all**—new color, new fragrance!

Dishwasher **all** is recommended completely safe for finest china by the American Fine China Guild.





VOICELESS. Many people who have lost the use of their vocal cords can learn to talk again with the help of an electronic artificial larynx, developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories. Held against the throat, this small 7-ounce device replaces the vibrations of normal vocal cords in producing speech. Two models, one simulating a man's voice and the other a woman's, are available at cost on your doctor's recommendation.



BEDFAST. Over 5000 shut-in students go to school from home or hospital with the help of Bell System School-to-Home Telephone Service—and keep up with their classes almost as if they were present in person. Speakerphones, which don't have to be held or lifted, help other invalids keep in touch with their worlds. Some ingenious installations have been devised for wheelchairs and beds by local telephone men.



BLIND. Special "Seeing Aid" equipment has been designed so that blind operators can serve regular telephone switchboards. Its basic principle is a sensitive probe which causes a buzz in the operator's earphone when it passes over a lighted lamp. By moving probe up and down a central row of lamps, she learns what level the call is coming in on and which side. Then she uses probe to find proper hole and goes on to complete the call.



HARD OF HEARING. Some people with impaired hearing find it hard to use an ordinary telephone. For them, we offer a special handset. It looks like any other and it comes in the same colors. But it has a convenient fingertip control in the center which steps up the volume of incoming voices to the best listening level. It can be used with any model phone you may have—wall, desk or Princess® phone—or any of the many business phones.

Some Bell System services to help the handicapped

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There are many ways in which we do it. Four are shown here. For information on any or all of these aids, call the local Bell Telephone Business Office or ask your telephone man.



BELL SYSTEM

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies

THE NEW YORK FAIR

The fair, like the Carlsbad Caverns, the Little Bighorn battle site and the Newfane (Vt.) Inn, is worth a visit if you happen to be in the neighborhood. The locals who live within easy distance of Flushing Meadow by subway, train or highway keep going back there and to date have actually outnumbered tourists at the turnstiles. In any case, it takes at least several trips to sample the top attractions. Some of them are even worth the long wait in line.

PAVILIONS

SPAIN has gone to immense trouble and expense to impress, delight and profit. With great paintings, hot-eyed flamenco dancers, two exceptional restaurants (*see below*) and a cunning convolution of courtyards and corridors, Spain's entry is *Número Uno*.

JAPAN displays ancient arts and modern crafts, consumer products ranging from TV sets and cameras to microscopes and automobiles. All this is assembled in a complex of buildings circling a many-leveled courtyard, featuring samurai duellers, Kabuki (and other) dances, judo wrestlers.

VATICAN. The *Pietà*, bathed in blue light, is a major attraction, though somewhat diminished by the cold setting and a crowd-hustling moving sidewalk. Cognoscenti who have already seen Michelangelo's masterpiece glowing like old ivory in the natural light of St. Peter's might be wise to remember it that way.

BELGIAN VILLAGE advertised itself for months as being "worth waiting for." Open at last, it has proved something of a disappointment, since its charming, smaller-than-life evocation of an ancient Flemish town is still not complete. It may be worth waiting for a while longer.

JOHNSON'S WAX is cleaning up with a highly polished, noncommercial film, *To Be Alive!*, which has drawn extravagant praise from cinema buffs and deserves every bit of it.

GENERAL ELECTRIC has built itself an enormous drum. The outer rim houses six theaters that revolve around a series of stages showing American home life (appliance division) at 20-year intervals from the turn of the century to the present. Moving, talking, life-size dummies inhabit the sets, which unintentionally plug nonprogress by going from a scene that recalls the cozy charms of the icebox, wood stove, gaslight era to one that all too plainly spells out the sterile joys and chilly conveniences of a modern electric home that has little taste and no charm at all.

IBM, on the other hand, makes you glad that you live in 1964. Its wondrous way-out building is nothing more than a monstrous egg perched atop a modern steel structure. The ingenious People Wall lifts you hydraulically to the egg's underbelly, where huge bomb-bay doors open and let you in.

COCA-COLA has a walk-through exhibition that lets you wander down a street in Hong Kong, past the Taj Mahal, up into the Alps, through a Cambodian rain forest and onto the deck of a cruise ship off Rio. On the way out is a delightful display of antique Coke bottles and advertisements.

PEPSI-COLA'S UNICEF exhibit features an indoor boat ride through a wonderland of Disney dolls, representing children of every country and culture, all wildly singing and dancing to a mad little tune called *It's a Small World*. This particular ride is must for all children, also charms many adults.

PROTESTANT AND ORTHODOX CENTER has the controversial film, *Parable*, which shows the crucifixion of a clown in whiteface. The controversy seems to be between those who feel the film is art and those who think it's sacrilege. Most people probably know already which side they're likely to be on. If not, there's one way to find out.

GENERAL MOTORS' FUTURAMA suffers in comparison with its famed 1939 exhibit. The reason perhaps is that the future has come upon us so hard and so fast that the once-incredible magic of what's next now seems all too believable. And Futurama '64 is annoyingly hard to see, with its one-glance-and-you're-past diorama layout—a sad comedown from *Futurama*'39's magnificent panoramic display.

FORD re-creates the past with immense prehistoric monsters (bodies by Disney) that clash in battle and sound like dueling trailer trucks. Presumably Ford mechanics sneak in at night to hammer out the dents on the dinosaurs. There is also a colony of cartoon-caricatured cavemen all looking like early ancestors of the boy on the cover of *Mud Magazine*.

ILLINOIS has built a handsome native-brick structure to house a Lincoln library and a display of Lincoln manuscripts, both excellent. The stark simplicity of the building was probably dictated less by taste than by the economic necessity of paying for its vastly more costly star boarder, a mechanical Lincoln. Steel-boned, electronic-nerved Abe moves and talks, but he can only manage about half the 36 expressions Barbra Streisand brags about in that song from *Funny Girl*.

INDIA. Water cascades down the exterior of the glass pavilion, a quote from Gandhi is carved in pink marble, and sari-clad girls welcome the visitor to view such Indian art objects as the palace doors of Rajasthan, Hindu temple hangings, Buddha sculptures and miniature paintings.

NEW YORK CITY won't let you walk on it, but you can ride around and look at a complete scale model of the five boroughs (the Empire State Building is 15 in. tall). The modelmakers frantically try to keep up with the real-life builders, tearing out tiny rows of brownstones to slap in new office blocks.

CHILDREN & TEEN-AGERS

U.S. RUBBER has a Ferris wheel ride inside a six-story-tall rubber tire. There are bucket seats and a view from the top. Only three times around, though, and then you get parked.

HALL OF SCIENCE states its age limit bluntly with an entrance only 5 ft. high. The youngsters can prospect for uranium, work electrical generators by pedaling bicycles, play pinball with neutrons and uranium atoms, and measure their own weight in atoms.

TIVOLI GARDENS PLAYGROUND is the fair's most delightful haven for very small children. Created by some of Denmark's best



When you've stayed pure for 321 years, people want to have you home for dinner.

Bavaria's purity laws for beer are mean, strict and unrelenting. Würzburger must be made only from fragrant hops, fresh yeast, costly barley malt and water. Tough? For us. But nice for you. Würzburger's purity gives you the lightest, cleanest tasting beer in the world. Imported from Germany by Original Beer Importing and Distributing Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. Aren't you glad?



When he graduates from college...



This ELJER lavatory will still be keeping first graders clean

Twenty years or more isn't an unusual life span for Eljer fixtures like the "Delwyn" vitreous china lavatory with Eljer Lifetime Brass fittings. Behind such longevity are quality materials and craftsmanship. Eljer also carefully makes fixtures from sturdy cast iron and formed steel; gives each a gleaming finish that resists acids. Whatever the material, they're good looking, too, styled to stay in fashion year after year. When you want long-lived, low-maintenance fixtures and fittings for your schools, specify Eljer. For more information, write The Murray Corporation of America, Eljer Plumbingware Division, Dept. TM, P.O. Box 836, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

NY6

ELJER
SINCE 1904 FINE PLUMBING FIXTURES

artists and architects, it has canals to sail boats on, a long, twisty slide that ends up in a sandbox, a Viking ship to climb over, a maze with magic mirrors, holes to stick small heads through, and other diversions. It is also a blessed place to stash the younger members of the family with kindly attendants while you fortify yourself with Danish beer at the bar or food at the nearby restaurant.

MINNESOTA has a paddle-yourself canoe ride, as well as a fishing hole where you can match wits with some wary trout that have learned a thing or two since they came East.

MONTANA Would-be drivers park themselves behind a steering wheel, peer through their "windshield"—a 21-in. TV screen—onto a highway, soon find themselves skidding around hairpin curves, past oncoming trains and, chances are, smack into the truck ahead. Who survives best gets the highest score.

RESTAURANTS

FESTIVAL OF GAS has a Restaurant Associates (Four Seasons, Forum) restaurant that features such American dishes as beef blazed with bourbon and country-baked ham, \$6-\$12.

SPANISH PAVILION'S two restaurants are Toledo, which serves excellently cooked, superbly served French and Spanish food (\$5-\$25), and Granada, which has an all-Spanish menu and slightly lower prices.

NEW ENGLAND PAVILION has a colonial restaurant called The Millstone, which serves such local specialties as johnnycakes with maple syrup, clam chowder, breaded lobster, blueberry slump and apple grunt. If you order the slump or the grunt without the fruit, they hand you the check, \$5-\$9.

MOULTRAY'S POLYNESIAN, for those who like their eggs rolled and everything else bamboo-speared, \$3-\$12.

MEXICAN PAVILION has a restaurant called Focolare with handsome décor and fine Mexican food, if you like the afterburner effect. \$4-\$15.

DANISH PAVILION'S restaurant sets a grand cold table that groans under a congeries of herring, lobster, tiny shoe-button shrimp, superb smoked salmon, cold meats, sausages, pâtés and cheeses, all crying out for good Danish beer. \$6.50.

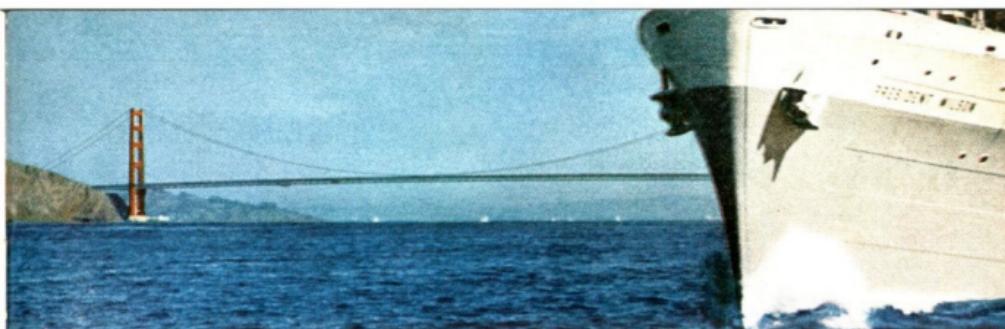
SWEDISH PAVILION also has a cold board, but you serve yourself. \$6.

INDONESIAN PAVILION, for the adventurous, serves up fine native dishes, feasting the eyes meanwhile with Sumatran and Balinese dances. \$7.75.

LE CHALET. From a little fresh-air balcony in the Swiss pavilion, you can watch aerial gondolas, sip cool rosé wine, sample cheese fondues. \$4.50-\$9.

Many visitors lack stomach, time or money for such astronomic gastronomics. Decent snacks at reasonable prices can be had in the International Plaza at many small bars, stands and cafés in the various individual international pavilions, or in some of the restaurants run by beer companies. And delectable Belgian waffles, sold at stands in the Belgian Village, the International Plaza and elsewhere, are a 99¢ must. If you're really counting pennies, though, take exact change. The waffling Belgians have been declining to give back the 1¢ on the dollar, pleading a coin shortage.

* Dinner prices per person.



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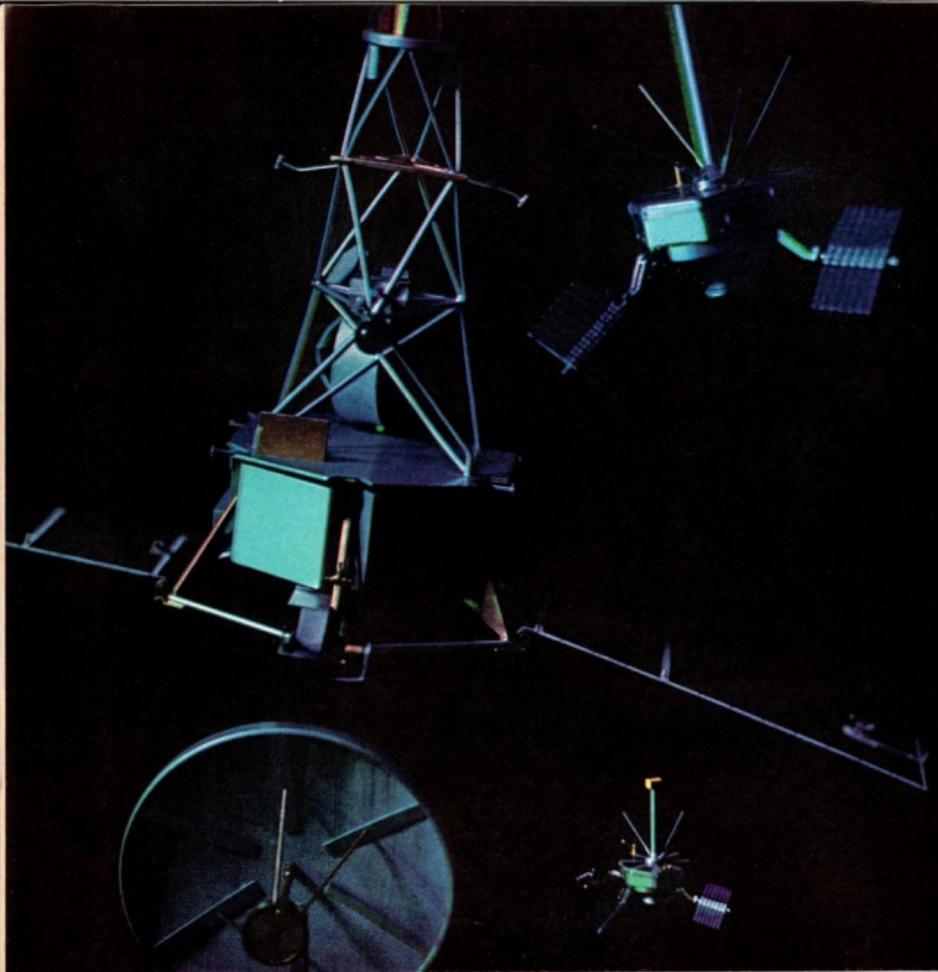
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LETTERS

Cardinal for Renewal

Sir: Good luck to Cardinal Cushing and his ideas [Aug. 21]. I hope that other Catholic clergymen will join with him in modernizing the church. It's about time Catholic parishioners realized that it's not true that only Protestants go to hell.

LINDA NELSEN
Chicago

Sir: I am an ex-seminarian who studied for the priesthood for four years, and I ultimately left the seminary because of "chancery Catholicism." This sort of thing sorely hinders a priest's proper Christian ministry in the community. It also hinders the individual Catholic's relationship with God, so much so that he is more afraid of the "System" than he is of his God. The Catholic faith is not, and should not be reduced to, a legalistic system of detached abstract theology. It should be a living, dynamic, individualistic relationship with God. Conservative Catholic prelates and laymen would do well to listen to Cardinal Cushing and learn something from him.

RICHARD LOUDERMAN JR.
Hometown, Ill.

Sir: It may come as a surprise to Cardinal Cushing and others that there are many Catholic lay people who are not in sympathy with *aggiornamento* and ecumenism. As for our 20th century Zwinglians, Calvinists and other self-anointed "progressives," I suggest they join one of our available crackpot sects where they may indulge their divisive, anarchistic passions without fear of papal or curial restraint.

KARL D. JURIC
Albuquerque

Sir: Your article might give the masses the impression that one person's opinion is as good as another's within the church. This is not true. As a Catholic, I know that true believers attempt to commit themselves to the authority of the church during any apparent conflict between it and their own doubts on some moral issue. The idea of authority in the church is very sublime and beautiful if properly understood. True acceptance of the church's authority should not curtail one's freedom within the church.

THOMAS F. CARLIN
Elkins Park, Pa.

Sir: As a Catholic committed to reform and renewal, I would like to say that we do not really want to "dissent from the Pope." Our devotion to truth is complete—so complete that we reject scholastic formulations that are unintelligible to the modern mind. But we accept mystery as unavoidable in any attempt to understand the workings of the infinite God. We are not asking for a more liberal church, meaning an easier church; we know that all true Christianity must be difficult, for all Christians are called to carry the Cross after our Master. We do not want to change the church so much as we want to see accretions removed that serve only to soil the purity conferred by her Founder.

JUDITH GRABSKI
Broadview, Ill.

Sir: It is unfortunate that you did not explore the opinions of those Catholic laymen who detest the false pride of men like Cushing and the Jesuits. These men are the Bing Crosby and Pat O'Brien type

of priests, who use clichés and terribly bold words to express their supposed liberalism. The pseudo-progressive Jesuit colleges send forth a procession of professional security-conscious, noncreative graduates.

JOHN T. LYDEN
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir: It is an oversimplification to say that Cushing has been slow to eradicate anti-Negro prejudice in South Boston. The prejudice exists throughout the archdiocese, even among the clergy. The cardinal's pastorals are eloquent indeed, his views on race relations firmly stated, but his pastors and his people have let him down. Incidentally, we do have two Negro priests in Boston, both in Negro parishes.

RICHARD M. SENIER
Arlington, Mass.

Sir: Whether or not I'm "twice as intelligent and three times better educated," I turn to a priest for clarification on matters of faith and church doctrine. Anyone so foolish as to think he should be free to dissent with the Pope had better take a quick review of his earlier catechism classes.

DENIS J. ROONEY
Omaha

Sir: One would hope that these proponents of renewal in American Catholicism are also true members of the church militant, and on occasion come to the defense of their own church. Their indifference to the plight of Catholics in Iron Curtain countries is simply appalling. I think the church can do without these reformers, because one can only look with contempt on people who, while asking for more "freedom within the church," have not manifested any real concern for the freedom of their church.

E. G. BIRBICK
Trenton, N.J.

Sir: The church's next big challenge is to follow the example of virtually all Protestant denominations in making public financial statements.

DAVID E. KUCHARSKY
Arlington, Va.

Sir: The article on Cardinal Cushing is another example of too little, too late. By the time the Catholic Church approves some method of reliable birth control, I shall have reached my menopause. I wonder if I will be able to receive Communion retroactively?

MRS. RICHARD MITCHELL
Buzzards Bay, Mass.

Pacific Admiral

Sir: Your account of the recent difficulties in Viet Nam [Aug. 14] will undoubtedly provoke many points of view. You may be interested in the comment of a recent refugee from Red China, who told me: "I pray daily that the Western world will not be taken in by the apparent lull and seeming inactivity in North Viet Nam. Face saving is still a very important aspect of Oriental thinking, and the red faces, both in Peking and Hanoi, will sooner or later try to avenge the insult of failure."

M. H. SELIG

Tokyo

Sir: I wonder how the Tonkin incident would look if we changed the location and the characters. Suppose that on that sunny morning a North Viet Nam destroyer were proceeding south about 30 miles east of Manhattan. Suddenly three American PT boats came tearing along toward the destroyer, and the Vietnamese sent off three warning shots. The Americans, being in what could loosely be described as their home waters, decided to press on. The North Viet Nam destroyer, thinking that it was about to be attacked, immediately fired off a five-inch shell and sank one of the motorboats. According to the view of President Johnson and that warhorse Senator Goldwater, the commander of that North Viet Nam destroyer was perfectly within his rights. As for me, I am just a bit confused!

S. HIRST

Canterbury, England

Bobby's Ambitions

Sir: If Bob Kennedy were a sincere public servant, he would not kidnap a state that has such an able Senator as Kenneth Keating. Why doesn't he run for Senator in Mississippi? There he is needed.

JOANN COLE

Waverly, Iowa

Repetitious Tragedy

Sir: Logic is logic, that's all I can say concerning your "compendium of curious coincidences" [Aug. 21]. Lincoln's nickname contains three letters, Kennedy's four. Abe's wife was Mary Todd, but not Jack's. Whereas Lincoln was shot in a theater in April by means of a pistol, Kennedy was shot in a car in November by means of a rifle. The names John Wilkes Booth and Lee Harvey Oswald have no initial letter in common. An attempt was made to impeach the Tennessee Johnson, but not the Texas Johnson, despite the fact that both were born in states whose names begin with *T* and succeeded Presidents who were shot in the

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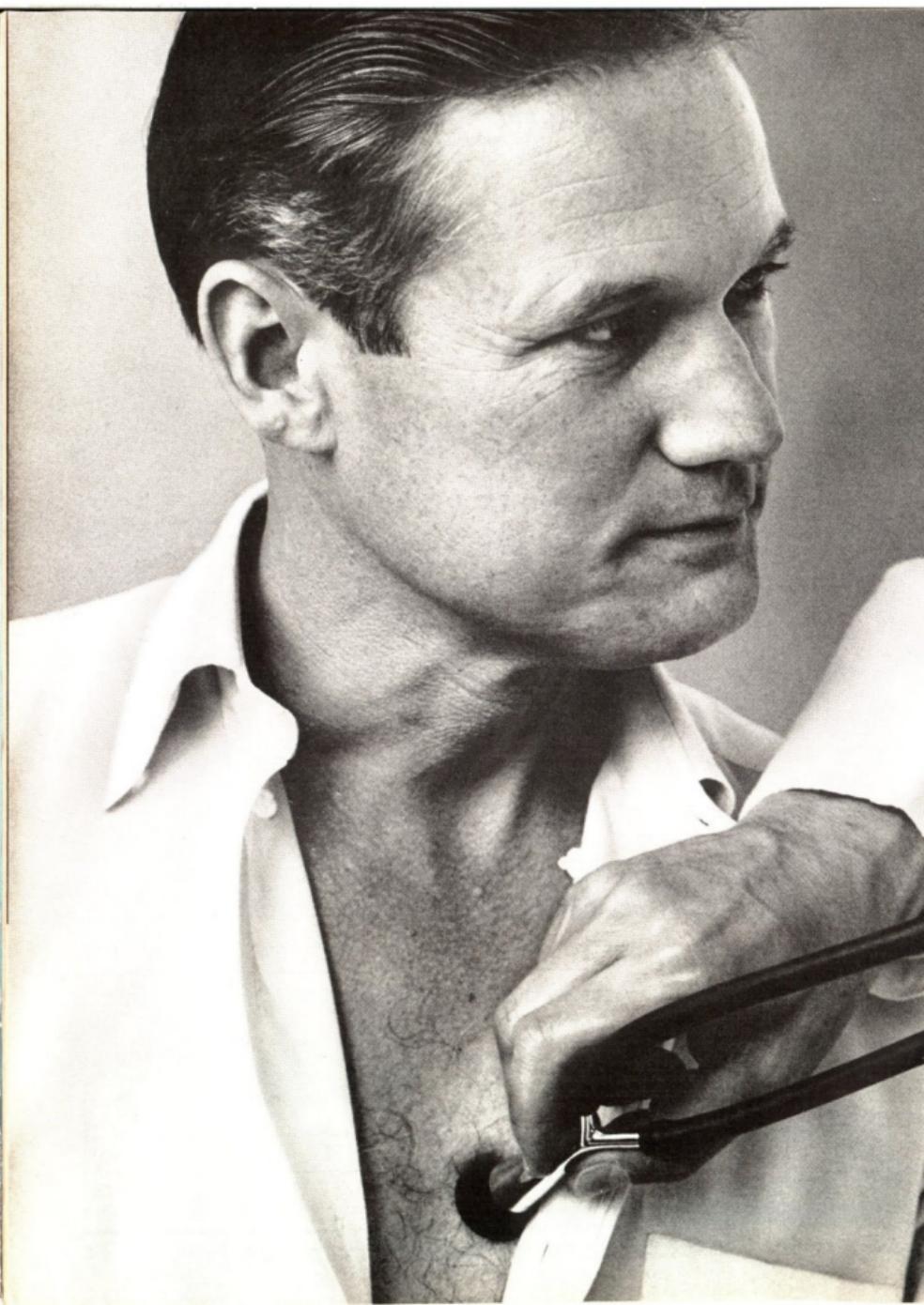
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Report on your health:

IBM computers help doctors learn more about your heart

WHAT are your chances of avoiding heart trouble? What do diet, heredity and exercise have to do with it?

Doctors engaged in research are closer than ever before to finding the answers.

At several medical centers, IBM computers are helping find new ways to make diagnoses and weigh the often conflicting evidence about the heart.

The computer in heart research

An important key to diagnosing heart trouble is the heartbeat diagram made by an electrocardiograph. In advanced experiments, an IBM computer has been used to read these diagrams. In such tests the computer examined hundreds of points along each line of the electrocardiogram—the "picture" of the heart's electrical activity. It then quickly printed out a detailed analysis for study.

An electronic "guinea pig"

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These models enable doctors to analyze in two minutes as many as 56 different chemical changes that can occur in blood.

The computers can help simulate the action of drugs and dosage, and study the effects of physical stress and strain.

In other experiments, IBM computers are used to analyze the sound of a patient's heartbeat. Rhythm and intensity reveal abnormalities which the computer can detect and classify.

IBM computers have been used to identify scores of symptoms associated with inherited heart defects. The computer quickly prints out which defects a patient might have, in order of probability.

On a broad scale, IBM computers are helping to carry on a mass statistical study of heart disease. They enable doctors to compile millions of facts about thousands of case histories.

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presence of their wives. "Different cause, different effect." Therefore Goldwater will not be elected. Q.E.D.

VINCENT TOMAS

Providence

► *The Tennessee Johnson was actually born in North Carolina. Therefore Bobby Kennedy will not be Vice President.—Ed.*

Private Wealth of Public Men

Sir: So the Goldwaters are worth \$1,700,000, with more to come on the death of relatives. Who in hell cares about how much Barry has? I would be for him even if he had more than J. Paul Getty or Rockefeller. I think your story was designed to discourage little people like me from donating money to the cause.

ANNE STEWART

Chicago

High Standards, Etc.

Sir: Your article about Mods and Rockers [Aug. 14] could cause a false impression. We do not allow any unusual form of dress such as Rockers wear, and we only allow people with ties, etc. The standard of Mecca Ballrooms and standard of dress required is known to all the press, as shown by the enclosed cartoon from *Punch*.

E. MORELEY

Assistant Managing Director
Mecca Ballrooms
London

► *See cut.—Ed.*



"THEY WON'T LET YOU IN
IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A TIE ON."

Mississippi Harmony

Sir: On the same day that rioting was going on in two cities of New Jersey [Aug. 21], about 200 white and Negro citizens of Bay St. Louis, Miss., gathered together at a reception to honor a Negro sculptor and painter of international renown, Richmond Barthé, who had returned to his home town for his first visit in ten years. Attendance of both races at the reception was entirely spontaneous and unorganized—so informal, in fact, that for a while it was the chief of police who poured punch at the punch bowl! It is apparently taboo these days to report anything good about Mississippi—but it did strike a happy note to see our Mississippi mayor presenting to a Negro artist the key to our city.

MRS. RENÉ DE MONTLUZIN

Bay St. Louis, Miss.

Sir: Before going to the polls in November, I hope the names of three great Americans will be remembered: Schweriner, Chaney and Goodman.

STEVE JONES

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir: The German people pleaded that they did not know that Nazi atrocities were taking place in their country. What is our excuse, 20 years later, when similar horrors stalk our own country? Today the tale of the three slain civil rights workers terrifies me more.

MRS. ALEX J. DRAGT

Princeton, N.J.

Sir: The incredible restraint of the adult population of Mississippi in the face of the invasion by hordes of bold-faced, liberally indoctrinated brats is most commendable. It is unbelievable that the National Council of Churches should sponsor such a flagrant and insulting assault on the rights of the white majority. The people of America will give their answer in November, thank God!

J. STEINBACKER

Sunset Beach, Calif.

Keeping 'Em Out of the Tent

Sir: TIME reported the title of my address at the American Bar Association Convention in New York as "Sex and the Single Premium" and characterized it as a "get-'em-in-the-tent" title [Aug. 21]. Actually, the full title of my scholarly lecture was "Up from the Serbian Bog, or Sex and the Single Premium," appealing only to those interested in the intricacies of Insurance Law.

WILLIAM HUGHES MULLIGAN

Dean, School of Law

Fordham University
New York City

Heroic Ten Minutes

Sir: I rise hotly to the defense of Tarzan, who is not "conventional claptrap" [Aug. 21], but one of the long line of heroes such as Hercules, d'Artagnan and John Ridd, whom most men and boys have always revered and emulated. Who but Tarzan could have remained motionless for ten minutes while a poisonous insect walked over his skin, including his bare eyeball?

F. BEDDOE

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir: Though Edgar Rice Burroughs' social values may be archaic, they are far from extinct in contemporary times. The cult of the English gentleman is as much admired in the U.S. as over there. Perhaps we wouldn't want such conditions on our doorstep, but they suit our day-dreams. Burroughs creates a homogeneous escape where many interesting perils are always successfully overcome by the resourceful hero. Everything is pleasant—even the unpleasantness.

LEMAIRE HOWARD

Hobart, Ind.

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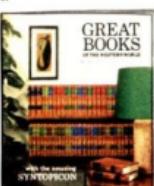
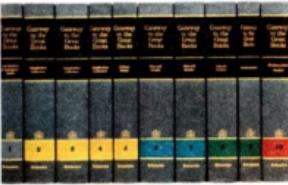
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

TIME's chief Lady Bird watcher is one of the ten women correspondents on our staff, Jean Franklin. A 1947 graduate of Bucknell and former editorial researcher, Reporter Franklin specializes in the Washington bureau's contribution to our back-of-the-book sections—such as EDUCATION, MEDICINE, SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC—and in covering the wife of the President.

For Jean, watching the Bird last week involved traveling more than 6,000 miles by plane, bus, aerial tramway and river raft from Washington to Wyoming's Rockies to the Canadian coastline. It brought her first encounters with fresh-caught mountain trout, buffalo à la bourguignonne ("It tasted like beef stew"), and His and Her press rooms. That was at the University of Vermont, where the male reporters were set up in the men's locker room at the gym and the women in the logical counterpart. This week, along with a large contingent of editors, writers, reporters and researchers, Jean will be in Atlantic City to keep Lady Bird in sight.

While Reporter Franklin was watching last week, Researcher Patricia Gordon was in New York digging into the lore to find out what First Ladies are made of. A Texan at heart and a cook by hobby, Pat was delighted when she came across Luci Baines Johnson's recipe for Texas cookies. They presented a particular problem, however, because they must be formed by a special cutter that makes them the shape of the state of Texas. After an unsuccessful search through Manhattan stores, Pat called her mother in Houston and had a Texas cookie cutter sent air-mail special delivery, thereby enabling her to provide what Associate Editor Jesse Baumgardt, who was in charge of the story, could not resist describing as



LADY BIRD & JEAN FRANKLIN

research that really gave him something to chew on.

The reports of Jean Franklin and Pat Gordon, along with files from White House Reporter Hugh Sidey and other correspondents around the U.S. and abroad—who analyzed the public impression of the First Lady—all went to Writer William Johnson. No kin, Johnson now feels that he knows the First Family from both sides, since he wrote our last cover story on the President (May 1). During a talk with Lady Bird at the White House, Writer Johnson asked how she felt about being the subject of a TIME cover story, and she admitted having "some trepidations" but philosophically quoted Bobby Burns: "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us! To see oursels as others see us!"

Artist Boris Artzybasheff saw Lady Bird partly through her name and designed as a fitting background to her portrait a strong and stylish Artzybird.

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 28, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 9

THE NATION

DEMOCRATS

A Streetcar Named Euphoria

Q. Mr. President, can you tell us anything about your plans for next week?

A. With regard to the convention, I expect to go up later Thursday evening—I don't know what time—if I go at all.

Q. Mr. President, did I understand that you might not go to Atlantic City at all?

A. I didn't say I would or I wouldn't.

—White House press conference

Well, if he didn't, it would certainly be the biggest surprise since the St. Louis Browns won a pennant. For Lyndon

visiting publishers, Governors, mayors and maybe even dogcatchers. Most of them reported the same thing: Lyndon lounging in a quiet study or in the Oval Room, drinking huge tumblers of a low-calorie orange drink, offering his guests heaping dishes of hors d'oeuvres—"eoves," as he calls them—and savoring marvelous visions of victory.

Those visions are all nourished out of a brown folder and a stack of papers that are always at Lyndon's elbow. The contents: polls, polls and more polls. There is George Gallup's report that Lyndon Johnson is running ahead of Barry Goldwater 65% to 29% nationwide, with 6% undecided. Elmo Roper

three out of every ten Republicans because of what he loves to call the anti-Goldwater "frontlash."

Props & Struts. The extraordinary propaganda gambit with the press worked very well to Lyndon's purposes and satisfaction. A similar effort to promote a favorable view of his Administration by various economic experts, however, backfired (see U.S. BUSINESS). Nevertheless, Lyndon came out of that with his familiar aplomb; he had more than enough props and struts to bolster a glowing confidence. The Democratic platform is a paean to his "Great Society." Peppery Rhode Island Senator John Pastore's keynote is an effusive

ANTHONY RICCARDO



ATLANTIC CITY & CONVENTION HALL

After all those marvelous visions of victory, would he really miss the big show?

Johnson this week will mark the zenith of a vigorous and ambitious career. He will be nominated as the Democratic candidate for President of the U.S. The next night, on his 56th birthday, he will deliver his acceptance speech. He wouldn't miss it for the world.

Polls & More Polls. All week long Lyndon delighted in playing cat-and-mouse with the vice-presidential nomination, but most of all he was riding along on a streetcar named euphoria. Trooping in and out of his presence have come literally scores of visitors, mostly newsmen and politicians. There were evening meetings with 50 or so Washington bureau chiefs of the major newspapers, magazines and wire services,

estimates that Lyndon is running ahead 56% to 26%, with the rest undecided. Oliver Quayle, a former associate of Lou Harris, shows Lyndon running ahead of Barry by 70% to 12% in Maine. A New York poll gives him 69% of the votes, a California sampling 64%, and the John P. Harris poll, run by a Kansas outfit, has him leading Barry 52 to 28 in that state. There are soft spots throughout the South and the Rocky Mountains, but beyond that, the polls leave little more than Nebraska, South Dakota and Ohio in doubt. And while most show Lyndon losing one out of every ten Democratic voters because of the civil rights "backlash," they also show him picking up

tribute to Lyndon's "nine miracle months," and Pastore's closing words, "We need you, President Johnson," are almost certain to make strong men weep (or, as the case may be, blanch). Even Lyndon's medical reports give him cause for cheer. White House Physician Rear Admiral George Burkley, who examines President Johnson daily, says he is in "excellent" shape and is keeping his weight, always a problem, between 205 and 209 lbs.

Even Congress came in for a hearty pat on the back from the President. Just last week, the lawmakers obliged Lyndon by declining to pass legislation that would have enabled the TV networks to broadcast a Johnson-Goldwa-

ter debate (see SHOW BUSINESS). To pay the 88th a "richly deserved" tribute for its work since January (tax bill, civil rights bill, anti-poverty bill, etc.), Lyndon tossed an elaborate "Salute to Congress" on the south lawn. Oft-trampled and browning patches of grass were sprayed green for the occasion, and a three-quarter moon glowed bright as 45 singers and dancers put on a light musical revue created by LIFE Magazine staffers. It was as pleasant a way as any to raise the curtain on the Atlantic City convention, a slam-bang show that surely would be billed as "A Salute to Lyndon Baines Johnson."



HUMPHREY: TIME COVER, 1960

Everyone wanted to know.

Dying to Tell

Veep, Veep, who had the Veep? Hubert Humphrey wanted to know. His Minnesota senatorial colleague, Gene McCarthy, wanted to know. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield wanted to know. Bobby Kennedy did not much care; by now he had other fry to fish. And apart from Hubert, Gene and Mike, and whatever other dark horse as yet unlit, there were roughly 190 million Americans who wanted to know too.

As of last week, the only fellow who had an inkling was the fellow in the White House, and like a kid bursting with a delicious secret, he was dying to tell—but would not. The mounting suspense over the vice-presidential choice was just the sort of emotion that Lyndon Johnson likes to provoke. It was clear that until recently, the President himself had not definitely made up his mind, but it was just as plain late last week that he had finally made his decision. He sent word round to the broadcasting people, asking them to hold three minutes of national radio-TV time right after the presidential nomination on Wednesday night. At that time, presumably, Lyndon would disclose his choice. By keeping mum until then, he will have succeeded also in keeping the spotlight on himself; he enjoys that sort of thing immensely.

Until it all comes out this week, the odds-on favorite for the presidential

blessing was still Humphrey, who wanted the job badly, and who was trying to be as circumspect as possible under the circumstances. That was pretty hard to do, considering that his supporters turned the Minnesota delegation's Atlantic City headquarters into a virtual campaign command post, and considering also that somewhere, somebody must have had to get scores of signs and standards and balloons ready for the big spontaneous demonstration that might erupt on the convention floor.

So all this suspense was rather painful for Hubert. But what could he do about it? There was every likelihood



MANSFIELD: TIME COVER, 1964

that the President might pass him over and anoint someone else. An amiably placid, retiring man like Mike Mansfield might suit Lyndon much more than an extraverted bundle of action like Hubert, for example. If that happened, Humphrey, at Johnson's behest, would in all probability get as a consolation prize Mansfield's job as Democratic majority leader.

One Team, One Theme

With the economy in high gear, a sweeping civil rights bill in the bag, and an incumbent in the White House, Democrats should have been able to assemble their 1964 platform for this week's convention with a paste pot. As it emerged, the platform was a bit sticky, glued together with boasts about Democratic accomplishments and pleasing promises of more pleasantries to come. But before the promises were put to paper, the Johnson Administration, with sledge-hammer subtlety, pounded away at platform hearings with predictably partisan testimony from all the big tools in the Government.

Performing as a well-rehearsed team, the witnesses seemed not the least bit embarrassed by the repetitiveness of the refrain so romantically propounded by their leader. Said Economic Adviser Walter Heller: "Before us, then, lies no less a challenge than to devote our Great Prosperity to the building of the Great Society." Said Health, Education

and Welfare Secretary Anthony Celebrezze: "I am confident that we can, as in the past, will pledge our efforts to make that Great Society a reality." Declared Housing Administrator Robert Weaver: "The Great Society can be, and will be ours."

"The Right Track." Some officials tried to place the issues above partisanship. Secretary of State Dean Rusk said that he was testifying on "the foreign policy of the American people"; yet he conceded that he was a "lifelong Democrat" who had served under "four great Democratic Presidents," and that "under President Lyndon B. Johnson we are on the right track."

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara seemed intent on demonstrating that Barry Goldwater's status as a major general in the Air Force Reserve does not qualify him as a final authority on military matters. McNamara reported that he had inherited a chaotic situation at the Pentagon in 1961. "Each military service made its own independent plans," he said. The Army relied "on airlift, which the Air Force was unable to provide," stockpiled for two-year war while the Air Force was set for only a few days of combat. Funds were allocated not on the basis of military requirements, but according to the dictates of an arbitrary fiscal policy. But in "our years in office," boasted McNamara, the U.S. has developed "the greatest military power in human history—with a capability to respond to every level of aggression across the entire spectrum of conflict."

Tax Cuts. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon provided the tastiest vote-getting testimony of all: a hint of tax cuts to come, provided, of course, you know-who is returned to office. The U.S., said Dillon, was enjoying "the best period of peacetime prosperity in our entire modern history," and he suggested that cuts in excise taxes should be possible by next year. It turned out that the Administration was now convinced that more tax reductions, and the consequent continuation of budget deficits, would constitute the Johnson Administration's policy in the future.

Most partisan of all was Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, who charged that Barry Goldwater "is indifferent to conservation legislation, for the reason he exalts private rights above public needs, and gives no thought at all to the needs of present and future generations of Americans." And Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges contended that the Democrats took office in "the third Republican recession in eight years and now 'this Democratic Administration is the first peacetime administration in a century without a recession or depression.'"

It was all, in short, a fine performance by Lyndon Johnson's associates in praise of Lyndon Johnson's Administration and Lyndon Johnson's platform. It could not have suited Lyndon Johnson better. But then he wrote the script.

POLITICS

A Three-Way Race?

New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating, his white hair freshly trimmed, his face newly tanned, waved at the cameras in the Overseas Press Club in Manhattan. "Well, ladies and gentlemen," he began, "we all know what we're here for. And I want to announce at the outset that I will not be a candidate for the United States Senate . . ." Newsmen froze. ". . . from Massachusetts." Keating grinned. His audience laughed.

After the quip, Keating announced seriously what everyone had expected him to announce: he would indeed be a candidate for re-election in New York. And he made it clear that he was not joking in the least in his continued refusal to back Senator Barry Goldwater for President. Explained Keating: "I cannot in good conscience conceal my convictions behind a facade of conformity disguised as unity. I seriously doubt that any voter in New York would be impressed by any lip service I might give Senator Goldwater."

Keating's stand demonstrated anew that New York Republicans are deeply divided in this election year.

But the Democrats were squabbling too—and at the moment, over that same Keating Senate seat. Bobby Kennedy, despite charges of carpetbagging, continued to blitz the party in his drive to secure a new base of political power by running against Keating. New York City's old-style Democratic bosses had been first to pick up his cause. Somewhat reluctantly, the Liberal Party leaders endorsed him. Then, under a barrage of pressure from Bobby's friends, regular Democratic district leaders throughout the state surrendered in rapid succession. Finally, only one major bulwark still stood against the blitz: the state's most powerful Democrat, New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner.

CORNARD—LOS ANGELES TIMES



"ASK NOT WHAT I CAN DO FOR THE STATE OF NEW YORK; RATHER ASK WHAT THE STATE OF NEW YORK CAN DO FOR ME . . ."

"Dazzling Magic." Last week the walls came tumbling down—and there stood Bob Wagner. There can be no question of Bob Kennedy's "personal eminence," said the mayor, nor "of the appealing nature of his great public achievements, nor of the dazzling magic of his name. The vision, imagination, courage and initiative he has shown in regard to the supreme moral issue of our time—civil rights—and his practical initiative in advancing this cause are of heroic proportions."

Wagner dismissed the matter of Bobby's nonresidence in New York with the lame observation that "New York State has taken to its bosom millions from abroad and from other parts of the country, giving our state constant infusions of new blood and renewals of vitality. All Americans are at home in New York." He indicated that what really bothered him was that Kennedy seemed too close to the bosses with whom Wagner and Reform Democrats have been fighting. But the mayor blandly accepted Bobby's pledge that he will work "with me and with all others who have dedicated themselves to the revitalization and democratization of our party organization."

Actually, there was little else that Wagner could do but endorse Bobby. In many respects, it all made good sense to the Democrats. They have not elected a Democratic U.S. Senator since Herbert Lehman—another candidate with a big name—turned the trick in 1950. Wagner realized that there is no really big-name Democrat in the state with the ability to give Ken Keating a tough fight. Bobby Kennedy may have plenty of opposition among New York Democrats, but he is undeniably a big name.

"Still Hopeful." There is no assurance yet that the coming campaign will deal only with a Kennedy-Keating race, for it may well be that a third candidate will join the battle. Former Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce announced last week that she would accept the New York State Conservative Party's invitation to run for the Senate on its ticket. So doing, she added: "I am still hopeful, as is the Conservative Party state leadership, that unity will be achieved behind the Goldwater-Miller ticket in New York."

One way to achieve that unity would be for Governor Nelson Rockefeller to make it possible for voters to cast a ballot for Barry Goldwater on the Conservative ticket. The only way to do this is for the two parties to share the same electors. Mrs. Luce's chief aim is to achieve the maximum votes for Goldwater in New York this fall. Said she: "Senator Keating has a vote for President, which he is going to throw away. Mr. Kennedy has no vote. I am the only senatorial candidate who has a vote and who is certainly going to use it—for Senator Goldwater."

The burgeoning Conservative Party,



KEATING ANNOUNCES
"I will not be a candidate—
from Massachusetts."

which is running its own candidates for state offices, might be disposed to support Keating in return for the strength it would gain by having regular Republican electors on its ticket.

How that sticky problem will be resolved, no New Yorker yet pretended to know. But however the G.O.P. settled its internal dilemma, there was no question that the Senate race this fall would be the zaniest the state has seen in years.

THE PRESIDENCY

A Modest Sum

His own trustee pegged the figure at \$4,160,000. The Washington Star made it \$9,000,000. LIFE Magazine, by a "conservative calculation of present market values," reckoned it at \$14 million. Finally, in the face of increasing speculation about the size and nature of his personal fortune, President Johnson last week ordered Haskins & Sells, one of the biggest accounting firms in the U.S., to release an audit of his family's net worth. The figure: \$3,484,098.

"Incredibly Low." If Lyndon thought that this would be the last word on the subject, he was badly mistaken. "Incredibly low," snapped G.O.P. National Chairman Dean Burch when he saw the estimate. "Grossly understated," said the Wall Street Journal. Haskins & Sells arrived at the modest figure by following a generally accepted accounting technique by which the original cost is used instead of current market value. In this instance, cracked Burch, the effect is "like listing the value of Manhattan Island at \$24."

Burch had a point. Haskins & Sells, for example, estimated that the Johnsons' 85% interest in the Texas Broadcasting Corporation is worth \$2,543,838. But some knowledgeable broadcasting brokers claim that the property would bring close to \$9,000,000 on the open market today. The accountants also placed the total worth of some 8,500 Johnson acres in Texas, Alabama

and Missouri in the neighborhood of half a million dollars; according to other estimates, it is a much fancier neighborhood than that—something on the order of \$3,600,000. Further, the public audit fails to list several specific assets, such as bank stocks held by Johnson-controlled funds and foundations. These, according to LIFE, add another \$600,000 to the money pile.

Political Capital. The audit offers some interesting glimpses into the President's capital progress since 1954, when his family's worth was listed as \$737,730, scarcely a fourth of what it is today, even by the conservative Haskins & Sells evaluation. During the decade, Lady Bird handily outearned her husband by drawing \$570,856 as "compensation for services" from Texas Broadcasting, while Lyndon made \$409,730 in salary and expenses as Senator, Vice President and President. In the same period, the Johnsons shelled out \$587,515 for "living, office, travel, entertainment and sundry expenses," \$365,955 for federal income taxes, and \$178,578 for charitable donations.

Whatever method is used to reckon the size of Lyndon's fortune, the point is that he has accumulated considerable capital during his years in elective office—and that the G.O.P. is inevitably going to try to convert this into politi-

THE WHITE HOUSE

The First Lady Bird

[See Cover]

The impact of First Ladies on U.S. history has never been particularly resounding, but all have contributed fascinating footnotes.

There was John Adams' wife Abigail, for example. She hung laundry in the East Room of the White House; yet she insisted on receiving visitors in a chair built like an empress' throne. Zachary Taylor's wife Margaret never wanted him to be President. She felt that it would deprive her "of his society and shorten his life," so she secluded herself in a wing of the White House, where she puffed away sulky on a corn cob pipe for the duration of his Administration. Mrs. U. S. Grant put so many tassels and hunks of ornate furniture in the East Room that people said it looked like a steamboat saloon; yet she was idolized as a model of high style. Despite the fact that she was cross-eyed, she refused to undergo a corrective operation because her husband liked her that way.

Fainting & Needwork. Ida McKinley, on the other hand, was given to fainting spells, and she whiled away nearly all of her husband's term doing needlework. William Howard Taft's

presided dutifully over social occasions when it was required, otherwise shunned the public gaze almost as much as Bess Truman. Not so her successor.

"Les Sentiments." When her husband died, Jacqueline Kennedy was already recognized as the most dazzling First Lady in U.S. lore. It was inevitable that anyone following her would suffer by comparison. Such was the lot of Claudia Alta Taylor Johnson, bearer of perhaps the most unfortunate public nickname in years. But what kind of name has Lady Bird made for herself? Reaction to her so far has been politely cool. Says Maggie Daly, columnist for Chicago's American: "She looks like every well-dressed woman of means. She does not have any special flair." Observes Françoise Giroud, co-editor of Paris' L'Express: "Lady Bird is the sort of person *qui ne provoque pas les sentiments*—she does not evoke feelings. Who cares about a grey lady bird?" And in London, a BBC executive snorted, "She's so beige!"

But Yolande Gwin, society editor of the Atlanta Journal, put it more positively. "She's just plain old down-South Lady Bird," says she. "I think she's a much better symbol of the American woman and mother than Jacqueline Kennedy."

Indeed, that special quality of home-



IDA McKNLEY



HELEN TAFT



EDITH WILSON



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



BESS TRUMAN

Also crossed eyes, a corn cob pipe, and laundry in the East Room.

cal capital. At a Long Island rally for 3,000 Republicans, Vice-Presidential Candidate William Miller last week said that Lyndon's fortune raises "some question of integrity," and will be a campaign issue. Dean Burch, referring to the President's broadcasting interests, called it "peculiar that the bulk of his fortune was made in areas subject to federal control." In fact, added Burch sardonically, Lyndon Johnson must be "the greatest free-enterpriser in the world" to have amassed so much money while on the public payroll.

Perhaps the most telling comment on the ambiguous nature of the presidential balance sheet came from Kansas G.O.P. Congressman Bob Dole, who suggested that the Republican Party "offer to buy his holdings for the price he now places on them." Said Dole: "I am sure that we could sell these same properties at a very good price and use the profit to finance the campaign of Barry Goldwater."

wife Helen attended every Cabinet meeting with him, and when the press accused her of influencing policy, she insisted that she went along only to keep him awake. Woodrow Wilson's second wife Edith was called "the Acting President" because only she and a doctor could visit—and presumably influence—her husband during the months that he lay ill after a stroke.

Eleanor Roosevelt, of course, all but made the role of First Lady an official national office. Harry Truman called Bess "the boss"—and in many ways she was, though she never pretended to be more than a displaced housewife. Once Truman found her burning some of the letters he had written to her. "Bess, you oughtn't to do that," protested Harry. "Why not? I've read them several times," said Bess. "But think of history!" pleaded the President. "I have," murmured Bess as she tossed the last bundle into the fire. Mamie Eisenhower, always the general's lady,

bred, plain-folks Americanness may be the one unmistakable brand that will mark Lady Bird Johnson's reign in the White House. At 51, she is cast more in the pleasant image of a neat, busy suburban clubwoman than in the queenly mold of a jet-set Continental beauty. She is intelligent, superbly poised and incredibly self-disciplined. Her skin is clear and abloom, and she has the figure of a teen-ager (5 ft. 4 in., 114 lbs.), but she is no glamor girl. Her nose is a bit too long, her mouth a bit too wide, her ankles a bit less than trim, and she is not outstanding at clotheshorsemanship. She has a voice something like a brassy low note on a trumpet, and she speaks in a twanging drawl; friends comes out "frayans," affairs are "affayays," hogs "hoags."

Cynical sophisticates find it hard to believe, but Lady Bird's life is totally dominated by a genuine devotion to her role as Lyndon Johnson's mate. She is the traditional countrywoman, the wife

who by her very nature tames all her labor and all her love to harmonize with the ambitions of her husband. In the tradition of Southern plantation patriarchies, Lyndon Johnson is head of the family—period. And as he himself admits, "I'm not the easiest man to live with." He strongly influences her tastes—in clothes, coiffure and makeup. He has been known to swat Lady Bird so hard on the behind that her feet nearly leave the floor. Sometimes, when after-dinner drinks have flowed for a while, he launches into a few bawdy stories, fires out cuss words like buckshot. But Lady Bird sits by serenely, smiling faintly or gazing out a window.

Still, theirs is a marriage bulwarked by genuine, if sometimes uncomfortably showy affection. Lyndon keeps Lady Bird well-informed of his plans and decisions. At times, he will burst into a sedate White House tea, plant a kiss squarely on Lady Bird's forehead and loudly announce, "I love you." On a warm Washington evening, the two may saunter out of the White House, head for the grassy darkness beneath a giant tree. There Lady Bird may lie down with her arms stretched over her head. Lyndon may sprawl beside her, propped up on his elbow so that he can look into her face, and they talk quietly.

Dealer in Everything, Lady Bird⁵ was born in a lonely antebellum brick house near Karnack, Texas, on Dec. 22, 1912. Her mother, Minnie Lee Patillo Taylor, a tall, eccentric woman from an old and aristocratic Alabama family, liked to wear long white dresses and heavy veils. She fussed over food fads, played grand opera endlessly on the phonograph, loved to read the classics aloud to tiny Lady Bird. She scandalized people for miles around by entertaining Negroes in her home, and once even started to write a book about Negro religious practices, called *Bio Baptism*. Naturally, most folks thought Minnie weird and standoffish. Says a longtime friend of Lady Bird's, Mrs. Eugenia Lassater of Henderson, Texas: "Mrs. Taylor was a cultured woman. But she didn't consort with Karnack people."

Lady Bird's father, Thomas Jefferson Taylor II, was a tall, bulky, money-minded man, son of an Alabama sharecropper. He had married Minnie Lee against her family's wishes, then took her to East Texas, where he started a profit-making career that eventually made him a rich man. He ran a truly general store; the sign outside proclaimed, "Dealer in Everything." Later he dabbled in real estate and money-lending at 10% interest, rented land and shacks to Negro tenants. Each day he rose at 4 a.m. to open his store, then returned home at sundown to spend the

⁵ When she was two, her Negro nurse landed, "Lawd, she's party as a ladybird," and the name stuck. A ladybird, as it is called in the Southwest, is not a bird at all, but a black-dotted little beetle, otherwise known as a ladybug.



IN RANCH ATTIRE



IN FORMAL GOWN



IN WORKADAY SUIT

Intelligence, superb poise, and lots of frays.

long night hours poring over his accounts and IOUs, checking and rechecking to see that his debtors were up to snuff on their payments. "Cap" Taylor did not share his wife's liberal views concerning Negroes. Says Mrs. Lassater: "The Negroes were kept in peonage by Mr. Taylor. He would furnish them with supplies and let them have land to work, then take their land if they didn't pay. When I first saw how he operated, I thought the days of slavery weren't over yet." Recalls Lady Bird's brother, Anthony Taylor, now the owner of a curio shop in Santa Fe: "He looked on Negroes pretty much as hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Aunt Effie. For nearly six years of her life, Lady Bird lived in the cross-currents between the occult but enlightened aristocracy of her mother and the shrewd dollar-sign language of her father; her two brothers, Tony and Tom III (the latter died in 1959), were both much older and were away at school. Then in 1918 Minnie Lee Taylor fell down the length of the circular staircase in the old brick house and died—and Lady Bird was left with Cap Taylor.

Never one to neglect business, Cap took the little girl to his store every day for a while, sometimes letting her sleep at night on a cot in his second-floor storeroom near what she recalls as "a row of peculiar long boxes." Her father told her they were "dry goods," but Lady Bird later learned they were coffins.

Soon Cap decided he couldn't both make money and raise a daughter all by himself. So Lady Bird's upbringing fell to her mother's sister, Aunt Effie, who moved from Alabama to Texas. Under Effie's strict discipline, Lady Bird read prodigiously, plowed through

Ben-Hur when she was eight, memorized poems that she can still recite today. But the dainty spinster aunt could never really fill a mother's role. Says Lady Bird now: "She opened my spirit to beauty, but she neglected to give me any insight into the practical matters a girl should know about, such as how to dress or choose one's friends or learning to dance." In her early teen years, Lady Bird was a wallflower.

Mrs. Naomi Bell of Marshall, a schoolmate of Lady Bird's, says, "Bird wasn't accepted into our clique. There were 18 of us girls, and we couldn't get Claudia to cooperate on anything. She didn't date at all. To get her to go to the high school graduation banquet, my fiance took Bird as his date and I went with another boy. She didn't like to be called Lady Bird, so we'd call her Bird to get her little temper going. My mother would call her Cat. She'd say, 'All right, pull your claws in, Cat.' And when the rest of the gang was in the house, Bird would sneak in the back door and talk to my mother. She was a chatterbox. But she was timid. When she'd get in a crowd, she'd clam up."

Boys v. a Man. At the University of Texas in Austin, Lady Bird had a Neiman-Marcus charge account and unlimited use of Cap Taylor's checking account. But, as Eugenia Lassater recalls, she was "stingy." She still wore Aunt Effie's old coat around campus. But her social life picked up a little. She learned to dance the Louisiana Stomp and acquired at least a sipping acquaintance with boozey cherry wine. When she graduated in 1934, she had degrees in liberal arts and journalism.

It was at about this time that she met gangling, raw-boned Lyndon Johnson, 26, who was down from his Washington

job as secretary to Texas Democratic Congressman Richard Kleberg, a member of the famous King Ranch family. For a first date, Lyndon and Lady Bird breakfasted at the Driskill Hotel. Lyndon was a fast worker. Says Lady Bird: "He told me all sorts of things that I thought were extraordinarily direct for a first conversation—his salary as secretary to a Congressman, how much insurance he had, his ambitions, about all the members of his family."

He also proposed. Lady Bird invited him to Karnack to meet her father. Cap Taylor was impressed: "Lady, you've brought home a lot of boys. This time you've brought a man." But Lyndon scarcely seemed the man of Lady Bird's dreams. Eugenia Lassater

recalls that "when we would talk about getting married, Bird would just say she wanted a nice man and a big white house with a fence around it and a big collie dog. She wanted a nice nine-to-five man, A John Citizen." Nevertheless, on Nov. 17, 1934, barely two months after they met, Lady Bird and Lyndon were married in San Antonio by a pastor they had never before met, with a hurriedly purchased \$2,500 wedding band from Sears, Roebuck. Next morning Lady Bird stunned Eugenia Lassater with an exuberant phone call: "Lyndon and I committed matrimony last night!"

Howdy at the Barbecues. The couple lived on a frazzled shoestring in Washington on Lyndon's \$3,204 secretarial

salary. In 1937, when Johnson wanted to run for Texas' Tenth Congressional District seat, it was Lady Bird who made it possible. She got a \$10,000 inheritance advance from her father and paid for the victorious campaign. The Johnsons soon jumped to a relatively comfortable \$10,000 Congressman's salary, but Lady Bird did not yet get the hang of buying the right clothes. "She was still tacky," says Eugenia Lassater, "so I told her to turn herself over to a department store and let them dress her. Bird has credited me with teaching her how to dress. But it was the store." (Even today she is no fashion plate. Washington society writers have caught her wearing the same archly turban for months now, and some archly refer to Bird's familiar white chiffon evening dress as her "Vanity Fair nightgown.") Says Lady Bird: "I like clothes. I like them pretty. But I want them to serve me, not for me to serve them—to have an important, but not a consuming part in my life."

One in Congress, Lyndon was on a whirlwind rise, and Lady Bird rocketed along beside him. In 1948, when he ran for the Senate, Lady Bird swallowed her shyness, forced herself to travel all over Texas, if only to say howdy at barbecues. On the night before the election, the car in which she was riding careened off the road, flipped over twice in the mud. "All I could think of as we were turning over was that I sure wished I'd voted absentee," recalls Lady Bird. But she hopped out unbruised, hitched a ride, borrowed a dress, and the same night shook hands with 200 women at a reception.

Her 27 years with Lyndon as Congressman, Senator, Senate majority leader, Vice President and President have been rugged, sometimes lonesome, always at a hell-bent pace. Lady Bird suffered through four miscarriages and faithfully nursed Lyndon back to sleek and robust health after a near-fatal heart attack in 1955. She has efficiently managed the family finances over the years, and proved that she had much of old Cap Taylor's business savvy when she bought and, with Lyndon's help, nurtured a floundering Austin radio station into a multimillion-dollar corporation. "She can read a balance sheet as well as a truck driver can read a road map," says a former associate. As proof of that, there are now public Johnson balance sheets that depict Lady Bird's sizable financial holdings—even more sizable than her husband's.

Sing Along with U Thant. In the capital, where a woman of such exalted station rarely escapes the scratch of a well-aimed shiv, Lady Bird has come off remarkably unscathed. Some people wonder if she is a sort of self-created Galatea, playing the role of a politician's perfect wife, the possessor of flawless mediocritiy that generates warm admiration but no scorching envy. Brother Tony says that "Lady Bird ha-



CAP TAYLOR'S STORE IN KARNACK



HONEYMOONING (1934)



IN L.B.J.'S RANCH ROADSTER (1959)



WITH CAP (RIGHT) & BROTHERS (1953)

been in public life and in the public eye for so long that she has learned to be circumspect, even when she's in a situation where she can let her hair down." Others find her barefoot-folksy talk a little too much, as when she drawls, "He's noisier than a mule in a tin barn," or "I'm busier than a man with one hoe and two rattlesnakes." But the overwhelming majority of the people who know her give Lady Bird exceedingly high marks for personal charm and attractiveness. "I've never talked to anyone who didn't like her," says Blanche Halleck, wife of the House Republican leader. Lindy Boggs, wife of Louisiana Democratic Congressman Hale Boggs, and a longtime Lady Bird chum, is hard put to make her friend's virtues seem real. "I make her sound like a combination of Elsie Dinsmore and the Little Colonel," says Mrs. Boggs, "but this is the problem with Bird. When you talk about her, you make her sound too good to be true."

Lady Bird's accession to the White House did precipitate some clatter of dismay, however. "I suppose," cooed Nicole Alphand, wife of the French Ambassador to the U.S., "that now we will all have to learn to do zee bar-be-cue." That has not yet become a problem, but Lady Bird has done her bit for zee folk music. Already a guitar-whacking bunch of folk singers called the New Christy Minstrels have entertained at a state dinner for Italy's President Segni, and Lady Bird recently capped a banquet at United Nations Secretary-General U Thant with a lusty audience sing-along of *Puff, the Magic Dragon*.

When German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard visited in June, Lady Bird laid on a sumptuous state dinner beneath the stars in the Rose Garden and brought in Ballerina Maria Tallchief and the National Symphony Orchestra for entertainment. She has dispensed with white tie and tails in favor of the less imposing black tie. She mixes her guest lists with a style that would make Karmak's eyes pop. At a rooftop dance for Costa Rican President Francisco Orlich, for example, guests included Evangelist Billy Graham, Comedian Jimmy Durante, Composer Richard Rodgers, Chase Manhattan Bank President David Rockefeller and Author John Dos Passos—while Lady Bird's daughter Lucy danced the frug to the music of Lester Lanin's orchestra.

Even the most forbidding challenge seems like fun to Lady Bird; for example, the time last Christmas when the President popped into Lady Bird's room one morning, "Bird," said he, "let's ask Congress over this afternoon." So they had Congress over that afternoon—in fact, several hundred members dipping their cups into giant bowls of eggnog.

One of the Bills. Although daughters Luci Baines, 17, and Lynda Bird, 20, are almost adults, Lady Bird still gushes over them, possibly to make up for the many lonely nights they spent in the



BESTOWS BENEFITS
LADY BIRD (SECOND FROM LEFT) ON THE SNAKE RIVER

Lipstick for the photographers and something nice for every Democrat.

years when she and Lyndon campaigned or politicked with congressional cronies. "That has been one of the costs," Lady Bird says. "It is one of the bills you have to pay for the job your husband has." Yet the rapport between mother and daughters is natural, giggly and girlish. Still, she has to be mindful of the special security precautions that plague the family's every move. Instead of reminding Lucy to take her sweater, as an average mother would, Lady Bird often chides her daughter, "Now Lucy, don't forget to take your agent along."

The President's wife thrives on the whiplash excitement around her husband. Says Lindy Boggs: "Bird would be only half alive if she divorced herself from politics." There is not a chance that she will. Last week, when a reporter asked the President if Lady Bird would be campaigning for him this fall, Lyndon replied with relish: "She is—and will be." And she has been—and will be—able and invaluable. In 1960 she traveled 35,000 miles in 71 days for Lyndon, mostly in the South. Says Bobby Kennedy chivalrously: "Lady Bird carried Texas for us."

She already has a healthy head start this year. In direct relation to Lyndon's pet projects, she went 1) to Huntsville, Ala., in March and talked about Lyndon's space program, 2) to Cleveland's Riverview Golden Age Center in April and discussed Lyndon's federal health and housing plans, 3) to hard-scrabbling Appalachia in May and spoke about Lyndon's poverty war, and 4) to Atlanta's Communicable Disease Center in May. And last week, on a trip billed by Lady Bird as a "land and people tour," she charged into Montana, Utah and Wyoming with Interior Secretary Stewart Udall for four days

that averaged more than 18 hours each—ostensibly to create interest in tourism and conservation and to dedicate the \$81.2 million Flaming Gorge Dam in Utah. But she never missed a chance to clutch hands and to praise needy candidates. In Montana she described Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield as one of Lyndon's "oldest and most trusted friends." In Utah she told the folks that Senator Frank Moss is "always watching out for Utah." In Wyoming she spoke of Senator Gale McGee: "Everybody knows Senator McGee—he's your 'home folks.' And in Idaho she said: "We in Washington have heard much about Idaho from Senator Frank Church and his wife Bethine and Congressman Ralph Harding and his wife Willa."

"**Look, Y'all!**" Only once, during a relaxed and silent voyage in a 27-foot rubber raft down the twisting Snake River, was Lady Bird able to push away all reminders of wheelhorse politics and White House pressures. Wyoming's magnificent Teton Mountains loomed over the river, and when she caught her first glimpse of the peaks, Lady Bird cried: "Look, y'all, just look!" Idling along at 7 m.p.h., she spotted a formation of Canadian geese. "Hey! Say, what are they?" she exclaimed. "Aren't they gorgeous, strung out across the sky?" Then she dipped a paper cup in the water, drained it, and took out a little notebook to jot down some notes for her diary.

Suddenly Lady Bird spotted photographers on another raft waiting downstream to shoot more pictures. "O.K.," she sighed. "Pass me my lipstick." Now she was Lyndon Johnson's wife again. The First Lady Bird put on a chipper smile, and the cameras went *click*.

REPUBLICANS

The "Something's Wrong" Theme

In his Washington office one afternoon last week G.O.P. National Chairman Dean Burch was talking about the issues on which the coming campaign would be fought.

"The thing on which this election could turn is the very broad issue of morality," said Burch. "We're trying to sell the idea that there's something wrong in this country. We've got riots



GOLDWATER IN ILLINOIS*

Down with the code of the off-color novel. in our cities. Our kids aren't turning out worth a darn—every other one's a delinquent. Congress shuts off inquiries of misconduct in high places. Out of this we try to sell the idea: 'Let's try another guy. More of the same isn't going to solve anything.'

Meaningful Mood. The "other guy" was on the road last week for his first major stump speech since the nomination, and he seemed to be pursuing the something's-wrong theme with some success. Barry Goldwater's forum was a bunting-draped platform at the Illinois State Fair in Springfield, where a shirt-sleeved crowd of 12,000 turned out for "Republican Day." For 32 minutes, Goldwater spoke under a broiling sun. But he was cooled repeatedly by applause and chants of "Yea, Barry!"

He renewed his claim that the U.S. is planning to reduce its deliverable nuclear capacity by 90% in the next decade (though the Pentagon quickly replied that its plans through 1972 call for "a bomber-deliverable megatonnage, which is highly classified but substantially greater than the Senator's statement implies"). He repeated his charge that "one good American life was lost" and another "delivered into Communist captivity" because President Johnson needlessly tipped off the enemy when he announced on television that U.S. planes were en route to targets during the

Tonkin Gulf crisis. (The Administration argued that the President was deliberately warning Red China against intervening and that the first U.S. planes were already within enemy radar range.) Retorted Barry: "The Administration has shown little skill when negotiating with the Communists. Now it appears they have as little skill when fighting with the Communists."

The main thrust of Barry's speech, however, was to link Lyndon Johnson's Administration with the issues of law, order and morality. Alluding to Negro rioting, he drew wild applause by declaring: "I would not as President support or incite any American to seek redress of his grievances through lawlessness, violence, and hurt to his fellow men." There is, said Goldwater, "a feeling in America today which may be as meaningful in the long run as any other factor" in this election year. This mood was a reaction to "the doctrine of the fast buck and the code of the off-color novel," a protest against "easy morals and uneasy ethics."

What Every Woman Knows. Just how does Lyndon figure in all of this? Well, said Barry, "a Federal Administration has no higher responsibility than to set examples of decent, honest and moral conduct." Yet "scandal haunts the federal structure," and Barry cited Billie Sol Estes, Bobby Baker, and the \$6 billion flap over "the Texas-built TFX" as examples. Such use of "public power to feed private greed" sets the stage for lawlessness of other sorts. Then he added darkly: "I don't have to quote statistics for you to understand what I mean. You know. Every wife and mother—yes, every woman and girl—knows what I mean."

In case the Administration doesn't know, Barry promised to do more explaining once his campaign is formally launched with a Sept. 3 speech in Prescott, Ariz. Said he: "No greater domestic issue will be decided in this election than the very climate, the very mood of Government, the very manners of public servants and public service."

ADMINISTRATION

The Politics of Poverty

The phone rang aboard the presidential jet as it swept west toward Texas. It was White House Staffer Larry O'Brien with the news that the House had just passed Lyndon Johnson's anti-poverty bill. When Lyndon heard that, he turned to an aide and grinned broadly. "As far as I'm concerned," he said, "I have everything I want."

Part of that everything, obviously, was a political plus that would no doubt be impressed on the electorate this November. The impression, in fact, began one morning last week when the President, conducting the appropriate ceremonies in the Rose Garden, signed the \$947.5 million program into law with 72 give-away pens. "The days of the dole in our country are numbered," he promised fervently. "We are not con-

tent to accept the endless growth of relief rolls or welfare rolls. We want to offer the forgotten fifth of our people opportunity and not doles."

What It Does. It would be unfortunate if anybody accepted Lyndon's prophecy at face value, however. For as devoutly as he and other Americans hoped that one day poverty would be banished, the cruel truth is that the three-year program as now constituted—or more precisely, jerry-built—stands little chance of eradicating any substantial portion of poverty. Democrats and Republicans alike hold that opinion, although naturally the Republicans are more vocal in their criticism. Says New Jersey's liberal Republican Congressman Peter Frelinghuysen: "This act is going to undermine the programs we already have operating. Overlap and duplication are almost inevitable."

The bill's key provisions (including first-year appropriations):

- **YOUTH PROGRAMS.** Total cost: \$412.5 million. Provides for three separate youth projects: 1) a Job Corps (\$190 million) for 40,000 school dropouts, aged 16 to 21, who, with the O.K. of host-state Governors, will live in rural conservation camps or urban training centers, get a basic education, job skills and \$50 a month; 2) work-training programs (\$150 million) for 200,000 boys and girls aged 16 to 21, who will be paid for part-time work while attending school—or, if they have already dropped out of school, fulltime work with counseling for job placement afterward; 3) a work-study program (\$72.5 million) for 140,000 indigent college students who will be paid for part-time work on or off campus while they continue their studies.

- **URBAN AND RURAL COMMUNITY ACTION PROGRAMS.** Total cost: \$315 million.

* But the doles keep growing. New York City's Welfare Commission reported last week that 483,573 New Yorkers were on relief in June—a 12.4% increase over June 1963.



SARGENT SHRIVER
Limited offer to the forgotten fifth.

* At Lincoln's tomb in Springfield, where visitors like to rub Abe's nose for good luck.

To get local communities cracking on their own poverty wars, federal funds up to 90% of cost will be pumped into public or private nonprofit agency programs when requested, but again only if state Governors do not object. Also included are adult education projects to teach people 18 and older to read and write.

• RURAL AREAS. Cost: \$50 million. To provide 15-year loans (maximum: \$2,500) to low-income farm families, the money to be used to improve farms or farm operations.

• EMPLOYMENT AND INVESTMENT INCENTIVES. Cost: \$25 million. To offer 15-year loans (maximum: \$25,000) to small businesses for hiring the chronically unemployed.

• WORK EXPERIENCE PROGRAM. Cost: \$150 million. To open job and training opportunities for heads of families now on relief, or those ineligible for relief.

• ADMINISTRATION AND COORDINATION. Cost: \$10 million. To provide for a director, Peace Corps Boss Sargent Shriver, a deputy director and three assistant deputies, all appointed by the President; a Washington staff of 250; a professional field staff of 65; and 5,000 field volunteers who, as Volunteers in Service to America (VISTA), will receive \$50 a month.

The Overlap Gap. Of all the criticisms of the plan, the most relevant one is that it duplicates already-existing federal anti-poverty efforts. In each case, advocates reply, there is a slight but nonetheless important difference. The 1963 Vocational Education Act provides for residential training centers for poor youngsters, just as the Job Corps program does, but the VEA is restricted to school-attending students, while the Job Corps welcomes unskilled dropouts. Similarly, the National Defense Education Act aids needy college students, just as the new work-study program does. Big difference: NDEA makes tuition loans to students with some financial resources, while the work-study plan helps create part-time jobs for students with no resources whatsoever.

Delicate Balance. Apart from these and other equally reasonable point-by-point complaints, there was plenty of bipartisan uneasiness about what might happen once the massive program gets rolling. One indication was that the Democrat-led House Committee on Education and Labor plans not only to put a watchdog subcommittee as well. Indeed, even Committee Chairman Adam Clayton Powell, Harlem's Democratic Congressman, has reservations. "This can become one of the greatest pieces of legislation in the history of the U.S.," says Powell, "or it can be a total flop."

That delicate balance seems to hinge on how well Poverty Director Sarge Shriver does his job. Shriver has his work plainly cut out for him. As it stands, the program involves literally nearly every important agency in the U.S. Government, including the De-

partments of Defense, Labor, Agriculture, Commerce, Justice, Interior, and Health, Education and Welfare. "I feel sorry for Sargent Shriver," says Illinois' Democratic Congressman Roman C. Pucinski, who helped lead the fight for the bill in the House. "This will be successful only if it's carefully policed all along the way." Otherwise, added Pucinski in an admirably polite understatement, "this will become just another bureaucratic problem." But not until after November.

ing windows and headlights of passing cars. A white man, Clarence Sterner, 59, suffered a heart attack when his car was bombarded with rocks. For four hours lawmen used tear gas and high-pressure fire hoses to sweep back the mob. Next night Molotov cocktails arced out of the darkness onto the roof of La-Pota's store, setting it afire—and the riot erupted again. This time it ran for 3½ hours. In all, 50 people were hurt, and the police arrested 71 Negroes and whites. What was worse was the realization



DIXMOOR RIOT SCENE

Shattering a long, amicable history with a bottle of gin.

CIVIL RIGHTS "They Got Too Mad"

All summer long, Chicago, with its 1,040,000 Negroes, half of whom are jammed into the city's seamy South Side, held its municipal breath while racial violence flared in the ghettos of half a dozen Eastern cities. Surprisingly, Chicago did not explode. Then last week, in the unlikely setting of a pleasant ranch-house-dotted suburb called Dixmoor, Chicago got its nights of racial terror.

Roughed Up. They began when a Negro woman who was arrested for trying to steal a pint of gin charged that she had been roughed up by Dixmoor Liquor Store Owner Michael ("Big Mike") LaPota, 52, a 265-lb. ex-con. Soon the story spread through Dixmoor and into the neighboring town of Harvey. A crowd of Negroes gathered in a parking lot across the street from LaPota's shop, chanting to the accompaniment of bongos, "Big Mike must go!" For hours, Negro rabble-rousers harangued the mob with inflammatory speeches. Someone threw a rock through the closed liquor store's window, and the mob followed, snatching up bottles. Dixmoor's ten-man police force called for help.

By the time state police, sheriff's officers and cops from neighboring communities arrived, the mob had swelled to 1,000 and the riot was in full swing. Negroes swarmed into a main street, smash-

that Dixmoor's long history of amicable race relations had been left as shattered as the windshields.

Across the Line. Dixmoor, just south of Chicago's city limits, had hardly seemed ripe for racial trouble. The average family income there is \$5,000 to \$7,000. Some 60% of Dixmoor's 3,100 residents are Negroes, many of whom are white-collar workers living in \$10,000-to-\$15,000 single-family homes or in attractive new apartment buildings. Three of Dixmoor's six governing trustees are Negroes, as are half of its part-time police force. But for all that, civil rights leaders in the Dixmoor-Harvey area charge that Negroes are discriminated against in jobs, housing and schools. And when the trouble began in Dixmoor, Harvey Negroes had only to walk across the village line to be in the thick of it.

Said Eugene Callahan, director of Chicago's Conference on Religion and Race: "There's unemployment because the mills and factories in the Harvey area aren't doing well right now. Hardly any local businesses in Harvey hire Negroes. And I understand Negroes can't get liquor licenses. Naturally they resent the fact that right across the street is a white man running a big liquor store, and he's got a prison record, and he's a big brute besides." Added Callahan: "CORE has complained about these things for months. The Negroes didn't get mad enough; then, the trouble was, they got too mad."

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Dictatorial Regime

The proceedings started off with a Bang—a lieutenant named Bang passed out the voting slips. In La Maison Blanche, a forlorn, peeling stucco villa overlooking Cap St. Jacques on the South China Sea, 58 officers of South Viet Nam's Military Revolutionary Council sat on hard, schoolroom-style chairs and scribbled their votes on the ballots. A colonel chalked up the results on a blackboard: Khanh, 50; Defense Minister General Tran Thien Khiem, 5; General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, 1; General Do Cao Tri, 1; blank ballot, 1.

Thus last week General Nguyen Khanh promoted himself from Premier to President and took over virtually absolute power—at least in theory. He promulgated a new constitution abolishing his previous post of Premier as well as that of figurehead Chief of State, which had been occupied by Khanh's predecessor, General Big Minh, the man who had fronted the original coup against Ngo Dinh Diem's regime. To avoid embarrassing comparisons, Khanh ordered his new title rendered in Vietnamese as *Chu Tich* (Chairman) rather than *Tong Thong* (President), the title used by Diem.

Khanh plainly made his move because things had seemed headed for another coup by the nation's ever disident generals and perennially scheming politicians.

Pregnant Procession. Khanh's action enabled him to get rid of Big Minh, whom Buddhists and leaders of the na-

tionalist Dai Viet Party had wanted to maneuver back into authority, hoping to use him as their puppet. At the same time, Khanh won over one of his most important and dangerous rivals, Defense Minister General Khiem, who got a fourth star and decided to throw in his lot with the Chairman—for the time being at least. Asked whether he was now a dictator, Khanh replied quizzically: "For six months I have been head of a totalitarian regime without being totalitarian. I can head a dictatorial regime without being a dictator." But it would take more than subtle semantics to make Khanh's new powers stick.

The Buddhists, annoyed by Big Minh's surprising ouster, again threatened major trouble. The occasion: the first anniversary of Diem's now infamous police raids on the pagodas during last year's Buddhist uproar. Addressing 4,000 faithful in Saigon, Thich (Venerable) Tam Chau vowed that "Buddhism will rise against the government if it begins to resemble the former Diem regime."⁶ The Buddhists proceeded to make a series of difficult if not impossible demands, including elimination from the government of all former Diem officials and the final re-

⁶ In a village northwest of Saigon, there was even a kind of re-enactment of last year's notorious Buddhist self-immolations, though it had nothing to do with politics but was carried out by a jilted girl. As her former lover prepared to marry another, the girl crashed the wedding in a gasoline-soaked garment, set fire to her skirt, then chased the bridegroom with the evident intention of setting him on fire too. Guests intervened, and the would-be martyr was hospitalized.



CHAIRMAN KHANH TAKING OATH

Four stars for the rival.

lease of four generals whom Khanh had deposed when he took power and had kept under surveillance in the pleasure resort city of Dalat.

In Hué, where last year's Buddhist uprisings began, thousands staged torchlight parades, while young militiamen painted anti-Khanh slogans on walls. Schoolgirls dressed in white passed out mimeographed denunciations of "dictatorship," without specifically mentioning Khanh. The Buddhists also renewed their eternal complaints of "persecution" by Roman Catholic officials, charge based on only a handful of incidents for which Khanh has invariably made amends. At Tuyhoa in central Viet Nam, an angry crowd of 4,000, led by children and pregnant women, blocked an armored army personnel carrier by throwing themselves in front of its oncoming tracks. According to the government, most were Viet Cong sympathizers.

Missing Monument. No one could be sure whether the Buddhists were deliberately trying to bring down the Khanh regime or whether they were only pressuring him to grant them and their political allies more power. At any rate, through it all Khanh's regime managed to preserve a kid-gloves approach, ordering police to avoid any display of violence. At the same time, the government attempted to placate the Catholics. One night 20 workmen quietly removed a 1,000-lb. monument to President Kennedy that had been installed across the street from Saigon Cathedral against the wishes of the city's Catholics, many of whom blame Kennedy for Catholic Diem's downfall and subsequent death.

In the war, meanwhile, it was one of the government's worst weeks. In Kien Hoa province, southwest of Saigon, two Viet Cong battalions ambushed one 350-man government battalion and killed 81 Vietnamese soldiers and four American advisers, wounded 54. Said a sympathetic U.S. advisor of the Vietnamese troops: "They are



BUDDHIST RALLY IN SAIGON

Four generals in Dalat.

so tired they don't mind getting killed any more."

Still, the greatest present threat was not to be found in the guerrilla-riden jungle but in Saigon, still uneasy under a state of emergency and an 11 p.m. curfew. As if they had never heard of the war, 2,000 students rallied in Saigon, calling for civilian rule. Several demonstrating students admitted that they were in the pay of discontented politicians. Fact is that the army is the only halfway stable element in the situation: the squabbling civilian politicians, plus their supporters among the intellectuals, would undoubtedly ruin what little there is left of South Viet Nam in short order, leading to neutralism. Government censors have lately tried to encourage the press to print "constructive" fiction and cut down on the interminable, vastly popular ghost stories. The prospect of more disorders in Saigon and another coup is the most haunting ghost story of all.

More Flags

While pouring some \$2,000,000 a day into Saigon, Washington pressed on with a campaign to get South Viet Nam more economic and technical aid from U.S. allies. Former U.S. Ambassador to Saigon Henry Cabot Lodge toured Europe on behalf of President Johnson's appeal for "other flags" in Viet Nam, reported that possibly half a dozen NATO nations are expected to chip in. The Dutch are considering establishing scholarships for South Vietnamese students and sending medical supplies; Belgium may dispatch physicians and food. Earlier, twelve other countries had responded with promises of new or increased help, ranging from a West German slaughterhouse to a squad of Korean karate instructors.



BRAZZAVILLE CONGOLESE LEAVING LEOPOLDVILLE
150 for the ferry.

THE CONGO

Across the River & into the Mess

After six weeks as Premier of the Congo, Moïse Tshombe was hanging on by the skin of his big white teeth.

Only the U.S. seemed interested in helping him hang on. It gave him a few renovated B-26s to help him against the advancing Congolese rebels. Assistant Secretary of State G. Mennen Williams spent five days with Tshombe in Leopoldville, left only after the Premier agreed to swallow his pride and ask five selected African nations to send troops. Whether they will remains doubtful.

Last Warning. Meanwhile, Tshombe hurled himself into a little cold war with leftist President Alphonse Massamba-Débat of the Brazzaville (ex-French) Congo across the river. The opening volleys came when each Congo charged that the other was plotting a coup. Issuing a "last warning," Tshombe put his press aide on the air with the message: "If Moïse Tshombe wants to take Brazzaville, it would only be a question of two hours." From across the river came a shriek of rage addressed to "The Hitler of Africa."

Whereupon Tshombe announced that unless Massamba-Débat immediately stopped supporting the Congolese rebels, some 50,000 Brazzaville citizens who live in Leopoldville would be deported. Tshombe's object: to overload Brazzaville's shaky economy, fan enough discontent to overthrow Massamba-Débat's already strife-torn government.

It was a harsh and clumsy plan.⁶ And

⁶ Although African nations have been shunting one another's citizens about for years. Recent examples: Gabon expelled 2,000 Brazzavillians after a 1962 soccer riot; Niger deported 16,000 Dahomean civil servants last year.

FOTO SAMARAKHA—PIX



PREMIER TSHOMBE
300 dead in the streets.

Tshombe knew it. "It will be said," he remarked, "that I am punishing innocent people. Nonetheless, I have no choice." Half of Tshombe's Cabinet and his secret-police chief, plus the U.S. and French ambassadors urged him to give up the plan, to no avail. The exodus began. Thousands of weeping Brazzavillians—many of whom had lived in Leopoldville all their lives—were shoved in groups of 150 aboard chartered ferries and shuttled across the two miles of muddy brown river to Brazzaville. With them were all the possessions they could carry or drag.

Bukavu Battle. Tshombe's action all but obscured the Congolese army's finest hour since he came to power. On the hilly shore of Lake Kivu, a truck-borne column of rebels, well armed and reportedly loaded with dope, crashed through the defenses of the European resort city of Bukavu, the government's last major toehold in the eastern Congo. Promptly the rebels set up headquarters in the Hotel Royal Residence, took over the post office, and began rampaging through the center of town. Always before in such circumstances, the government defenders had fled in panic and confusion. This time, bolstered by 150 of Tshombe's tough ex-gendarmes from Katanga, they stood and fought. After three days of battles, it was the rebels who broke and ran. Behind them, 300 dead of both sides lay in the streets.

KENYA

The One-Party Way

In the eight short years since independence began to explode throughout Africa, 30 former European colonial territories have become sovereign—and supposedly democratic—states. But hardly any of them are really democratic. Forced to live as nations although their loyalties and organizations are tribal, torn by all the monstrous problems of backwardness and ignorance, Africa's new countries have found democracy far too difficult to live

with. So far, at least 18 of them have effectively eliminated the opposition and inaugurated one-party rule. Few of the rest seem at all convinced that Western democracy has meaning in Africa. Last week, after eight months of independence, Kenya also set its course for the one-party way.

Jovial Host. After playing host to all members of Parliament at his home in Nairobi, Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta jovially announced that he will ask Parliament for constitutional amendments that will make Kenya a one-party republic. If Parliament refused, he added, he would call a national referendum in November. Since his Kenya African National Union party (KANU) represents the nation's two largest tribal groups, there is little chance he would lose the referendum.

The announcement only hastened the inevitable. Kenyatta has never favored the present British-inspired constitution, which gives what he considers too much power to Kenya's seven regional governments—three of which are now in the hands of the opposition Kenya African Democratic Union party (KADU). He has long believed that Kenya needs a strong central government to hold its 50 tribes together.

Clamor v. Cry. As far as Kenyatta is concerned, his own KANU supplies about all the opposition he needs, balanced as it is between his own Kikuyus and the Luo tribe of his powerful, Communist-backed Home Minister Oginga Odinga. In a tribal society, Kenyatta argues, the two-party system is unnatural. "We don't subscribe to the notion of the government and the governed in opposition to one another, one clamoring for duties and the other crying for rights."

Will one-party government mean repression? For all his terrorist past, Prime Minister Kenyatta, 73, has so far gone out of his way to protect the rights of the minorities—black or white—who opposed him. He says he will not alter any constitutional rights, including individual freedom of expression and assembly. As he outlines it, the new regime

will be a sort of a representative dictatorship, with the President chosen from and responsible to Parliament, which in turn would be subject to periodic national elections.

CYPRUS

Breather

Heading a piercing and highly public appeal for help from Archbishop Makarios, Nikita Khrushchev duly pledged Russian aid should anyone (read Turkey) invade Cyprus. But Khrushchev also called for moderation and warned Makarios to lift his economic blockade of the Turkish Cypriots. Still, even the remote prospect of direct Russian intervention seemed a little chilling to all sides.

President Johnson fired off messages to Athens and Ankara, once again urging Premiers George Papandreu and Ismet Inönü to settle the Cyprus problem and unite before the common Red enemy. Implicit, at least, seemed to be a threat that the U.S. cannot maintain aid to supposed NATO allies if they use U.S.-supplied arms against each other.

Temper calmed slightly in Athens and Ankara. Turkey made the gesture of returning to NATO control the U.S.-built planes it had used to bomb and strafe Cyprus. Greece, which had also withdrawn units from NATO, followed suit. Cyprus itself had a breather. Though still calling down curses on Turkey for its recent air strikes, Makarios relaxed somewhat the blockade thrown around the Turkish Cypriot communities. For the first time in two weeks, running water was restored to the huddled refugees in Ktima, and badly needed fuel was delivered to Turkish Cypriot bakeries in Nicosia.

The U.N. peace-keeping force took a few aggressive steps. U.N. posts, manned by Swedish troops, were set up between the lines of the Turkish Cypriot defenders of Kokkina and the Greek Cypriot besiegers on the mountainside. Canadian, Finnish and Danish U.N. troops, moving forward with the bayonet, dismantled Turkish Cypriot

gun positions that menaced a U.N. headquarters near Nicosia.

Even though the U.N. mediator, Finland's Sakari Tuomiöja, suffered a stroke, negotiations in Geneva continued. Greek and Turkish representatives in Geneva pored over a plan, proposed by U.S. Special Envoy Dearborn Acheson, which apparently envisaged a union of Cyprus with Greece (*enosis*), with special guarantees for the Turkish Cypriots and a permanent Turkish base on the island. Given suitable face-saving devices, Turkey and Greece might accept. The same old stumbling block is still Makarios, who was once a loud advocate of *enosis* but now seems to enjoy being head of a sovereign state.

LEBANON

The Sweet Era

When Lebanon tried to hold a presidential election in 1958, the tiny country exploded in civil war. More than a thousand Lebanese were slain, the Soviet Union rattled its rockets, and 14,000 U.S. marines landed to ward off a threatened Communist or Nasserite takeover. Yet last week, when the Lebanese tried another election, the event was as quiet and disciplined as a New England town meeting. After a vote in parliament, President Fuad Chehab peacefully surrendered his office to President-elect Charles Helou. Since Helou means "sweet" in Arabic, newspapers headlined that his inauguration would begin a "sweet era" for Lebanon.

The recent past has been remarkably sweet too. During Chehab's six-year term, Lebanon became one of the few nations untroubled by the continuous turmoil of the Middle East.

Contradictory Glories. The 1958 civil war began when Moslems staged an uprising against the unconstitutional attempt of the then President, Camille Chamoun, a Christian, to serve a second term. At the time, General Chehab commanded the 9,000-man Lebanese army but refused to lead it against the rebels, because he was convinced that if he did, the Moslem members of the armed forces would mutiny. This decision won him great popularity with the Moslems. The Christians, who make up half of Lebanon's 1,700,000 population, were at first outraged, but gradually recognized the wisdom of the Christian commander. As a result, Chamoun stepped down, Chehab was named President by parliament, and when he reluctantly accepted, the Moslems withdrew.

Chehab ruled by doing nothing, at home or abroad. Despising politicians whom he calls *fromagistes* (cheese eaters), Chehab would rather let Lebanon boom or bust than go in for planning. In this, he again proved how well he understood his countrymen, for the typical Lebanese is both capitalist and anarchist, and glories in contradiction. The Lebanese way of life is reflected



"WHAT A TEAM! YOU PRAISING THE LORD AND ME PASSING THE AMMUNITION."



CHEHAB & HELOU



DOWNTOWN BEIRUT

Coded ballots and bonfires of old rubber tires.

in Beirut, which is the noisiest, dirtiest, liveliest and loveliest capital in the Middle East. Surging traffic bewilders a stranger, with tramcars plunging the wrong way down one-way streets, pedestrians and pushcarts jaywalking heedlessly. Garbage lies uncollected around stunning glass-walled apartment buildings, and any car parked below is certain to be littered by melon rinds and pistachio shells tossed from the balconies and windows. As fast as the police write out traffic tickets, motorists throw them away, and cars are double- and triple-parked all over town.

Needs Understood. The noise begins at dawn with the loudspeaker chants of muezzins from minarets, followed by the clangor of bells from Christian churches. Auto horns, the plaintive cries of peddlars, and the bray of donkeys blend with the screech of jet planes. With evening comes the sound of 64 nightclubs, the throb of motorboats carrying gamblers up the coast to the Casino de Liban, and the shrill cries of prostitutes in the block-long Bourg Central Square in the heart of town.

Beirut is also beautiful, with cool groves of umbrella pines and great clusters of purple bougainvillea. It is rich, not from oil but from oil revenues of more than \$3 billion a year, poured in by sheiks from Kuwait and Saudi Arabia; they flock to Beirut to play among a people who speak their language and understand their needs. Moreover, 92 banks flourish on deposits from Arabs who are distrustful of their own governments and appreciate the Swiss-like secrecy enforced by law. Recently, Intra Bank of Lebanon bought the 28-story Canada House on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue for its U.S. branch.

Airfreighted Oysters. Tourists are drawn to a land where ski resorts are only two hours from Mediterranean beaches, and by such antique monuments as Byblos and the massive stone platforms and columns of Roman Baalbek. Hotels are so jammed that the new Phoenicia Hotel, opened in 1962, is already building a 250-room annex. Restaurants serve airfreighted French oysters, Scotch salmon, Danish ham and English beef.

Beirut has four universities, and pub-

lishes more books and magazines than even Cairo. Next to tiny, oil-rich Kuwait, it has the highest per-capita income in the Arab world (\$500 annually); yet public and social services are woefully inadequate. Every rainstorm knocks out the power and phone systems, and virtually no one pays income taxes except benighted foreign residents. The public schools are regarded as hopelessly inferior. Yet Lebanon also has the highest literacy rate in the Arab world, and parents starve themselves to send their children to private schools.

Lambs on the Doorstep. Charles Helou, 50, the new man in charge of this chaotic but thriving country, is likely to follow his predecessor in letting things alone. A fleshily handsome man, the son of a Maronite Christian druggist, he was graduated from the French-oriented College of St. Joseph and became editor of the French-language daily Le Jour, which has since folded. Helou became Lebanon's representative at the Vatican, later served in parliament and the Cabinet, most recently as Minister of Education. During the 1958 civil war, he joined a "third force" that was neutral in the conflict, and therefore, like retiring President Fuad Chehab, he is acceptable to both sides.

In the parliamentary voting last week, Helou got all but seven of the 99 secret ballots cast.⁶ At the news, Leba-

⁶ Some of the ballots read, "His Excellency Charles Helou," or "Charles Bey Helou," and so on. The writing on such ballots is in fact a code. If a Deputy promises his vote to a candidate for office but there is some doubt as to whether in the actual voting he will really come through, he is instructed to phrase the ballot in a certain way, known only to the candidate and himself. When the ballot is read aloud, it thus reveals the Deputy's identity. In this typically Lebanese manner, it is possible to maintain the convention of a secret vote and still ensure that a politician who has made a deal will actually deliver.

non celebrated with fireworks and bonfires of old rubber tires. In the mountain summer resort at Aley, peasants warmly welcomed Helou's return from the city by killing lambs on the doorstep of his villa. Happiest of all was Chehab, who told Helou: "I am delighted at your election because it gives me a warrant of release."

GREAT BRITAIN Tories Coming Up

Six months ago, most pollsters, bookmakers and other experts took it for granted that the next British elections would return the first Labor government in 13 years. Last week that outcome looked far less certain. Constitutionally, the elections must be held before Nov. 5 (likely dates: Oct. 15 or Oct. 22), and with only weeks to go, the polls show a drift away from Labor. One of them, the Daily Mail's National Opinion Poll, even reported Labor's lead down to a mere .6%, which in an election would actually result in a slim Conservative majority of 20 to 30 seats in the House of Commons.

Despite scandals and blunders, the Tory Cabinet still looks like an eager, able team. Although Britain's foreign-trade deficit is alarming, while industrial production is not rising, most Britons still enjoy unprecedented prosperity, and the Tories make the most of the slogan, "Don't let Labor ruin it."

Most surprising of all has been the performance of Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home, who was widely dismissed as an amiable nonentity when he took office less than a year ago. Home has developed parliamentary agility. He has made the right tactical decisions, notably to risk several by-elections that he could have avoided; in sum they did not turn out badly for the Tories. He has been stumping the country, giving

rather tepid speeches and telling stories from the family joke book compiled by his wife. But his quiet jauntiness and aristocratic charm have gone over splendidly, while Laborite Harold Wilson's mixture of midnight oil and acid is unexciting.

ITALY

Doing What Is Possible

Palmiro Togliatti will be remembered as the Communist leader who came closer than any other to seizing power for the Reds in Western Europe—and failed.

His first chance came when he returned to Italy from Moscow after World War II and resumed leadership of the party he had helped found. Italy's Reds, who had played a big part in the resistance, were well armed, and Togliatti might have seized power if he had risked civil war. He did not, and Stalin later sneered, "Togliatti will never make a revolution. He's a professor."

His next chance came when he tried to win at the polls in the 1948 election. The Communists polled 30% of the popular vote, and were turned back by the strong leadership of Alcide de Gasperi, Italy's great Christian Democratic Premier, who was backed by the forceful anti-Communist intervention of Pope Pius XII.

Thereafter "*Il Migliore*" (The Best), as his comrades called Togliatti, presided over a movement that gradually lost members, though it continued to win over a great many of Italy's intellectuals and artists, who make it a point of honor to be at least café Communists—and sometimes more than that. Without ever coming really close to power again, the Italian Communist Party exerted a continuing influence—sometimes merely a veto—in Italian politics.

Embossed Shopkeepers. Writting, maneuvering and often split, the party tried to adjust to the new Communist world that was born with Stalin's death. Though he had been an ardent follower of Stalin—and had even at Stalin's orders betrayed the Italian Socialists to the Fascist police—Togliatti now enthusiastically embraced "polycentrism"—that is, the right of each national Communist Party to follow its own course. When criticized from the outside, Togliatti would merely give a vastly expressive shrug: "Siamo italiani [We are Italians]."

Freed from the damaging image of the Oriental despot in the Kremlin, Togliatti tried harder than ever to make Communism look as respectable as his own blue serge suits and as jovial as his sweaters. Long before Khrushchev invented goulash Communism, Togliatti invented spaghetti Communism. He no longer concentrated the Red appeal only on the masses, but turned to shopkeepers battling supermarket competition, housewives trying to balance the family budget, and small businessmen in need of tax relief.

After the Russians brutally crushed

the Hungarian uprising, Togliatti was deserted by his longtime allies, Pietro Nenni's left-wing Socialists. When Nenni last year joined the ruling Christian Democrats in the unstable center-left coalition government, the move in effect isolated the Communists. But Togliatti kept predicting that the coalition would fail to solve Italy's economic problems, that the Communists would benefit in the end.

The son of a poor government clerk, Togliatti now was building himself a villa among the rich near fashionable Porto Santo Stefano, and—politically—continued his do-gooder tactics. If filling-station attendants were underpaid, if a bridge fell down, if water was cut off from Rome, it was the Communists who led the protest. Faced with a milk shortage, Togliatti could be heard to say earnestly: "For a whole week now, there has not been enough milk in



COMMUNIST TOGLIATTI

Everything was possible but power.

the cafes to make a cappuccino. That is terrible." He kept insisting that he had no intention of imposing Communism on Italy, that he only wanted benevolent socialism. "This means improving agriculture, raising the level of the masses and so on," he would say reassuringly. "In Italy, to nationalize everything would be madness." This soothing line brought about a resurgence of sorts at the polls. In Italy's last national election in 1963, the Reds won 7,700,000 votes, fully 25% of the total.

Undrummed China. In the Sino-Soviet schism, Togliatti strongly supported Khrushchev, and he had to deal with some pro-Peking splinters in his own party. But he believed it would be a tactical mistake to try to drum China out of the Communist bloc. That was perhaps what he hoped to talk about to Nikita Khrushchev when he started on a Black Sea vacation early this month. Near Yalta, two weeks ago, he suffered a stroke while visiting a Communist youth camp. Soviet doctors said

he was too ill to be moved from the camp infirmary, and there last week, at 71, Togliatti died after exploratory brain surgery.

As an Ilyushin-18 plane brought his body home to Italy, amid national honors and prayers from the Pope, there was no doubt that Italian Communism had been weakened. His successor is tough, ex-Partisan Luigi Longo, 64, fighter much less suave or plausible. Longo will probably be supplanted by younger "innovators," who in the past criticized Togliatti for being too subservient to Moscow, or too old-fashioned in his methods, but now have no very clearly defined policy beyond the fact that they want power.

The Italian Communist Party remains formidable, but it is not likely that Togliatti's heirs will succeed where he failed. To the end, he insisted that he was a democrat and a parliamentarian, and over a glass of wine he seemed convincing. But what he truly was Italian, call "possibilista"—one who does whatever is possible. And no matter how hard he had tried, the seizure of power in Italy had not been possible to Palmiro Togliatti.

RUSSIA

Far-Out Dzhab

Soviet Russia blows hot and cold on the subject of jazz—but never cool. In insisting that jazz came up the river front at Odessa long before it made its Mississippi passage, Soviet authorities three years ago began relaxing the ban against Dixieland and swing. As a result, such dated numbers as *When the Saints Go Marchin' In* and *Sixteen Tons* are now popular in Russia. Yet the Soviet music masters could not bring themselves to permit Russian musicians to play *kholodny* or cool *dzhab*—the progressive sound of Thelonious Monk and Stan Getz, much admired by many Russians who hear it on the Voice of America or on smuggled records.

Two rebels against this artistic repression sat last week in a U.S. refugee camp in West Germany—Bassist Iggy Berechits, 31, and Saxophonist Boris Midny, 26. As they told it, the pair decided to defect after sitting in on 1962 after-hours jam session with members of Benny Goodman's touring band.

After that, whenever they had wanted to play far-out in Moscow, they had to do it secretly in someone's apartment. Said Midny: "Our individuality was crushed." Looking for a way out of the country, they joined the non-jazz orchestra of the Bolshoi Variety troupe last month just before it left for a tour of Japan. Once in Tokyo, the two men slipped away to the U.S. embassy. The U.S. flew them to West Germany to avoid getting the Japanese in trouble with the Russians, and the two can probably will reach the U.S. soon. After all, as one U.S. official in Washington explained: "These guys aren't political. All they want is to latch onto some combo in New York."

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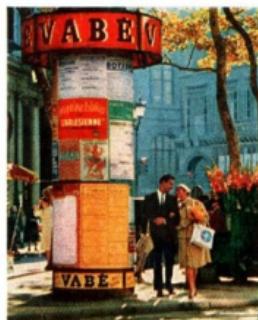
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THE HEMISPHERE

BOLIVIA

And Then There Were Two

Following Chile's example, Bolivia last week broke all economic and diplomatic relations with Cuba as ordered by the Organization of American States. That left only two OAS nations, Uruguay and Mexico, still talking to Castro.

PUERTO RICO

"Permit Me to Leave"

The chant echoed like a thundering pulse beat: "Cuatro más! Cuatro más!—Four more! Four more!" On the banner-draped platform in Mayagüez one day last week, the top leaders of Puerto Rico's Popular Democratic Party watched tensely as the bearlike man at the microphone motioned for quiet. Then came the news: "I want to return to what created the Popular Democratic Party 25 years ago, to what liberated the energy that constructed the Puerto Rico of today. I want to return to the school, to the farmyard, to the hearts of the people so that all together we can forge the Puerto Rico of the next 25 years. Permit me to leave office to serve the democracy of Puerto Rico."

Luis Muñoz Marin, 66, Governor of Puerto Rico, architect of the island's life-giving Operation Bootstrap and its unique commonwealth status, was stepping aside after four terms (16 years) in office. He would not, he insisted, be his party's gubernatorial candidate in the Nov. 3 elections. He would accept nomination for the senate, whence he came, but nothing more. "You must have confidence in yourselves," he pleaded. "You have honored me as a leader and as a teacher, and now the teacher says: 'It is time to return to the class.' No sooner had Muñoz finished than the chants erupted again—louder and fiercer. He grabbed the microphone, "You cannot make me violate my own conscience!" he roared above the din—and that was that.

Essence & Energy. To Puerto Ricans, the Muñoz announcement meant much more than the leave-taking of an able administrator and brilliant politician. For more than a generation Muñoz has been the island's one and only leader—vigorous, charismatic, the essence and energy of an economic and social revolution that has touched the lives of every Puerto Rican.

The son of a revered Puerto Rican statesman, Muñoz studied law at Washington's Georgetown University, returned to Puerto Rico in 1926, and has been fighting the island's cause ever since. At that time, Puerto Rico was little more than a sugar barony controlled

by a few large U.S. companies; per capita income was a pitiful \$120 a year. In 1938, Muñoz formed his Popular Democratic Party, four years later as senate president organized Operation Bootstrap, and was soon luring mainland industry to Puerto Rico. With generous tax incentives and cheap, plentiful labor, company after company found it profitable to set up plants until today the island's gross national product is growing 11% a year, wages average \$1.11 an hour, new investment is running \$1,000,000 a day, and per capita income is up to \$740—second highest in Latin America, surpassed only by oil-rich Venezuela.

Best of Both Worlds. Some Latin Americans sneer at the success, accuse

When he won his fourth term in 1960, Muñoz started preparing for the day when others would take over the reins. He transferred the party chairmanship to a seven-man committee, took fewer stands on major legislative matters, started lecturing his party on the need for becoming "more democratic," and urged senators and representatives to become more independent. When Muñoz was away from his desk, the man he left in charge was Secretary of State (Vice Governor) Roberto Sánchez Vilella, 51, a U.S.-educated (Ohio State) civil engineer who has been Muñoz' able and dedicated top lieutenant for 16 years. If and when Muñoz stepped down, Sánchez Vilella was his choice for Governor.

"It Was Awful." A few days before last week's convention, Muñoz called in Sánchez Vilella, told him that he would be nominated for the governorship. Muñoz would still keep a hand in things from his senate seat. But Sánchez Vilella would be in command. "My presence in the senate will be as unobtrusive as possible," said Muñoz.

In Puerto Rico no one can really succeed Luis Muñoz Marin—and no one knows it better than Sánchez Vilella. He is extremely shy, has none of the klieg-light blaze and charm of Muñoz. Last week, while Muñoz fought through his farewell speech, Sánchez Vilella stood nervously mopping his face with a handkerchief balled tightly around an ice cube. "I was paralyzed," he said later. "It was awful. There was one moment when the crowd was almost hysterical, shouting 'No, no,' and I was shouting it too. Inside." But Puerto Ricans know him as a first-rate administrator, smart, experienced and quite capable of carrying on from the big, broad base Muñoz laid. "We are on our own now," says Sánchez Vilella, "and we cannot be afraid."

HAITI

Going Badly for Papa Doc

"Welcome to Haiti," read the huge sign on Port-au-Prince's Main Street near Bowen Airport. Near by, tied to a wooden chair in a police pickup truck, was a bloated yellow corpse, covered with flies. The display, on view for 24 hours and set up just 15 days after Haiti kicked off a major tourist campaign, was one more warning from Dictator François Duvalier to his fellow Haitians: stay tame, or else.

The body was the grisliest evidence yet that the guerrilla war in Haiti's backlands is not going well for Duvalier. According to reports filtering out of Haiti, three separate bands of rebels



MUÑOZ & SÁNCHEZ
A tune for self-confidence.

Muñoz of running a sugar-coated *Yanqui* labor colony, swapping independence for U.S. dollars. Puerto Ricans know better. They are fiercely proud of their "Spanishness" and regard their unique commonwealth status in "free association" with the U.S. as the best of both worlds. Under the 1951 compact with Congress, Puerto Rico lies somewhere between a territory and a full-fledged state. The U.S. protects the island, and Puerto Ricans are U.S. citizens—though they pay no federal taxes. They have no vote in Congress and cannot vote for President, but their local government is completely independent—Congress cannot overrule island legislation. A few rabid *Independentistas* make trouble now and then, and a small but a growing group agitates for statehood. Yet in every election since 1952, Muñoz and his Popular Democrats have walked off with between 58% and 65% of the vote.



EXPLORER SAVOY



INCA RUINS ON THE PLAIN OF THE SPIRITS

From history to myth—and back to history.

are fighting in southern and western Haiti—two groups, with about 80 men, calling themselves the "Haitian Revolutionary Armed Forces" and another independent band of 100. Since the first skirmishes eight weeks ago, the rebels have killed at least 80 Duvalier militiamen, have shot one of Duvalier's three A1-6 patrol planes out of the sky, and have blown up roads, bridges and trucks. One night, they reportedly raided and looted an armory 38 miles southeast of Port-au-Prince, then two days later sacked another military post 20 miles away. Haitians crossing over into the neighboring Dominican Republic say that the rebels effectively control half a dozen villages in the rugged Massif de la Selle.

Whether the guerrillas pose a serious threat to Papa Doc's dictatorship remains to be seen. But his nerves are starting to show. His internal military radio in Port-au-Prince has been heard exhorting militiamen in the field to capture "just one—just one prisoner." The militia commander replied that he could not even get a clear view of the guerrillas, much less catch one. Duvalier claims that the rebels are Communists from Cuba, has asked the U.S. to run reconnaissance flights over the Windward Passage. The U.S. found no evidence of any Cuban invasion effort. The fact is that the rebels are mostly the sons of middle-class Haitians driven into exile by Duvalier, and could come from anywhere around the Caribbean.

PERU

The Lost City

Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the ranges—something lost behind the ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!

—Rudyard Kipling, *The Explorer*

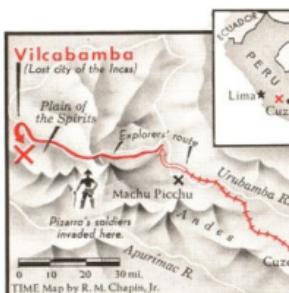
For archaeologists in Peru, that hidden something has always been the lost city of Vilcabamba, the last great capital of the Incas. As described in the 16th century chronicles, Vilcabamba

was believed located somewhere in the southern Peruvian Andes. There, for nearly four decades, some 4,000 Indians lived, waged sporadic war on the Spaniards, and built great palaces and temples. Then in 1572, after the Spanish killed the last Inca ruler, the Indians apparently deserted their capital, and Vilcabamba disappeared beneath the jungle.

In 1911 famed Archaeologist and Yale Scholar Hiram Bingham first thought he had found Vilcabamba when he discovered the spectacular ruins at Machu Picchu. But most people agreed that Vilcabamba was still out there. Now, another exploration party thinks that it has finally found the lost city behind the ranges. Until the area is excavated and the preliminary findings confirmed, no one can be certain. But throughout the U.S. and Latin America last week, archaeologists were eagerly watching—and hoping.

Strangers Beware. The expedition leader was Gene Savoy, a 37-year-old explorer from Portland, Ore. For five years, Savoy has been tramping the Peruvian Andes, turning up everything from three pre-Inca cities to a 100-ft.-wide pre-Inca highway. In 1963 he joined forces with Peruvian Explorer Antonio Santander Caselli, 62, and together they started hunting for Vilcabamba. Old records seemed to point to a forbidding area northwest of Machu Picchu, called the Plain of the Spirits.

Six weeks ago, Savoy and Santander reached the Plain of the Spirits by mule team and made contact with some local Indians. At first, the Indians refused to guide them. Tribal legend said that anyone who escorted strangers into the plain would soon die. But after some powerful persuasion, the Indians agreed to join the expedition. They led Savoy and Santander on a three-day march through the jungle to the first moss-covered ruins of what may be Vilcabamba. "We couldn't believe our eyes," says Savoy. "Each day, it became more fantastic."



Tiles & Horseshoe. The ruins, says Savoy, cover some 6 to 10 sq. mi. and stretch across three succeeding plateaus. The first plateau—roughly four times the size of Machu Picchu—begins at about 4,500 ft.; the second is at 5,500 ft., and the last, poking eerily up through a misty halo of clouds, may reach as high as 12,000 or 13,000 ft.

On the first plateau, Savoy and Santander found a luxurious palace and at least 16 separate communities—built mostly of granite and limestone, and complete with fountains, gardens, courtyards, large terraced dwellings apparently used by Inca nobles, and 100- or so squat circular huts that probably housed lower-class Indians. True to archaeological expectations, a strong Spanish influence was evident—the result, old records suggest, of seven Spanish turncoats who came to live in the Inca capital. In the palace were two rooms with a Spanish-style connecting doorway rather than the single courtyard entryway that typifies pure Incan architecture. Savoy also found several Spanish-type tiles and a Spanish horseshoe.

Time to Leave. Savoy and Santander spent two weeks exploring the first plateau, made a quick survey of the second, then their increasingly frightened Indian helpers started deserting. "Normally, they would be friendly and smiling," says Savoy. "But when we got them into those woods, they changed." On the 15th day, Savoy hurt his leg dodging a falling tree cut by one of the Indians. He decided to pull out. "We thought it was better to come back with pictures and maps than not get back at all."

In Lima, Savoy's find created the greatest stir among archaeologists since the discovery of Machu Picchu. "Although we have yet to explore the ruins carefully," said Dr. Luis E. Valcarcel, director of the National Museum of History, "I am almost certain this is Vilcabamba." Peru's President Fernando Belaunde Terry, himself an ardent amateur archaeologist, chatted with Savoy about possible government help for a full-scale return expedition. "The city has been rumored to exist for so long that it had almost passed from history to myth," said Savoy. "Now we have turned it back to history."

Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Alfred Landesman, playwright, Missouri



Annette Boerde, executive secretary, Virginia



William C. Bettendorf, Jr., general contractor, Massachusetts



If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters—try today's Chesterfield King. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...yet it smokes so mild!

PEOPLE

High ho, yodeled Robert Strange McNamara, 48, as he dusted off his trusty crampons, eased himself into his climbing knickers, and prepared to melt some solid Pentagon flesh in an assault on the 14,701-ft. Matterhorn. With his son Robert Craig, 14, and a dauntless Yank quintet whom Swiss whiz kids tagged "McNamara's Band," the Defense Secretary slogged up to within 2,000 ft. of the summit, where a 2-ft. snowfall programmed the computers to say no go. Back to base camp, men.

At the Red Cross charity gala in Monte Carlo, such celebrities as the Begum Aga Khan and Cinemactor Da-

World's Fair. Mighty quick on the uptake, too. When a young newsman asked the crony of Presidents and Prime Ministers whom he considered the greatest man of his age, Baruch barked: "The fellow who does his job every day. The mother who has children and gets breakfast. The fellow who keeps the streets clean. The Unknown Soldier. Millions of men."

From her summer home in the Adirondacks, Mrs. Marjorie Merriweather Post Close Hutton Davies May, 77, heiress to the \$100 million Post Tootsie fortune, let it be known that she has been separated for "several months" from her fourth husband, Pittsburgh Industrialist Herbert May, 72, whom she married in 1958.

After Happy Rockefeller, 38, won an Idaho divorce last year from her first husband, Dr. James S. Murphy, 41, both refused to say who had won custody of their children: James, 13, Margareta, 11, Carol, 8, and Malinda, 4. Governor Rockefeller's lawyers implied that some sort of joint custody had been worked out, but shortly after the Republican Convention, Mrs. Rockefeller brought the truth into the open by filing suit to get the children back. Her petition stated that Murphy had custody originally—and now she has won the first round in her battle to reverse the award. A White Plains, N.Y., judge overruled Murphy's plea to dismiss the case, instead scheduled it for trial—in chambers—on Sept. 2.

In Washington, paying a rare honor to a foreign figure, Mrs. Thomas C. Mann, wife of the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, christened the U.S.'s newest polaris star U.S.S. Simon Bolívar, after South America's great 19th century liberator.

vid Niven were nicely sprinkled amidst 1,000 unknowns who paid \$75 to dance and watch the Bluebell Girls of Paris prance. To the sprinkle, hélas, was added a spatter and then a downpour. The Prince looked a trifle Rainier than usual, but Princess Grace, 34, remained smilingly in place to the end of the show. Noblesse was scarcely obliged to make so gracious a gesture—what with a third addition to the royal family due in Monaco next February.

His Manhattan apartment on East 66th Street is being renovated, and as Bernard Baruch held court for reporters on his 94th birthday, it seemed like a sound investment. He quit shooting quail two years ago ("I couldn't keep up with the dogs, the birds or the people"), but he still looks hale and hearty, swims two or three times a week, and recently ankled out to inspect the

G.O.P. relations with newsmen. "Pour la presse, Jean," she told her bartender. "Pas pour les autres."

They travel in separate planes "for precautionary reasons," even though former New York Deb Hope Cooke, 23, is now Queen for a deity, Sikkim's Palden Thondup Namgyal, 40, who is revered by his 162,000 Himalayan subjects as the reincarnation of a lama. The Maharani, in native gown and raw silk cloak, was first to land in New York last week with her six-month-old son Prince Palden and Crown Prince Tenzing, 12, child of an earlier marriage of the Maharajah. She was taking her boy to see her American aunt, she said, in keeping with an old Sikkimese custom of "visiting the wife's relations



GRACE & PRINCE
A little Rainier.



MAHARANI & PRINCELINGS
A beaming reincarnation.

Now is the time for all gentlewomen to be of aid with a party. So Charlotte Ford, 22, Henry's girl, sacrificed the lawn of her mother's 22-room Long Island manse, Furdone, to a barbecue for some 2,000 "Young Citizens for Johnson," such as Lynda Bird, 20, Cinemactor Paul Newman, 39, Playwright Truman Capote, 39, A. & Peer Huntington Hartford, 53, Novelist John Steinbeck, 62, plus gaggles of her own Southampton playmates, goggles of interlopers from Manhattan, and gargoyles of Pucci-clad locals who drifted in from the beach to avoid the \$15 tab. Not to be forgone by Furdone, Mrs. Winston ("Ceezee") Guest, 44, volunteered her 150-acre North Shore estate, Templeton, for a rally for Republican Candidate William Miller. Nothing stronger than iced tea was served to the 3,000 neighbors who dropped by, but Ceezee did her bit to improve

with the first-born as soon as possible. The mysterious Occident is what the Maharajah digs, however, and so does his other son, Prince Topgyal Wangchuk, 11. One of the boy's dearest possessions, beamed Pa when they touched down next day, is a Wild West-style gun and holster.

Saying "We fled for our god-damned lives," Baltimore Atheist Madelyn Murray, 45, jumped bail with her family in June, and flew to Hawaii in the wake of a Pier 6 brawl with the cops after her son married a 17-year-old over the protests of the girl's parents. At the time, Maryland seemed only too glad to be rid of her, but now it has changed its mind, and a Honolulu judge has ordered her extradited back to Baltimore. Mrs. Murray says she will fight extradition all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court. God knows she means it.

MEDICINE

BIOCHEMISTRY

Acid Indigestion: Myth & Mysteries

Among the commonest ills of man, ranking close to constipation and headaches, is the wide range of supposed digestive upsets mistakenly described as "acid indigestion." Every day, millions of Americans complain of "heartburn" or "sour stomach." TV commercials spiel endlessly about "acid upset." Some sufferers try to dignify their complaints with such technical terms as hyperacidity and acidosis. By whatever name, the problem is a high-up bellyache, and those who suffer from it in the U.S. lay out \$90 million each year for antacids and alkalisizers.

Haunting Danger. Medically both heartburn and acid indigestion are vague terms, as hard to define precisely as to treat effectively. Heartburn ("pyrosis" in medical jargon) is a burning sensation felt somewhere behind the breastbone. In the vast majority of cases, the pain means only that the victim cannot digest food properly because he is emotionally upset, and he may have the pain without food. But there is always the haunting danger that what feels like heartburn may be nature's warning that the coronary arteries are shutting down. Many a man has died of a heart attack soon after asking for a glass of sodium bicarbonate.

Another serious condition that can be mistaken for simple heartburn is a hiatus hernia—a defect in the diaphragm where the gullet (esophagus) passes through, just above the stomach. This permits part of the stomach to poke upward into the chest cavity and spill digestive juices into the gullet. Pope Pius XII suffered from a hiatus hernia for a long time before it was correctly diagnosed and treated, and the condition is by no means rare.

Often, however, heartburn comes with a backflow of partly digested food from the stomach into the esophagus. The victim may then belch up a little of this undigested food or its juices, and be concerned by the sharp taste of his "sour stomach." In most cases, this is a minor matter, and the result of gulping food while under emotional tension. A classic case is that of Wall Street brokers, who eat on their feet during midday trading. The cure is to stop eating, which is easy, and to calm down, which is not. Antacids may speed relief.

Flowing Juices. What seems to be acid indigestion, usually with nausea and belching, has the same causes as heartburn. An antacid tablet may help. The catch is that the layman usually cannot tell the difference between this and a medically significant form of indigestion. This inflammation of the stomach (gastritis) is part of the pattern of peptic ulcer. Then the trouble is not a simple backup of the evening's Scotch,

steak and potato but a too-free flow of hydrochloric acid and other digestive juices from the stomach walls into the stomach itself and the duodenum. The excess juices find a vulnerable spot in the stomach wall or duodenum and, in effect, digest that. The result is an ulcer.

Whether caused by an ulcer or by the occasional food upheaval, indigestion has led to a variety of diet fads and home remedies. The faddists include finicky types who do not eat certain foods, especially fruits, "because they're too acid." Or they do eat mildly acid citrus fruits because they have convinced themselves that orange juice, for example, produces an alkaline reaction in the stomach. Some drinkers avoid highballs with a soda mix, claiming that the carbon dioxide that turns the stuff

steamy, particularly to a person with an unsuspected kidney ailment. The excess bicarb is absorbed into the bloodstream through the walls of the small bowel, causing excessive alkalinity in the blood. It is the kidneys' job to remove this excess, but diseased kidneys may not be up to it, introducing the danger of death from alklosis.

Though most laymen have never heard of alklosis, it may be more dangerous than acidity, because doctors are not on the alert for it. And even when they suspect it, it is hard to diagnose. Its symptoms are the same as those for which the patient was taking antacids—nausea, vomiting, abdominal pain. In its later stages, alklosis may bring on muscle spasms, fever, coma, and finally death.

Helping Steak. Nearly all physicians now avoid sodium bicarbonate. The most up-to-date thinkers among them are coming to the conclusion that the best neutralizer for excess stomach acid is nature's neutralizer—food. They prescribe small meals about every three hours. It matters little, they say, what the ulcer patient eats—he may have steak and French fries with ketchup and a cucumber salad with vinegar dressing—provided only that he eats a little at a time and often. The tide has turned against the insipid Sippy diet of milk and light cream: doctors are beginning to find that for some ulcer patients this "cure" is worse than the disease—like bicarb it throws them far enough over on the alkaline side that they can develop alklosis.

Since many ulcer and recurrent indigestion patients refuse to eat often enough, or do not get complete relief even when they do, doctors still prescribe antacids. But nowadays these are nearly all of the nonsystemic kind—unlike bicarb, they are never absorbed into the bloodstream and are far safer. The body processes them more slowly, so they do not give such quick relief. The most familiar, in the form of milk of magnesia, is magnesium hydroxide, and this is the main ingredient in many brand-name preparations. Since it has laxative properties, some manufacturers combine it with aluminum hydroxide, which is also antacid but, taken alone, is slightly constipating. Several proprietary preparations contain magnesium trisilicate, which neutralizes acid by both chemical and physical reactions and forms a gelatinous lining in the stomach and duodenum that may protect the crater of an ulcer.

Between the devil of alklosis and the deep blue sea of uncertain acidity, the average man should prescribe nothing for himself except to eat and drink moderately, and should try to do neither when he is too angry or too anxious to enjoy his food. If he feels he must have antacids, he should take them only on a doctor's advice—and be sure the doctor checks to see whether the "acid stomach" is covering up a more serious condition.



LUNCHTIME ON WALL STREET
A little at a time and often.

fizzy also turns their stomachs acid. Contrariwise, others take a glass of plain soda to settle their acid stomachs. Many sufferersgulp black coffee, which actually stimulates an empty stomach to produce more acid, and may be irritating: coffee with cream is "buffered."

As people get older, their ability to digest certain components of everyday foods seems to change (there may be a decrease in certain enzymes, but no one is sure). So some make a fetish of avoiding chocolate, or uncooked cucumbers, or all cucumbers, or uncooked cabbage, or all cabbage. Then there is the fellow who loudly proclaims, "I can eat anything"—and then slips off to the bathroom for a dollop of soda bicarb.

Faltering Kidneys. Sodium bicarbonate is at once the commonest, cheapest, most misused and most dangerous of antacids. In normal people, an occasional half-teaspoon in half a glass of water will probably do no harm. But a teaspoonful of bicarb in half a glass of water is enough to neutralize highly acid stomach contents, with some bicarb left over. The leftover can be dan-

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Winds of Change

"With greater or lesser enthusiasm," read the editorial in the 142-year-old Binghamton Sun-Bulletin, a New York State daily of 30,000 circulation, "we have endorsed every Republican nominee for President since the party was founded in 1856." But confronted with the Republican Party's 1964 presidential choice, the Sun-Bulletin ran out of enthusiasm altogether: "We cannot accept the ideas, the philosophy or the purposes of Senator Barry M. Goldwater." The Sun-Bulletin's editorial went on to label Goldwater "a reckless and irresponsible man temperamentally unfitted for the presidency." With that,

position with respect to Goldwater to date. We just don't buy the guy."

Unchained. Goldwater could not even count, it seemed, on the support of the major Republican-leaning newspaper chains. The ten Hearst papers, which endorsed Nixon in 1960, are expected to favor Johnson this year—a prediction confirmed by a Hearstman who sits in the chain's policymaking councils. Scripps-Howard's 17 papers, which also backed Nixon last time, haven't yet had their say. But in conversation last week President Jack R. Howard dropped a broad hint: "We endorsed Johnson as the Democratic nominee in 1960," he said, "because many of the things he stood for were the things that we stand for. You can



ROY ROBERTS



SAM NEWHOUSE



JACK HOWARD

The chains were weakening.

the paper broke its 108-year record of party loyalty by lining up behind the candidacy of Lyndon Johnson.

No Sale. By itself, the Sun-Bulletin's defection was hardly enough to rattle the Republican high command. But it showed the way the early campaign breezes were blowing through the press and gave an early sign of things to come. Even before the G.O.P. Convention in July, the sturdy Republican Wisconsin State Journal in Madison, which in more than 100 years has never supported a Democrat for President, announced that it "could not and would not" support Goldwater. In Vermont, the jointly owned Barre-Montpelier Times-Argus and the Rutland Herald declared last week for Johnson, despite an unblemished allegiance to Republican presidential nominees that goes back to Abraham Lincoln.

Behind the breezes, more powerful winds of change are building up on bigger papers that until 1964, at least, were considered safely Republican. In Kansas City it was no secret that Board Chairman Roy A. Roberts planned to lead the Star into the Democratic camp—although the Star has not supported a Democrat for President since Grover Cleveland. "No decision has been made," said an executive of the Chicago Daily News, which has regularly endorsed Republican presidential candidates in living memory. "However, there is no question about the paper's

certainly evaluate that as a factor in our decision this year."

Switches were also in the making along the politically varied length of Samuel I. Newhouse's 19-newspaper chain, whose proprietor grants his papers full editorial autonomy. Said Newhouse last week: "If I dictated the editorial policy of my papers, which I do not, all of them would endorse Johnson for President. Even so, some of my Republican papers have told me that they cannot in good conscience endorse this year's Republican candidate."

REPORTERS

50,000-Word Leak

To Paul Schoenstein, managing editor of Hearst's New York Journal-American, the manuscript submitted by Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen was "a true blockbuster." By newspaper standards, to be sure, it was bulky. But last week, with a blast of trumpets, all 50,000 words landed on the pages of the Journal-American.

"**Do You Follow?**" "What you are about to read," began the copyrighted prologue, "is the transcript of the testimony given by Jack Ruby to Chief Justice Earl Warren and other members of the Warren Commission investigating the assassination of President Kennedy. The Warren Commission will not make public its findings until some time next month. But through sources close

to the Warren Commission in Washington, I obtained a copy of the original transcript of Ruby's highly important testimony."

For three days, the Hearst paper rambled through Jack Ruby's troubled and often incoherent mind. "I want to say this to you," said Ruby at one juncture. "The Jewish people are being exterminated at this moment. Consequently, a whole new form of government is going to take over our country and I know I won't live to see you another time. Do I sound sort of screwy in telling you these things?" Repeatedly, he demanded a lie-detector test—later granted—and begged Justice Warren to take him to Washington, on the grounds that his life was not safe in Dallas. He seemed uncertain of his audience: "Am I boring you?" he inquired, and again: "Do you follow the story as I tell it?"

Ruby also had trouble mentioning the name of the man he had killed: "Very rarely do I use the name Oswald, I don't know why." But once past this obstacle, he could be clear in his insistence that the deed was solely his own: "I was never malicious toward this person. No one else requested me to do anything. I never spoke to anyone about attempting to do anything. No subversive organization gave me any idea. No underworld person made any effort to contact me . . . The last thing I read was that Mrs. Kennedy may have to come back to Dallas for the trial, and I don't know what bug got hold of me . . . Suddenly the feeling, the emotional feeling, came within me that someone owed this debt to our beloved President to save her the ordeal of coming back."

As exclusives go, however, the leaked transcript fell somewhat short of perfection. It presented few, if any, surprises: much the same ground had been covered during Ruby's lengthy trial in Dallas. Moreover, most of it had been covered by the Dallas Morning News, which, only three weeks ago, with the Warren Commission's June transcript with Ruby, front-paged a copyright-free paraphrase of the same testimony. Like Miss Kilgallen, the News declined to reveal its source. Another leak furnished Dallas' Times Herald, with the full transcript of Ruby's lie-detector test.

Leaky Pipeline. Indeed, Hearst's serial paid less tribute to the enterprise of journalism than to the astonishing porosity of the supposedly secret Warren Commission's report. In the wake of publication, the commission's chief counsel, J. Lee Rankin, expressed his distress, not that the confidential transcript had been leaked, but that anyone might think a commission member had leaked it. "There were other people who had access to the testimony, lawyers for the defense and the prosecution during Ruby's trial," he said. Going somewhat above and beyond the call of duty, the commission then called upon the FBI—for the third time—to investigate a leak in the commission re-



How to fix a puncture in half a second: keep driving.

It's a puncture-sealing General Dual 90 with Duragen rubber.

Forget flats. A Dual 90 seals punctures instantly. Permanently. An exclusive triple sealant works while you keep right on driving.

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Now, forget wear with new Duragen rubber, mile after mile, after mile.

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Your General Tire dealer or favorite automobile dealer will be happy to demonstrate the unique features of the 1964 Dual 90.

See him soon.





ON THE ROAD



AT THE CAMPSITE

RECREATION

The In Way to Camp Out

Many would-be campers are deterred by the hazards of picking a site, finding drinkable water, sleeping on rib-gouging ground—not to mention the horrors of pitching a tent in a wind. Nowadays, however, the compleat camper can drive right up to the lakeside or forest glade where he plans to spend the night and immediately cook supper, take a shower and bunk down, regardless of the terrain or weather.

This may not be the ruggedest way to answer the call of the wild, but its appeal accounts for one of the most notable trends in the automotive industry: a boom in light trucks, which can now be conveniently fitted with "pick-up campers," that permit indoor comfort outdoors. Manufactured by nearly 1,000 different companies, they consist of self-contained housing units designed to fit into a truck bed. They have sleeping accommodations for as many as six, plus stove and water tank.

Nature Plus TV. The simplest models cost about \$500, but a variety of optional extras can bring the cost of the housing unit alone to \$5,500. Among them: enclosed toilet (\$90), shower (\$210), hot-water heater (\$140), storm windows (\$45), refrigerator (about \$170), air conditioner (about \$250). One model even has a roof that slides out and canvas panels that come down to provide additional shelter.

Most de luxe nature-lovers mount the installation in a three-quarter ton truck, which costs about \$2,200, and may also include the extra conveniences of a special axle for fast highway travel, heavy duty springs and a 110-volt, engine-operated generator powerful enough to run a TV set. Units may be removed from the truck, though the more elaborate ones are permanent fixtures. Automakers expect to sell 75,000 trucks for this purpose in 1964, predict that there will be 500,000 on the road by 1970.

No Backseat Drivers. The biggest advantage of pickup campers over trailers, aside from their greater maneuverability,

is that passengers may loll comfortably in back while tooling along the highway (riding in a trailer is forbidden by many states as too dangerous). This is a boon for the driver too, since back-seat drivers can only communicate with him by banging on the window or installing an intercom—though one manufacturer is considering making a truck with a roll-down back window that would allow passengers to crawl from room to pilot's compartment.

The automakers, astonished at the mushrooming market for \$3,000-and-up vacation vehicles, surveyed the field and found that most camper trucks are used all year round. Many owners find them ideal for football games; they play cards and drink on the way to the stadium, fix a hot lunch in the parking lot, snooze on the way home. Others use them to eliminate hotel bills on skiing trips; and they make a useful base for a day at the beach with the kids. Non-owners also benefit from camper trucks: today's thoughtful house guest can bring his own house.

COLLECTORS

Bonanza on the Bottom

Finned and face-masked, they hardly look like prospectors. Yet hundreds of scuba divers on Florida beaches these days are out for treasure, not pleasure. Some have already struck it rich. In the past six weeks alone, more than \$1,000,000 in lost gold and silver has been fished from the ocean bottom off Florida's east coast. With every reported haul, more and more Sunday divers take to the water, propelled by bubble-bright dreams of gleaming doubloons and pieces of eight, of jeweled swords and brassbound chests of bullion nestled in the coral.

In fact, the chances of finding gold are far better for Gulf Stream divers than they were for Yukon diggers. Of an estimated \$8 billion in gold extracted

from the New World by the Spanish, according to one expert, at least 5%—\$400 million worth—was lost in shipwrecks on the way home. The actual value of all the lost loot is infinitely higher, since some 17th century coins and jewelry fetch huge prices: a single Spanish escudo can bring as much as \$1,200 on the rare-coin market.

Real Eight. A few strikes have been made by casual skindivers, but the real payoff generally goes to companies that can afford elaborate treasure-hunting equipment such as electronic metal-detection gear, air compressors, sand pumps and power boats. Real Eight, Inc., a group of Vero Beach-based underwater operators that has so far sunk an estimated \$150,000 in the Atlantic, recently made its first major strike: the wreck of what was probably one of a group of Spanish ships that founded in a hurricane in 1715.

The waters are wide open. With a license from Florida's Internal Improvement Board, a salvage contractor gets exclusive rights to work a specific area for \$100 a year, in exchange must turn over one-fourth of any loot to the state. As treasure fever mounts, Florida officials have become increasingly worried that the state is not getting its proper share. Last week the Internal Improvement Board chairman, who is happily named William Kidd (no kin to the pirate captain), admitted that the state does not post any inspectors aboard salvage ships.

Treasure-Trove. The divvying-up process is also based on the honor system. When Real Eight's estimated \$1,000,000 in coins was divided last month, the company officials and their experts sat across the table from a highway patrolman and a couple of auditors for the state, none of whom professed to have any idea what the booty—largely consisting of pieces of eight, escudos and other gold and silver coins—might be worth. Still undivided is an estimated \$500,000 in artifacts, such as gold and silver belt buckles, brooches and tie clasps, whose value has not yet been determined. According to the Internal Revenue Service, any find of gold

or silver is taxable under personal income. By ancient law, it is considered "treasure-trove," and the finder is taxed to the extent of its current value.

Plainly, the state's offhand attitude invites the kind of freebooting enterprise for which Board Chairman Kidd's namesake was notorious. Salvage operators have already reported the appearance of well-equipped—and armed—climbers, as well as thousands of lone-wolf divers who spend their weekends swarming hopefully around the wrecks that others have located. They know where to look: anybody can buy U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey maps that pinpoint the site and depth of hundreds of known wrecks. All that the charts do not tell the treasure hunter is whether the ship that went down was hauling pig iron or a golden argosy.

THE HIGHWAY

Somebody in There Cares

Almost every modern motorist has experienced waves of desperation and dreams of violence while struggling bumper to bumper in a Sargasso Sea of fuming metal. Nobody can help him, nobody seems to care. No longer so on New Jersey's Garden State Parkway. Last week, at traffic-jammed toll booths on the 173-mile turnpike, toll collectors handed drivers cheerful little green and yellow cards certifying that "BLANK is a member in good standing of the Garden State Parkway Traffic Club and is hereby cited for his patience, understanding and stop-and-go driving skill." The cards, explained Executive Director D. Louis Toni of the New Jersey Highway Authority, are intended to convey to the harried motorist that "his presence is known, his frustration is shared, and his patience is appreciated."



HAIR SPRAY

A boon for mailmen but an irresistible temptation to mischief makers.

THE MARKETPLACE

Not with a Bang But a Ssssss

The American Way of Life is fast becoming one big sssssssss. The ubiquitous hiss comes from the vast, ever-expanding array of aerosol cans that has brought the pushbutton age to everyday living. There are already more than 300 products available in aerosol cans, and their uses range from the routine to the recombinant: they perfume rooms, freshen mattresses, renew golf balls, stiffen petticoats, bandage wounds, de-ice windshields, inflate flat tires, wax furniture, varnish oil paintings, scare off snakes and ward off pregnancies.

The gently hissing cans have not only revolutionized the packaging of many traditional products; they have also created entirely new ones. The Post Office, for example, has bought 120,000 bottles of animal repellent for mailmen to clip onto their belts. American males have used 79,995,404 aerosol cans of shaving lather, while their women prettied up with 253,052,659 cans of hair spray.

The aerosol age began during World War II, when the Department of Agriculture developed the pressurized can as the ideal method of packaging insecticide for the armed services. From a postwar standing start, the aerosol

industry by last year had produced more than 1.2 billion units.

The can that goes sssssss can be a big nuisance. Aerosol paint containers are an irresistible temptation to mischief makers (TIME, July 3). The aerosol foghorn, a boon for boating buffs, proved a nerve-shattering bore at political conventions this year.

On the other hand, an important breakthrough is at hand in the aerosol packaging of medicine and food. In these fields, aerosol cans have the special advantage of exposing to the air only whatever quantity of a product is actually used. There are various propellants (the pressurized gases that push the product out of the can) that are safe for most foods or drugs. However, the industry has had trouble developing different ways of combining container, valve and propellant at a reasonable cost. There will soon be radioactive inhalants for lung cancer patients, inhalant vaccines, allergens, and aerosol insulin to replace injections.

For the halibut and hearty, there will be pushbutton meals. How about chicken liver pâté, followed by salmon mousse, whipped potatoes and a vegetable purée with hollandaise sauce? For dessert: a zabaglione worthy of the finest chef. Seconds, anyone? sssss . . .

FOOD & DRINK

Canned Candidate

As the presidential campaign heats up, Republicans will be able to cool off with a new made-to-GO Prescription soft drink. Manufactured by Royal Crown Cola Co., which has already sold 230,000 cases in 42 states, the new coast-to-coast toast has a lemon-and-lime flavor and comes in cans. Its name, naturally, is Goldwater.

WALTER DURAN



WHIPPED CREAM



BOAT HORN

EDUCATION



AT THE POOL



CROWDED DRIVEWAY
If you don't like music, dial the waterfall.



WITH THE RYANS

COLLEGES

What a Way to Go

For most money-shy college students, the height of gracious living consists of an off-campus pad furnished in Salvation Army modern. For a select group of Los Angeles-area students who are working their way through school, gracious living is a Tudor-style mansion with 13 bathrooms, tennis courts, grotto, swimming pool, and five acres of grounds landscaped with large and small waterfalls and a lagoon.

The spread belongs to Engineer Jack Ryan, 37, design consultant for Mattel, Inc., Los Angeles toy manufacturers, who lives with his wife and two daughters in a house he cannot afford to maintain. It is Actor Warner Baxter's old estate on a hilltop in Bel Air. For keeping the place in running order, between eight and twelve are privileged to call it home.

Ryan picks his staff with the care of a college admissions officer. Applicants submit a thesis on what skills they can contribute and take an aptitude test (two out of three fail). In exchange for sharing half of a three-room suite, each student puts in twelve hours a week on such jobs as washing windows, making minor repairs, and tuning up Ryan's fleet of five cars and a truck. Estate employees rank in the top 10% of their academic class. Currently they include Mourir Khoury from Jordan, a former professional chef now a pre-med student at San Fernando Valley State College; Allen Shores, a public administration major at U.C.L.A. who plans five parties a month for the Ryans; Roger Bengtson, a U.C.L.A. history student whose hobby is landscape architecture. A botany student once catalogued the trees and plants on the property.

Biggest job belongs to Robert Baldwin, a Whittier College physics major, who looks after Owner Ryan's private network of 77 telephone stations, mod-

eled after the internal exchange on a Navy ship. Combinations of 220 phone numbers will light up the pools, tennis courts, caves, fountains and trees; they will open and close doors, start up the waterfalls, greet a guest with a recorded message or serenade a caller with music to wait by. On a thickly wooded trail, the phone sounds with natural bird calls instead of the usual noisy ring.

The estate manager is Nick Gutsue, a sales administration student at Woodbury College who was among the first group of Ryan's undergraduates more than two years ago. Gutsue may get his degree next June, but having grown accustomed to the style of life as a happy hired hand, he intends to stay on permanently.

ADULT EDUCATION

Industrial Universities

Half the knowledge of today's engineering graduate will be obsolete in a decade, and half of what he will need to know then has not yet been discovered. "If you're not studying all the time," says J. M. Shelton, production foreman at aerospace-minded Ling-Temco-Vought in Dallas, "you're going to wake up without a job." Matching the pace of onrushing technology is a matter of business survival—and the reason that company-financed schooling is the fastest-growing form of adult education in the U.S.

Last week in Flint, Mich., General Motors Institute, an accredited five-year engineering school, announced a long-range expansion program that will get started with a new men's dorm and a combination student union-conference hall for G.M.I.'s full-time faculty of 200 and 2,400 rigorously chosen undergraduates. In G.M.I.'s plan, students work their way through college by alternating six weeks in class with six weeks in a plant. Similarly, the Bell System offers a four-week work-study cycle and con-

tracts with six leading engineering schools to give courses for the company's technical staff.

G.E.'s 35,000 Students. Farsighted giants like IBM urge their professional workers to average one graduate-level course a year as long as they work for the corporation. General Electric spends \$45 million a year, more than Wellesley's total endowment, to support a curriculum of thousands of courses at dozens of plants across the country, with student body of 35,000.

The boom in continuing education biggest in the aerospace industry, where landing a Government contract requires a bidder to design the thingumbob in the first place. "We want to do our thinking before we start bending metal," says Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. At North American Aviation, where formal educational enrollment has almost doubled to 10,000 in five years, employees can get fulltime graduate fellowships, part-time work-study fellowships, or join one of hundreds of in-plant classes that range from hypersonic boundary layer theory to environmental control systems for the Apollo moon rocket. Since 80% of North American's business depends on the new technologies of missiles, electronics, rocket engines and atomics, the company considers the money—\$4,500,000 last year—extremely well spent.

Honor System. One of the newest programs is Sperry Gyroscope's SPACE—an acronym for Sperry Program for Advancing Careers through Education. Though taught on a graduate level,

* Traffic is also beginning to move in the opposite direction. The Ford Foundation's \$300,000 to give 60 professors of engineering up to 15 months of academic leave to work in industry. And Stanford University's School of Engineering last week announced plans to expand a three-year pilot program originally undertaken with Westinghouse which lets graduate students at its Institute in Engineering-Economic Systems alternate their studies with working for a company.



Tropical drinks with untropical limes?

not while there's Rose's.

Are you using
untropical limes in your
tropical drinks? Don't you
know that the deliciously
tart juice of Rose's limes,
grown only in the lush
Indies, can do more for
drinks than any local
limes can do? Try this:

the Rose's Lime Collins.
3 parts of gin, rum or
vodka to one part of
Rose's Lime Juice. Pour
into tall glass, add
soda. Stir. Decorate with
a tiny sprig of mint. Or
this: the classic Rose's
Gimlet. Pour one part of
cool Rose's into 4 or 5
parts of gin or vodka,
stir with ice. Pour into
a champagne glass, add
a cube. Or the equally

excellent Rose's Daiquiri:
one part Rose's to 2 parts
light rum and a dash of
sugar. Shake with cracked
ice, strain into cocktail
glass. Finally, treat your-
self to the Rose's Tonic.
Simply add a dash of
Rose's to a jigger of gin
in a tall glass. Fill with
Schweppes Tonic.

No matter what
tropical drink you date
on, be fair to it. Use only
Rose's Lime Juice. It's the
lime juice made from
tropical limes, you know.

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



WE ASSUME EVERY COMPANY has the same problem in deciding just how many of the 18,000 national, regional and local business and trade associations it should support with its time and money.

Between the alphabetical extremes of the Abrasive Grain Association and the Zirconium Association lie more than thirty paper associations, at least thirty in advertising, almost twenty for railroad people. The button business has five. Surprisingly there are only five national tax associations. And just one for the Pickle Packers.

All of which causes us to wonder if things aren't getting out of hand? At a time when most well-run businesses are consolidating operations for greater efficiency and effectiveness, it appears to us that more and more associations are springing up with overlapping functions and aims. In some cases, they even appear to be competing with each other rather than serving the purposes of their members.

What would be the result if some of these related associations were to consolidate? In the first place, we think they might be more truly representative of their individual industries. Instead of working with limited funds, they could pool their resources, afford to staff up to do a much more effective job. Their support, from our company at least, would be more enthusiastic. And certainly more meaningful. We suspect this might be true for many companies.

In our experience there are many trade associations that play a valuable role in our business, and we support them whole-heartedly with contributions of both time and money. But, as with every other segment of our business, we must expect more return from these contributions as time passes, not less.

* * *

Unemployment compensation will probably always come in for its share of abuses as long as some people continue to look for loopholes to exploit. We were pleased to see our home state of Pennsylvania eliminate a number of these loopholes recently in revising its unemployment compensation law. Perhaps the most interesting result is that everyone benefits: business concerns pay fairer rates, higher benefits can be paid to those who really deserve them. And—most important of all—business and labor alike benefit from the fact that the State is a more attractive location to out-of-state businesses.

* * *

Builders all over the country will find they can get more cutting done with less operator fatigue using the two new Rockwell Porter-Cable portable electric builders' saws recently introduced by our Power Tool Division. These are featured as the most powerful saws in their price range. One has a 10.5 amp motor driving a 6 1/4" blade and the other uses an 11.5 amp motor with a 7 1/4" blade. Extra long life out on the job is made possible through the use of totally failure protected motors.

* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

does not offer college accreditation. "But where else," asks Director Tom Hirschberg, "can students find that today's breakthroughs in the research laboratory are tonight's lessons in the classroom?" "Far-Out U.," as students call it, enrolls half of Sperry's engineering and science staff in 34 advanced courses. For blue-collar workers eager to escape possible technological unemployment, the company designed 14 courses (Basic Electronics, for example) and several textbooks.

Though most major U.S. corporations back the need for continuing education, resentment flares over high-priced experts who get company-paid degrees and then promptly switch jobs. "This is known as the honor system," says Grumman's Charles E. Mack ruefully. "The company has the honor and the student has the system." But dis-



CLASS AT SPERRY GYROSCOPE
Think before bending.

loyalty is not common, and most engineers hand-picked for advanced training are glad to go back to their old employers—until they need another round of schooling. It is a never-ending process. As Philosopher-Mathematician Alfred North Whitehead put it: "Knowledge keeps no better than fish."

INTEGRATION

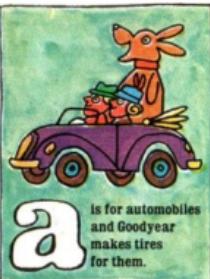
How Long Till the Last First?

In Jackson, Miss., 43 Negro first graders peacefully registered at eight tightly guarded, previously all-white schools—for Mississippi, the last holdout against even token school integration. It came after hundreds of earlier Southern integration "firsts," and ahead of hundreds more yet to come (first across-the-board integration, first statewide, first high school football team, etc.); for in the Deep South only 1% of the Negro pupils yet sit in classrooms with whites. A long time will elapse between the first first a decade ago and the last first years ahead.

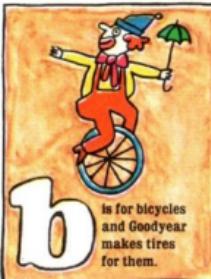
Great new taste: pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette!



You get pleasing aroma—and a great new taste! The secret? This filter cigarette is packed with America's best-tasting pipe tobacco—famous Half and Half! Smoke new Half and Half Filter Cigarettes. There's a cargo of contentment in store for you!

**a**

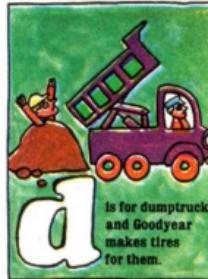
is for automobiles
and Goodyear
makes tires
for them.

**b**

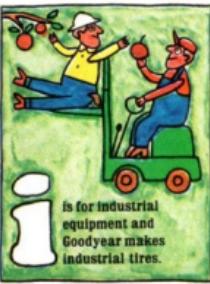
is for bicycles
and Goodyear
makes tires
for them.

**c**

is for carriages
and Goodyear
makes tires
for them.

**d**

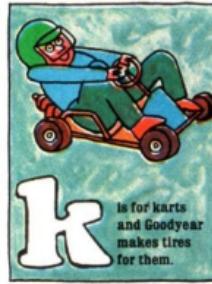
is for dumptrucks
and Goodyear
makes tires
for them.

**i**

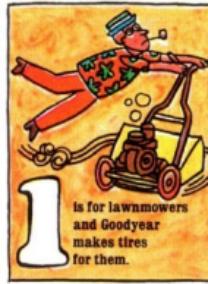
is for industrial
equipment and
Goodyear makes
industrial tires.

**j**

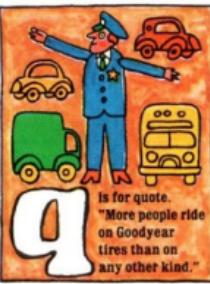
is for jet planes
and Goodyear
makes tires
for them.

**k**

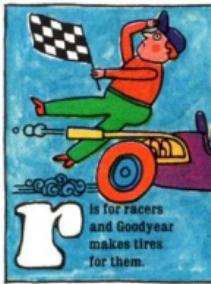
is for karts
and Goodyear
makes tires
for them.

**l**

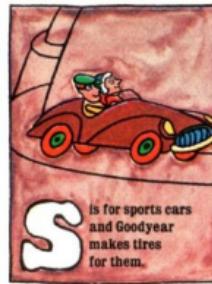
is for lawnmowers
and Goodyear
makes tires
for them.

**q**

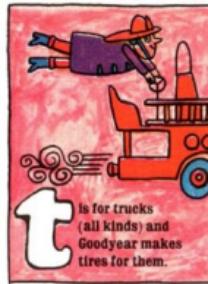
is for quote.
"More people ride
on Goodyear
tires than on
any other kind."

**r**

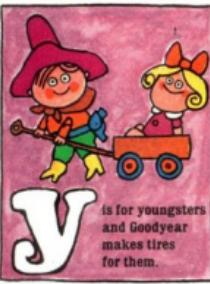
is for racers
and Goodyear
makes tires
for them.

**s**

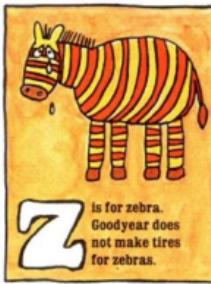
is for sports cars
and Goodyear
makes tires
for them.

**t**

is for trucks
(all kinds) and
Goodyear makes
tires for them.

**y**

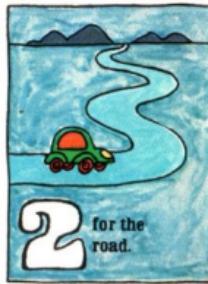
is for youngsters
and Goodyear
makes tires
for them.

**z**

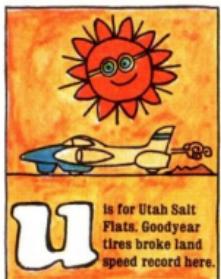
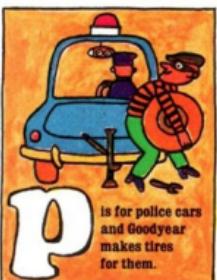
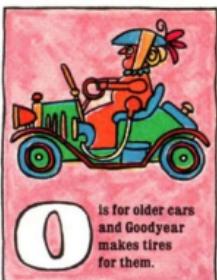
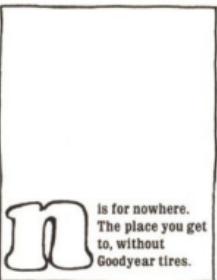
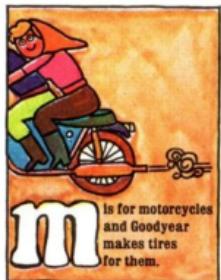
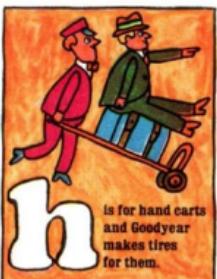
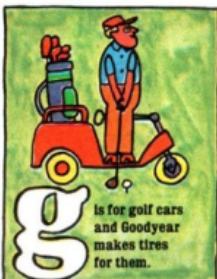
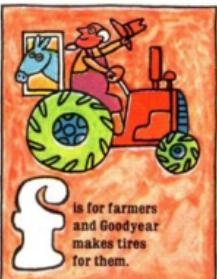
is for zebra.
Goodyear does
not make tires
for zebras.

**I**

for the
money.

**2**

for the
road.



GO GOOD YEAR

More People Ride On Goodyear



How to psychoanalyze a pipeline

New AE control system diagnoses "problems" for quick cure

In a conventional oil pipeline control system, the dispatcher at headquarters has to wait for reports before making his next move.

Now Automatic Electric has developed a system that actually asks the pipeline questions—and makes it answer.

Some of the questions this control

system asks electronically are:

"Pumps, are you keeping up the pressure?"

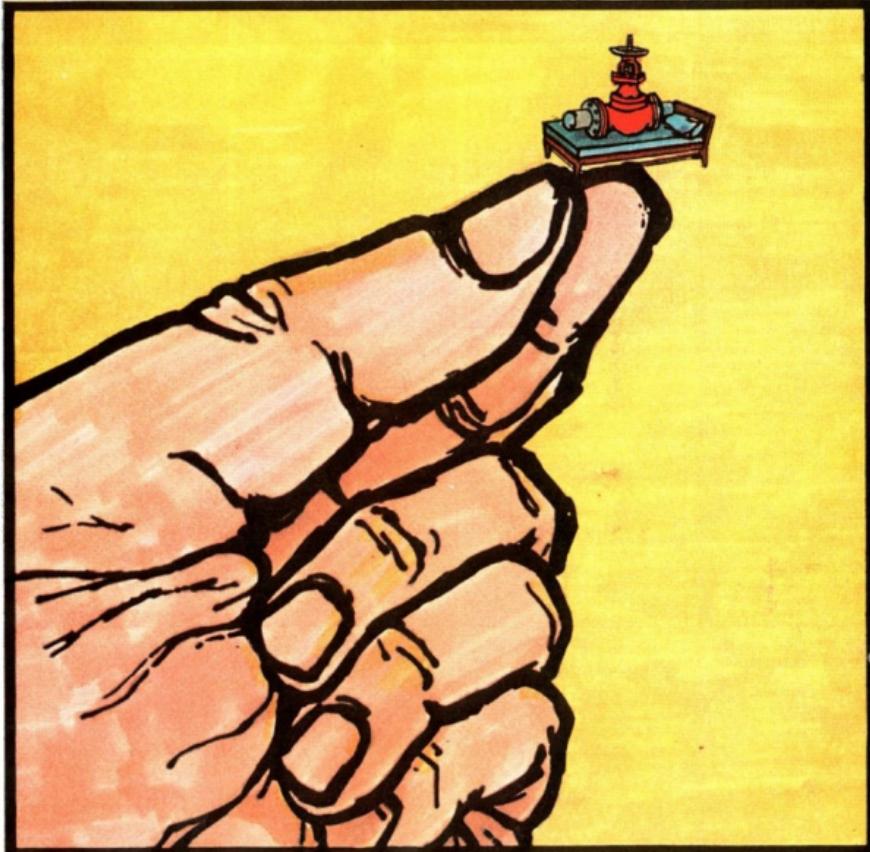
"Valves, have you followed orders?"

"System, is everything in good shape? If not, what's giving you trouble?"

In a matter of seconds, the system scans as many as 1,000 check points.

With this up-to-the-second information, the dispatcher can have a fault corrected almost before it happens.

This is just one control problem AE has solved for industry. Can we help you? Write the Industrial Products Division, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois, 60164.



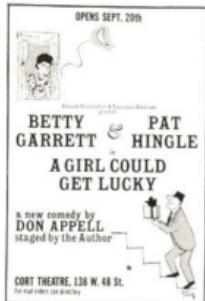
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC
SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GTE

SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

The Line-Up

If only turnabout made fair plays, the coming Broadway season would be a sizable cut above its predecessors. Reversing the East-West brain drain in a migration unprecedented since movies broke the sound barrier, Hollywood writers and composers have turned out so many plays and musicals this year



that they threaten to outnumber old Broadway hands in the coming 1964-65 playbills.

For all the new names on the marques, however, more productions than ever will feature old ones. The prevalence of adaptations reflects the theater's stagnation, and there is a deep reluctance to grapple with controversial, contemporary issues. And the new season's crop of sniggering bedroom comedies argues that Broadway cannot even deal maturely with sex.

MUSICALS

As *Ben Franklin in Paris*, Robert Preston outfoxes French diplomats only to be bowled over by their women, nota-

bly one played by the lovely Swedish import Ulla Sallert. Book and lyrics are by prolific Sidney Michaels, who adapted *Tchin-Tchin*. Sherlock Holmes would hardly have approved, but he and Watson become song-and-dance men in the long-postponed *Baker Street*, now Broadway-bound with Fritz Weaver under the deerstalker. *Fiddler on the Roof* is nominally based on Sholom Aleichem's moralistic tales of Jewish life in pre-revolutionary Russia, with irrepressible Zero Mostel in the leading role. The season's most technically ambitious adaptation will be a Broadway version of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, with book and lyrics by Frank Lacey, who was one of the word men behind *The Music Man*.

Audrey Hepburn's Oscar-winning movie *Roman Holiday* will be revisited by playwright Robert Anderson, who wrote *Tea and Sympathy*. Composer-Lyricist Richard Adler (*Damn Yankees*) and Director Joe Layton (*No Strings*). A Katharine Hepburn movie, *Summertime*, which was adapted from a Shirley Booth play, *The Time of the Cuckoo*, is being re-adapted for the theater by Richard Rodgers and his new collaborator, Stephen Sondheim, the lyricist for *Gypsy* and *West Side Story*. Another Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance play will be the musical of Clifford Odets' durable *Golden Boy*, which opened in 1937, became a movie in 1939, was revived on Broadway in 1952, and is still on its feet after out-of-town trouble with direction and script. Sammy Davis—he has dropped the Jr.—plays the violinist who quits the fiddle for the fight racket.

Only two scheduled shows are not based on anybody's biography, novel, play, magazine piece, film or war. In *I Had a Ball*, Buddy Hackett will play a Freudian fortune teller on Coney Island. Clairvoyance looms large in the other original, the long-awaited Alan Jay Lerner-Burton Lane collaboration,

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever. Barbara Harris, who was the sensation of *Oh Dad, Poor Dad . . .* plays a girl with extrasensory perception.

Chita Rivera plays another 20/20 visionary in *Bajour*, which has been woven from Joseph Mitchell's *New Yorker* look at the city's swindling gypsies. The season's only imported musical will be *Oh What a Lovely War*, a savage but moving World War I satire directed by London's Joan Littlewood.

COMEDIES

Most at least are original scripts, even if the dominant theme—sex played for laughs—is hardly novel. *The Wayward Stork* gets its fun from artificial insemination, stars Hal March as a husband who is cuckolded by a test tube. Leslie Stevens, who wrote *The Champagne Complex*, plays the Oedipus complex for yucks in *The Mother Image*. The Iris Murdoch-J. B. Priestley farce *A Severed Head*, is a game of fast sex tennis from London; the players will include Joan Fontaine, Lee Grant and Jessica Walter. Divorce, American style, is viewed from the male standpoint in *The Odd Couple*, by Neil Simon, who scored heavily with last sea-

SALLERT & PRESTON IN "FRANKLIN"



PHOTO BY GUY STRAKER



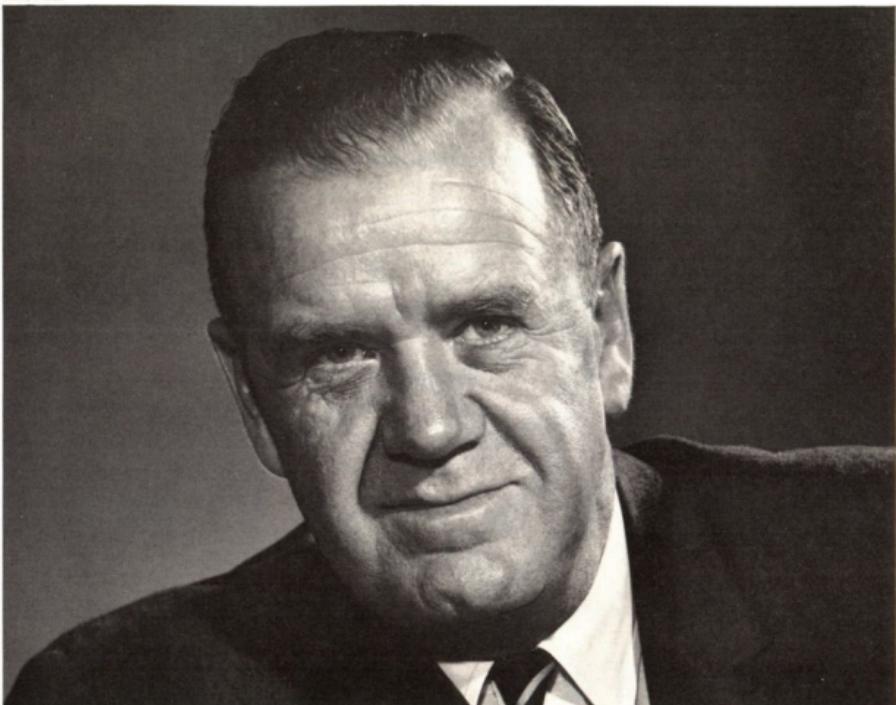
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son's *Barefoot in the Park*; Mike Nichols will direct.

In Samuel Taylor's *Beekman Place*, French Actor Fernand Gravet plays a violin virtuoso with a string of women (Madeleine Carroll, Arlene Francis, Melinda Dillon). Britain's Terence Stamp comes to Broadway as *Alfie*, a Jack-of-all-trades with Jill troubles. Onetime Mopper Margaret O'Brien will star in *One in a Row*, about an author who writes a bestseller and decides to quit while he is ahead. Jean Kerr, who has been far ahead since *Mary, Mary*, has completed *Poor Richard*, a play about a visiting British poet which was originally due last year.

Novelist Saul Bellow's first play, *The Last Analysis*, is about a top comedian (Sam Levene) who is slipping past prime time. Ruth Gordon has written *A Very Rich Woman* for herself to star in and Husband Garson Kanin to direct. *Luv* is about what it sounds, and stars Anne Jackson, Eli Wallach and Alan Arkin. A typist and a taxi driver, played by Betty Garrett and Pat Hingle, have a hectic courtship in Don Appell's *A Girl Could Get Lucky*. *The Owl and the Pussycat* marks a milestone of sorts by casting Negro Actress Diana Sands in a part that has nothing to do with race. Julie Harris, 38, who portrayed 15-year-old June Havoc in *Marathon '33*, will have another rejuvenating role in *Ready When You Are, C.B.*

DRAMAS

The Psychiatrists, an excellent play by Friedrich Duerrenmatt (*The Visit*), is set in a lunatic asylum. Peter Brook directs the "black comedy," which stars Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Marlyn Green, Robert Shaw and George Voscovec. *The Diamond Orchid* spans the last 37 months in the life of an Eva Perón. Lorraine Hansberry's *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*, her first play since *Raisin in the Sun*, is about a Greenwich Village newspaper publisher, played by Mort Sahl in his first straight Broadway role.

France's Jean Anouilh will have two plays on Broadway. *Poor Bitsos*, which was a hit in London, stars Donald (*The Caretaker*) Pleasance. *Traveller Without Luggage* is a tragicomedy about an amnesia victim. *The Plaster Bambino*, Sidney Michaels' second entry (with *Ben Franklin*), is one of the season's most intriguing dramas. The script, about a con man's production of the Passion Play, combines vaudeville, burlesque, music and a speaking chorus.

Most bizarre entry to date is Writer-Director Dore Schary's *One by One*, the love story of two paraplegics. *All Honorable Men* is a drama about Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr by Pulitzer Prizewinner Joseph Kramm (*The Shrike*), with George Grizzard as Hamilton. Edwin O'Connor has dramatized his new novel, *I Was Dancing*, about an ex-vaudeville hooper.

New York's Lincoln Center Repertory Theater enters its second season

without Leading Light Jason Robards Jr. But it has scheduled another Arthur Miller play: *Incident of Vichy*. Set in a French police station, it has an all-male cast and nary a line about Marilyn.

TELEVISION Equal Sequel

In election season, Lar Daly of Chicago puts on his Uncle Sam suit and runs for office on the America First ticket—any office, from the presidency on down. In 1959, when Firster Daly was a candidate in Chicago's mayoralty race, he learned that CBS had televised the other Daley, Mayor Richard, as he greeted a Latin American diplomat at the airport. Invoking Section 315 (a) of the Communications Act of 1934, Lar Daly demanded—and got—equal time on television to promote his home-canned candidacy.

Sudden Switch. In 1959, with the Daly-Daley precedent in mind, Congress amended 315 (a), but the FCC's strict letter-of-the-law enforcement kept broadcasters grumbling. In 1960, Congress passed a joint resolution suspending the equal-time requirements for that year's presidential candidates. The networks were thus able to screen the memorable Nixon-Kennedy debates, as well as many other informative political programs. But the waiver was for 1960 only; two years later, after CBS and NBC covered a luncheon held for Nixon and Pat Brown during the California gubernatorial race, the networks were forced by the FCC to give Prohibition Candidate Robert Wyckoff equal time.

Fortnight ago, Congress was close to passing a new resolution suspending the cumbersome rules for presidential campaigners. Then, last week, Senate Democrats suddenly went into reverse and shelved the bill. The Senators' switch was obviously aimed at helping out Lyndon Johnson, who 1) does not want to debate with Barry Goldwater on TV, and 2) does not want to decline publicly. Thus the Democrats have denied the public the freewheeling campaign coverage it enjoyed in 1960.

Back to Back. This time the networks cried foul. And the Republicans cried chicken. CBS Chief Frank Stanton called it a "disturbing step backward in the progressive effort toward a better-informed public." NBC's Robert Sarnoff invited Johnson and Goldwater to appear back to back, or even face to face, on *Meet the Press*, which is exempt from the equal-time provision since it is a regularly scheduled interview show. Goldwater accepted. At week's end Johnson had yet to reply.

Johnson's maneuver may boomerang. As soon as he officially becomes a candidate, killjoy Section 315 (a) may well preclude any more presidential press conferences on television until after the election. Unless, of course, Lyndon wants to invite Barry—and Lar—to share the White House spotlight.

SPORT

BASEBALL

The Newcomers

There are times when a man can hardly count on the sun coming up. Like this year in baseball. Everybody knows that by mid-August the National League is ablaze with a furious pennant fight while the American League placidly watches the New York Yankees march out of sight. Trouble is, this year someone got the names mixed up.

Last week the Philadelphia Phillies were a full seven games in front of the rest of the Nationals, while the National-style pennant race was in the American League. The Yankees were

in batting (.248), ninth in home runs (86). Lopez has taught them that weak hitters should be choosy swingers—and so they lead the league in walks. The Sox are also opportunists: 39 of their 75 victories have been decided by two runs or less. "We steal a run, we cheat a run, we beg or borrow a run," says Lopez.

What they do have, thanks to Lopez, is the best pitching in either league. "All we need is a few lucky hits," says Lopez. "Pitching puts us where we are." His staff, consisting largely of hurlers let go by other teams, has compiled an earned-run average of 2.76, easily tops in the majors. Lopez got Juan Pizarro



ORIOLES' BAUER



BERRA UP THE CREEK
Someone got the names all wrong.

disappearing all right—in third place, six games behind. All the kicking and gouging was going on between Chicago and Baltimore, two teams the experts figured to get their World Series loot courtesy of the commissioner's office. But Hank Bauer's surprisingly muscular Orioles had been giving the league fits all season. Now surprise again. Halfway through the week, Al Lopez' White Sox were in first place—one-half game ahead going into an eight-game home-and-home series with the Orioles.

One Unknown for Another. At 56, Lopez rates as one of the most popular men in baseball, and not a little of his acclaim stems from the fact that he is the only American League manager in 16 years to take a pennant away from the Yankees. He did it with Cleveland in 1954, with the White Sox in 1959. But this year, he does not have the same daredevil go-go Sox who whumped the league five years ago. Now he wins by platooning. He substitutes one unknown player for another.

No White Sox made this year's All-Star team. They are sixth in the league

(16-6) from Milwaukee, John Buzhardt (10-6) from Philadelphia, and Ray Herbert (6-4) from Kansas City. Gary Peters (13-7) and Joe Horlen (9-8) came up from Sox farms. In the bullpen, ex-Oriole Hoyt Wilhelm at 41 has brought his dancing knuckle ball into no fewer than 56 games this year. He has 17 official saves and an E.R.A. of 2.27. And then there is Eddie Fisher (ex-Giant), another knuckler, who has not lost a game in his last 17 appearances.

Catching the Averages. The one team the White Sox seemed unable to beat was the Yankees. The Sox lost twelve of their first 14 games against the Yanks. But Lopez merely shrugged. "The law of averages has got to catch up," he said, and so it did—last week. In a four-game series in Chicago, his Sox only got two extra base hits. But they scored 15 runs, while holding the Yanks to a measly six, and won all four games.

They won the first game 2-1 and the third game 4-2 on a combination of Yankee errors and Reliever Wilhelm's knuckle ball, walked off with the fourth game 5-0 on a seven-hitter by John

Buzhardt. But the second game was the one Lopez savored. With the score tied 3-3 in the tenth inning, Chicago got two men on with two out. Up stepped Right-fielder Mike Hershberger, a .233 hitter. "I'm gonna hit a home run," he vowed. Fat chance. But his sharp single to right won the game, and Señor Al Lopez catapulted off the bench to shake his hand. "It was the first time I've done that in two years," said Lopez. "I did it a lot in 1959."

Yogi the Bear. On the bus carrying the bewildered Yanks out to the airport after the last game, poor Yogi Berra was so frustrated that he crawled all over Pinch Hitter Phil Linz for tooling a few bars on his harmonica. "Put that thing away," screamed Berra. "You don't think we just won four straight?" Next day Linz was fined \$200, and General Manager Ralph Houk declared the incident closed.

As for Lopez, he prepared to greet Hank Bauer's barnstorming Orioles. Baltimore compounded the confusion by winning two games in less than 24 hours, both on home runs by Third Baseman Brooks Robinson. Lopez remained his unflappable self. After all, he pointed out, there were still 38 games to play.



WHITE SOX'S LOPEZ

SAILING

Plucking at the Eagle

The final trials to pick a U.S. 12-meter for next month's America's Cup defense were hardly under way before half the contenders were gone. In the first four days off Newport, R.I., last week, those two hopeful veterans, *Columbia* and *Nefertiti*, each absorbed three more scrubings from *American Eagle* and *Constellation*, the new girls in town. Officials of the New York Yacht Club Selection Committee decided to waste no more time. Hoping into a launch after the third defeat, they motored out to extend their thanks and regrets to *Columbia*'s Skipper Walter Podolak and *Nefertiti*'s Ted Hood. Then cleared the decks for the long-awaited head-to-head duel between *Eagle* and *Constellation*.

Earlier this summer, yachtsmen had little doubt that *Eagle* and her brilliant skipper Bill Cox, 52, would fly away with the prize. In two sets of preliminary trials during June and July, *Eagle* won twelve straight races, including three from *Constellation*, whose crews could not seem to do anything right. But then in the final race of the preliminary series, *Constellation*'s helmsman Eric Rüdler was replaced at the wheel by Bob Bavier, 46, advertising manager for *Yachting Magazine* and long known as one of the East Coast's hottest sailors. All of a sudden the crew seemed to come together, and the big white boat started to move. *Constellation* had a 100-yd. lead on *Eagle* before fog rolled in to cancel the race. Bavier was back at the helm when the sloops met again in the New York Yacht Club cruise races, which do not count toward



MORRIS BOSENFIELD

"CONSTELLATION'S" BAVIER
Some seconds on every tack.

cup selection but can have considerable effect on crew morale. In six races *Constellation* sailed home ahead four times—and now *Eagle's* feathers were beginning to look a little frayed around the edges.

Newport jangled with rumors of arguments among *Eagle's* crew. Skipper Cox, swallowing earlier statements about "the best crew any 12-meter ever had," bounced veteran Deck Boss John Nichols and one alternate. Concerned about the boat's sluggishness in light air, *Eagle* Designer Bill Luders narrowed the forward edge of her keel, replaced the lost weight with inside ballast, and reduced the rudder area.

Two More for Connie. The fixes had little effect—at least last week. In their first meeting in the finals, *Constellation* handed *Eagle* the worst beating in the history of 12-meter cup competition, winning by a full mile and 11 min. 42 sec. in light winds. A good bit of the margin, moreover, was due to a costly goof by *Eagle's* reshuffled deck crew; when the jib halyard parted, a new jib was clipped on the wrong way, and it took four minutes to get things straight. By then *Constellation* was long gone.

Two days later they were at it again, and this time *Eagle* made it exciting. As usual, Cox won the start for *Eagle*, defended masterfully through a series of furious tacking duels, and led Bavier's *Constellation* around all five marks of the 24.3-mile Olympic course. Turning the final buoy for the 41-mile upwind beat to the finish, Cox had a 22-sec. lead. Then Bavier set a new jib on *Constellation* and launched an exhausting short-tacking drive, 17 times in 15 minutes he put about, gaining a precious second or two on each tack. At last, on the 17th try, Bavier cleared *Constellation* from *Eagle's* cover, drove through to leeward and carried into clear air to win by 1 min. 8 sec.

On the committee boat, Yacht Club officials watched it all in traditional

tomblake silence. Other yachtsmen thought that *Constellation* under Bavier was clearly emerging as the better boat in light to medium air. But the two boats had not yet been tested against each other in the kind of heavy 15-23-m.p.h. winds that often blow across Rhode Island Sound in September.

PARACHUTING

Dive for the Bull's-Eye

Parachutists get a boot out of telling the story about the plane with seven people in the cabin—one terrified chutist and six bruisers to push him out. But all that is ancient history these days. With better chutes and techniques, so many people are hurling themselves out of airplanes for the fun of it that *Geronimo* has gone back to the Indians, and the birds are taking collision insurance. Last week at Leutkirch, West Germany, 175 of the best jumpers from 31 countries turned up for the seventh biennial world parachuting championships. When they had finished leaping into the wild blue, 2,104 times, the U.S. team wound up with three of the four titles, exactly duplicating their 1962 victory.

Hanging on a Yo-Yo. Points are awarded in parachuting for style jumps, in which sky divers execute a prescribed series of spins, somersaults, twists and turns during a 120-m.p.h. free fall lasting 25 to 32 sec. But the biggest emphasis is on accuracy jumps, trying to zero in on a target from 1,000 meters and 1,500 meters. Down comes the jumper at a speed of 20 ft. per sec., twisting and turning, pulling on the control lines as he tries to maneuver the chute through the wind to the bull's-eye. In 1962, using standard chutes, there were times when the jumpers looked like they were hanging on the end of a Yo-Yo.

This year the U.S. team turned up with a secret weapon: a radical new

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"Para-Commander" chute that ought to do for parachuting what fiber glass does for pole vaulters. Instead of the usual umbrella-shaped 28-ft. canopy with a single wedge cut out of it for maneuverability, the 24-ft. Para-Commander has 34 small openings or holes for exhaust vents, comes down almost 50% slower (13 ft. per sec.) and is much more maneuverable. In eight accuracy jumps at Leutkirch, U.S. Army Staff Sergeant Richard T. Fortenberry, 26, hit dead center three times.

Close Shave. Even then he went into his last jump needing to come within 2 meters of the center to beat out Czechoslovakia's Vaclav Klima, 32, who put on an incredible show with an old-style chute. Not a sound could be heard from the 10,000 spectators as Fortenberry drifted down in his red, white and blue chute. Then a roar went up when the P.A. system announced his distance: 1.43 meters, for a whisker-thin victory.

Fortenberry is an old pro at the game. He has 1,450 jumps to his credit, missed the title by scant centimeters in 1960, placed third in 1962 when he competed with a broken collarbone. But the real crowd pleaser was the women's world champion, pert, brown-haired Dallas Secretary Tee Taylor, 22. Three years ago, Tee didn't know a parachute from an umbrella. But then someone invited her to try it and she was skyhooked. She had only 455 jumps when she showed up at Leutkirch, but she won the style event—and averaged a bare 1.44 meters off dead center on her series of two official jumps from 1,000 meters, more than enough to win over the second-place Russian. "Like coming down in an elevator," grinned Tee.

STARS & STRIPES



FORTENBERRY IN NEW CHUTE



G.O.P. CANDIDATE AT SAN FRANCISCO'S GRACE CHURCH
"Smile, think right, believe in God, family and country."

RELIGION

WORSHIP

Goldwater's Faith

When Republican Vice Presidential Candidate William Miller recently described Barry Goldwater as "half Jewish," the American Council for Judaism shot back that it regarded him as wholly Christian. As far as Goldwater's religious beliefs go, the council is right.

Goldwater's father, Baron, was once a member of Congregation Sherith Israel in San Francisco, but moving to Arizona in 1882 brought him into an area of little Jewish life. It was in an Episcopal church, in 1907, that he married Josephine Williams, a Presbyterian who became an Episcopalian after moving to Phoenix from Chicago. Far from trying to convert him, "Jo" Goldwater encouraged her husband to study and amplify his Jewish faith. One of the most visible demonstrations of his religious belief consisted of closing the Goldwater stores on Jewish holidays. He was buried from an Episcopal church.

In Trees, a Cathedral. Mrs. Goldwater brought up her children, Barry, Bob and Carolyn, as Episcopalians. Barry went to Sunday school, served as an acolyte, received instruction, was confirmed. He married Peggy Johnson in Grace Episcopal Church in Muncie, Ind., and they in turn raised their four children as Episcopalians.

Barry belongs to Trinity Cathedral in Phoenix, but doesn't go to church often. "With the kind of life I have, Peggy and I just usually don't get around to it," he explained last week. "If a man acts in a religious way, an ethical way, then he's really a religious man—and it doesn't have a lot to do with how often he gets inside a church." As for his religious feelings, he mused: "With

me it is like old Senator Henry Ashurst of Arizona used to say: 'The saddle is my church, and the trees are my cathedral.' I get a lot of the same feeling from going up the canyons or walking in the desert."

Goldwater regards retired Bishops William Scarlett and Walter Mitchell, both of whom once ministered in Phoenix, as having influenced his life. Both clergymen are in disagreement with his stand on civil rights, the anti-poverty program and foreign policy, and Bishop Scarlett adds that he cannot "support Goldwater's presidential aspirations." Said Goldwater last week: "They're both very liberal and can't understand how I could be conservative." Once, years ago, Barry borrowed a prayer book from Scarlett, underlined all the passages conservatives would agree with, and returned the book to the bishop.

Golden Rule. In political speeches, Goldwater generally forgoes organ-tone wind-ups appealing to Providence. But he almost always stresses the religious underpinnings of his political philosophy. Said he in his San Francisco acceptance speech: "Those who seek to take your liberty, those who elevate the state and downgrade the citizen, must see ultimately a world in which earthly power can be substituted for Divine Will. And this nation was founded upon the acceptance of God as the author of freedom."

An intimate expression of Barry's Christianity—simple, non-theological, conceived as the daily practice of the golden rule—is recorded in advice and encouragement he wrote to his children. To Joanne, his eldest, he wrote when she was twelve: "Smile, think right, believe in God, your family and country." To Son Barry at 19 he wrote: "There

is no foundation like the rock of honesty and fairness, and when you begin to build your life on that rock with the cement of the faith in God that you have, then, brother, you have a real start."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Case Against Celibacy

During a private audience with Pope John XXIII one December afternoon in 1960, the French Catholic philosopher Etienne Gilson touched on the subject of priestly celibacy. "The Pope's face became gloomy, darkened by a rising inner cloud," Gilson later reported. "Then the Pope added in a violent tone, almost a cry: 'For some of them it is martyrdom. Yes, a sort of martyrdom. It seems to me that sometimes I hear a sort of moan, as if many voices were asking the church for liberation from the burden. What can I do? Ecclesiastical celibacy is not a dogma. It is not imposed in the Scriptures. How simple it would be: we take up a pen, sign an act, and priests who so desire can marry tomorrow. But this is impossible. Celibacy is a sacrifice which the church has imposed upon herself—freely, generously and heroically.' "

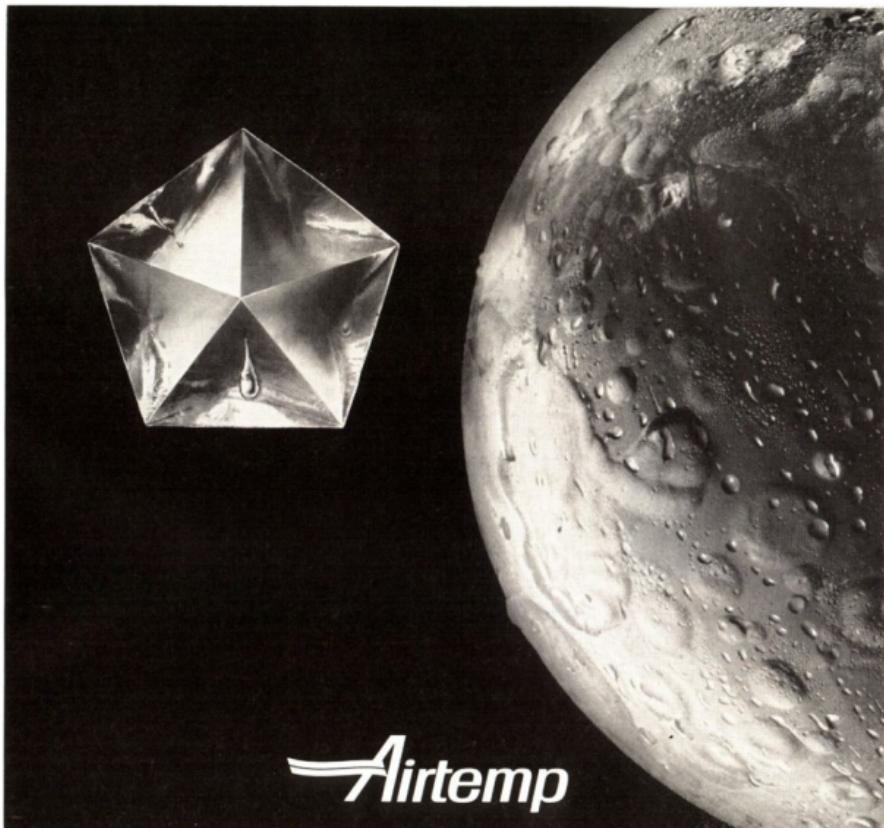
A soft-spoken former French Dominican, Pierre Hermand, 44, thinks that priests should have the choice of being celibate or marrying, if they wish to do so. Last year he left the Dominican order and in defiance of the church authorities published his arguments in a book called *The Priestly State—Marriage or Celibacy?* Recalling the early days of solitude in Aix-en-Provence, after having torn himself from the only life that was his since boyhood, he said: "I walked the windswept streets making the unconscious gesture of touching my

ALEX MINASIAN



HERMAND IN AIX
"For some, a sort of martyrdom."

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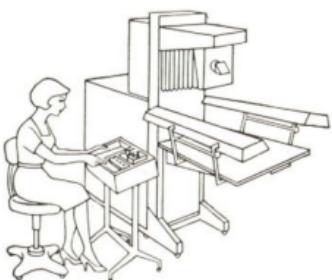
Airtemp

A giant radar telescope whose antenna covers more than 18 acres has just been built in Puerto Rico. It will be used to map the heavens, help out on man-to-the-moon shots and other projects in space. For the telescope to do this job properly, sensitive electronic equipment at the focal point demands the protection of precisely conditioned air. Whatever the heat or humidity, Airtemp, the cooling/heating division of Chrysler Corporation, provides this protection. The particular unit used is the same Airtemp Imperial room air conditioner you can buy at your local Airtemp dealer. It is that well engineered!

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new suit, feeling for the robe that was no longer there."

It Can Be Done. The thesis of Hermand's book was too revolutionary even for the left-wing Catholic weekly *Témoignage Chrétien* (Christian Witness), which bitterly assailed it. Yet Paris' *Le Monde* gave the book extensive coverage, while *Combat* and other papers came openly to Hermand's defense. Vatican influence banished the book from Catholic bookshops in Rome. In Portugal the government ordered the Portuguese edition of 3,000 copies seized after it went on sale, but the cops managed to round up only 200 volumes.

"Celibacy is possible; no serious psychologist pretends otherwise," states Hermand. Having himself entered the seminary at 13, Hermand makes the point that many candidates for the priesthood take the vow of chastity while their manhood is still dormant.

The heart of his thesis is that celibacy deprives the priest of man's essential humanity and separates him from the world in which he is supposed to minister. Hermand also argues that celibacy makes the recruitment of priests difficult and, as a corollary, gives rise to sexual transgressions on the part of priests. In France there are about 4,000 former priests and in Italy 15,000, and the fact that most are married testifies to their rejection of the celibate state.

Praise from Country Priests. Since leaving the Dominican order, Hermand has worked part-time as an accountant while studying for a degree in psychology. A *TIME* correspondent found him sitting in a small, stark, rented room that resembles a monk's cell. A few books lay on an oak table; there was an iron bed, a worn pair of slippers tucked underneath. A tall, narrow, curtained window looked out on a garden where a summer rain pelted the leaves of a great elm. Rubbing his bald head, Hermand reminisced.

He had shown the manuscript to a number of fellow priests before deciding to publish it. "Pass it around; it is excellent," they had said after reading it. "Show it in private, but don't publish it. Be reasonable." While eager to talk about the book, they kept silent in public. "My ideas seemed to provoke a sort of fear."

Soon after the book went on sale, the publisher began sending Hermand big brown envelopes containing letters from readers. "At the peak, I received a hundred in one week. Who wrote most? Country priests—those men who live the loneliest of lonely lives. They understood my book; they encouraged me." Then, with an almost apologetic smile, Hermand opened a briefcase and took out a piece of paper, his official release from holy vows. "I am completely free," said Hermand, "except from the vow of chastity." On Catholicism's theory of once-a-priest—always-a-priest, Hermand must even now remain celibate or suffer excommunication.

THE LAW

COMPLAINTS

Asterisks, Anyone?

As if he were not busy enough trying to pass this week's California bar exams, Morey W. McDaniel (Stanford Law, '64) has confronted the state public utilities commission with a 50-page complaint that may rouse debate across the U.S. "Telephone solicitors assault our homes, invade our privacy and insult our intelligence," says McDaniel, 24. "They interrupt us and waste our time. They force legions from the phone

STEPHEN FRISCH



COMPLAINANT McDANIEL
Debatable receivership.

book. And their ranks multiply. For home dwellers who want peace and quiet, something must be done."

At a recent commission hearing, McDaniel and his wife Susan testified that phone hucksters ring their Palo Alto number three or four times a week with pitches for everything from insurance to home repairs. "Insults are useless," argued McDaniel. So, too, are unlisted numbers (now used by 20% of private subscribers in Los Angeles), he said, because they inconvenience friends, often cost more (S6 a year in New York) and still leave pitchmen able to get the number by renting a "reverse" (street) directory from the phone company.

Calling all this "an invasion of my privacy," McDaniel offered a solution: "An asterisk beside my number in the phone book with a footnote explaining that I do not want to be bothered by commercial solicitations." Example: Thoreau Henry D 1 Walden Pond . . . 765-4321.

Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. was appalled. If only 25% of its 4,500,000 subscribers asked for asterisks, argued its lawyers, Pacific would have to spend \$4,300,000 to convert its directories. Granting McDaniel's petition, they added, would hamper char-

ity drives and put phone solicitors (one market surveyor has 10,000 of them) out of work. Moreover, the state legislature would have to enact new laws making it a misdemeanor to ignore asterisks.

The utilities commission reserved decision, but McDaniel has grounds for hope. One is a commission promise to investigate the matter further. Another is the Supreme Court's 1951 decision (*Bread v. Alexandria*) upholding local laws against door-to-door peddling without the homeowner's consent. Said the court: "Opportunists for private gain cannot be permitted to arm themselves with an acceptable principle, such as that of a right to work, a privilege to engage in interstate commerce, or a free press, and proceed to use it as an iron standard to smooth their path by crushing the living rights of others to privacy and repose."

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

The Cops v. the Courts

The loudest continuing complaint of U.S. police and prosecutors is that "misguided" courts are "handcuffing" effective law enforcement. Most of the fire is aimed at recent Supreme Court decisions that require far stricter standards of police search and seizure—at a time when U.S. crime is rising five times as fast as the population.

Both the complaints and their origins have been thoroughly probed and weighed by Yale Kamisar, law professor at the University of Minnesota. What the critics "are really bristling about is tighter enforcement of longstanding restrictions," writes Kamisar in a *Cornell Law Quarterly* analysis. The restrictions come straight out of the U.S. Constitution and have been there since the Founding Fathers wrote them in. The only new thing about them is that police can no longer ignore them, as they have been free to do for generations.

Good Burglary Weather. Kamisar notes that the Supreme Court long permitted states to accept or reject the "exclusionary rule," based on the Fourth Amendment, which bans evidence obtained by unreasonable search and seizure. As a result, police were free to operate without search warrants whenever and wherever they thought it desirable. In most states that meant most places most of the time.

As Kamisar points out, the Supreme Court changed all that in 1961 after Cleveland police broke into the home of a woman named Dolree Mapp on a tip that it contained a bombing suspect and "a large amount of policy paraphernalia." Finding neither, the cops put her in handcuffs and searched on until they found "obscene materials," for possession of which she was arrested and convicted.

In sustaining her appeal (*Mapp v. Ohio*), the Supreme Court ordered every state to obey the exclusionary rule. At the same time, says Kamisar, Minneapolis police were quick to blame the decision for a 10% upsurge in local burglaries. Only after the argument dwindled, and the cops got back to work, did a police department spokesman remember and put into words the real reason for the crime wave. "The burglars had a lot better weather this year—no snow."

Bad Crime Climate. Kamisar reports a similar reaction to the 1957 *McNabb-Mallory* rule, which forbids federal (but not state) police from using statements



YALE KAMISAR
Unnecessary necessity.

produced during prolonged precommitment interrogation. Washington, D.C.'s Police Chief Robert V. Murray has argued ever since 1957 that crime in the capital steadily decreased during the four previous years, and steadily increased thereafter. As it happens, says Kamisar, 1957 marked "the alltime low for crime under the District's modern reporting system." In the full decade 1950-60, "although the national crime rate soared 98%, the District's rate barely rose at all." Although robberies did jump 115% between 1957 and 1962, adds Kamisar, the most likely cause was not *Mallory* but the capital's worsening economic and educational climate as a result of an overwhelming population burst.

Kamisar feels that rising crime has so overwhelmed many policemen as to make them insist that necessity must overrule the U.S. rule of law. On the other hand, he argues that police "necessity" is often unnecessary. When the California Supreme Court adopted the exclusionary rule in 1955 (*People v. Cahan*), Alameda County's Veteran Prosecutor J. F. Coakley protested that *Cahan* had "broken the very backbone of narcotics enforcement." Yet in 1959-60, says Kamisar, California's superior courts convicted 20% more per-

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sons of narcotics offenses than during 1953-54.

Low-Charge Rate. Washington's police were equally worried in 1962 about a proposed ban on "arrests for investigation"—pickups of such suspicious characters as a poorly dressed man carrying a bundle through the streets of a wealthy neighborhood late at night or the chance that he may have committed a crime, even though sometimes none has been reported. Washington's Police Chief Murray argued that the ban "will just about put us out of business." Yet of all persons his men arrested for investigation in the two years before, says Kamisar, only 5.7% were ever charged formally and prosecuted. As for the necessity of prolonged interrogation, reports Kamisar, Murray himself argues that "six hours is a reasonable time." Yet California Prosecutor Coakley says that "frequently even 48 to 72 hours is not enough," and Chicago's Police Superintendent Orlando W. Wilson prescribes "whatever period of time may be necessary."

If unchecked by the courts, argues Kamisar, the results of such widely varying police definitions of necessity may undermine law and order far more than any court decision.

Law-Abiding Mississippi

Mississippi's proudest boast these days is that no other state has a lower crime rate. It is based on the FBI's recently published *Crime in the United States*, which shows that in 1963 Mississippi had only 393.2 major crimes per 100,000 people, far below the 472.9 of similarly rural North Dakota, the second-best state, and the 2,990.1 of Nevada, the state with the nation's worst statistical crime rate.

The FBI report, however, is based entirely on figures supplied by local police. Last year's Mississippi police reports covered only 66.6% of the state's metropolitan population (towns of more than 25,000 people), only 71% of its small-town population (towns of less than 25,000), and only 28.2% of its countryside population—in a state with well over half its 2,290,000 people living in rural areas.

A less obvious but no less certain omission stems from the old Mississippi custom of largely ignoring crimes among Negroes, who comprise 45% of the population. As for white crimes against Negroes, Justice Department officials suggest that in a land of white-elected white sheriffs not many of the crimes are going to get into the record books. By informal department accounting, virtually no charges have been brought against anyone in civil rights crimes in Mississippi. The department knows of at least 19 church burnings, numerous floggings, 100 incidents involving violence, and at least eleven killings of Negroes this year that appear to be racial killings. If there have been arrests, the department is not aware of them.

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SCIENCE

ENGINEERING

To Get to the Other Side

The golden age of bridges is now. Never before in the history of the world has man had such a wealth of means in money, materials and technology to fulfill his inborn desire to get to the other side. By using strong new steels and ingeniously strengthened concrete, he has made it possible to move himself and his goods over barriers his forebears thought uncrossable.

Not only is man building his bridges longer and stronger than ever before,

low, soaring steel above, and all framing the natural art of rock shaped by wind and water.

What has allowed man to create these great structures is a new mastery over matter and mind.

► Steel has played the dominant role in modern bridges. A bridge built with today's steels is lighter, yet nearly twice as strong as a span of equal length built just 25 years ago. Today's bridge builders use as many as 18 different types of steel in the same bridge.

► Concrete mixers of today are producing wonders. Reinforced with steel

chance across some primeval stream. For eons, men did little but imitate nature with ropes or planks. The first real bridge engineers were the conquerors who shaped the Roman Empire more than 2,000 years ago. They built bridges in such numbers that their far-flung realm could be journeyed from the northern heaths of Britain all the way to Rome without once having to ford a stream—except, of course, the English Channel, still to be bridged. Masters of the stone arch, the Romans were the first to use cement to bind their arches, solved the ticklish engineering problem of how to rest their massive spans on underwater piers and how to protect the piers from floods and the ravages of

FRANK HORCH



TADDEO GADDI'S PONTE VECCHIO OVER RIVER ARNO AT FLORENCE
Blending beauty of nature and functional form.

he is also erecting more of them than at any other time in history. In the past six years, the U.S.'s interstate-highway program has spent \$5.6 billion building almost 20,000 new bridges, will spend another \$8 billion to \$9 billion in the next eight years on bridge construction. In Europe, bridge building is becoming almost as commonplace as house building. Britain has built 120 new bridges in the past five years as parts of its new highways, and figures that by the 1970s it will have built 280 more. Germany now completes 1,000 new bridges every year, at this moment has under construction nine spans more than 3,000 ft. long.

The result is not only new efficiency and new speed in getting from place to place; almost inevitably, when a great new bridge goes up, the result is also breath-taking beauty. The very nature of the barriers that man seeks to cross makes them some of the loveliest spots on the globe—gorges, bays, broad rivers, mountain valleys, the approaches to towering cities. By necessity, bridges are the purest sort of expression of the architectural concept of form following function. A steel-arch bridge over a deep canyon cannot help completing the frame of a picture of classic beauty: rushing waters be-

wire and prestressed for still more strength, whole slabs of concrete now form single spans up to almost 700 ft. in length.

► Technology has taken dramatic strides over the past two decades. Bridge designers are well-grounded in modern physics and aerodynamics before formulating their designs, then run them through computers that have already been fed data on snow and rain conditions, wind velocities, low and high temperatures, traffic loads and substrata strength.

The results, say today's bridge builders, are awesome. Using their new tools and talents, builders think suspension bridges can be built twice as long as they are now. "I don't think a suspension bridge of 10,000 ft. is impossible," says Raymond Boynton of the Manhattan engineering firm of Steinman, Boynton, Gronquist & London. Bridge strength will also increase. "I tell people we put up bridges that will last 1,000 years," says American Bridge Engineer William K. McGrath. "But I'm not sure they couldn't last forever."

► Stone, the world's first bridges lasted only as long as nature permitted, since they themselves were natural accidents—vines or wind-fallen trees blown by

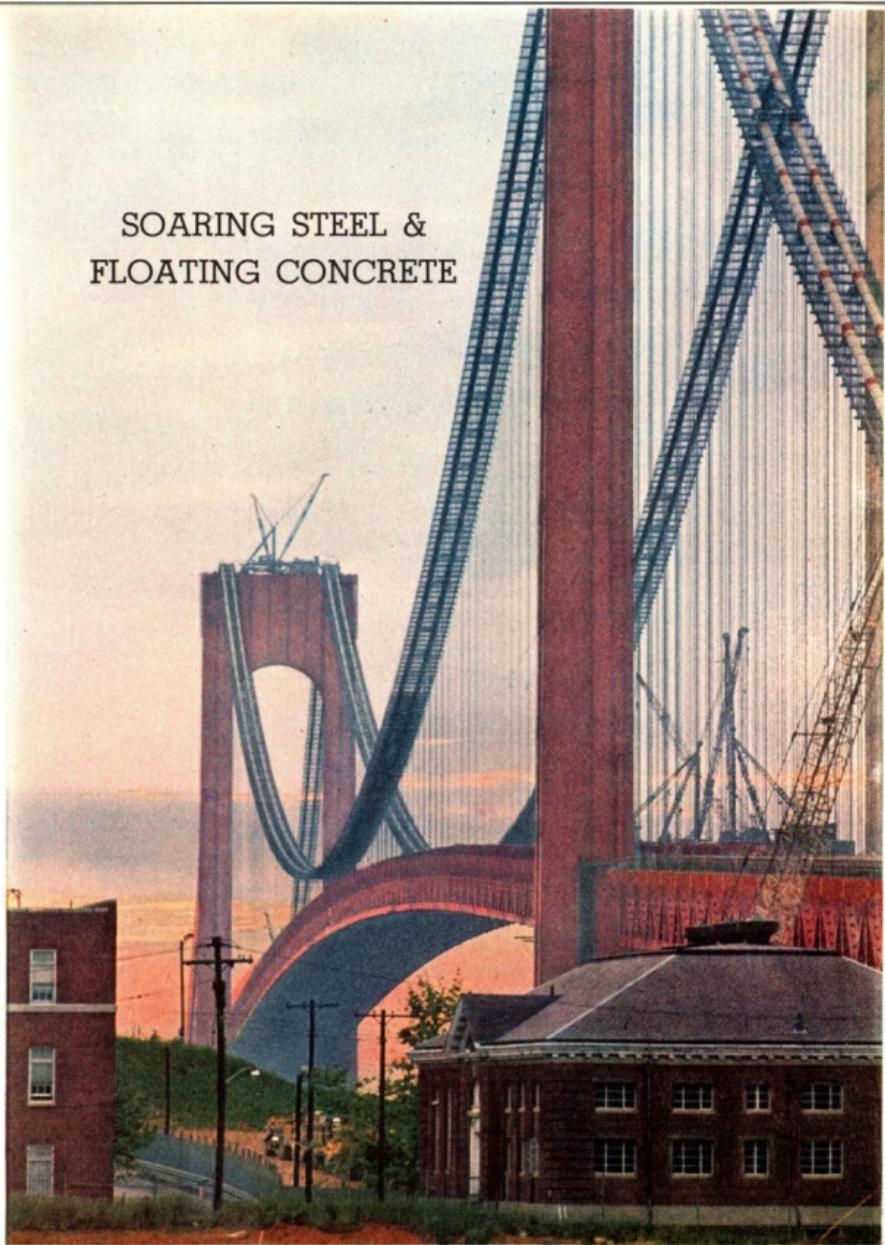
time. Today, soaring Roman arches still stand in Italy, Spain and France as monuments to their genius.

When Rome fell, the world had to wait for Renaissance Italy to revive the art of bridge building. In the 14th century, Taddeo Gaddi spanned the River Arno in Florence with the immortal Ponte Vecchio in flat, segmented arches instead of the narrow semicircles favored by the Romans, thus making the roadway level enough for easy wagons on passage. Andrea Palladio became the first to discard the arch in favor of a truss—the triangular support that is a basic method of making big bridges rigid today. By the late 16th century architect Antonio da Ponte was driving foundation piles with a mechanical hammer, then went on to build Venice's haunting Bridge of Sighs.

Iron. An art medium during the Renaissance, bridge building became a more exact engineering science in the 18th century. French engineer Jean-Rodolphe Perronet was building a bridge across the Seine at Mantes in 1763 when he discovered that the first pier of the bridge sagged slightly toward the river until the second pier was in place. Then the first one straightened itself out.

Perronet reasoned what nobody before him dreamed: that the horizontal

SOARING STEEL & FLOATING CONCRETE



LONGEST SPAN is Verrazano-Narrows suspension bridge connecting Brooklyn and Staten Island across ship-filled Narrows of New York Harbor. Main span of 4,260 ft. beats

San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge by 60 ft. Scheduled to be completed in November, Verrazano-Narrows Bridge used 160,000 tons of structural steel, will cost \$325 million.



SIX A-FRAME towers support General Rafael Urdaneta Bridge across Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo. Some of its pre-

stressed concrete beams are 620 ft. long. Last April oil tanker hit 5½-mile bridge and carried away 700 ft. of its roadway.



SINGLE A-FRAME of the Severin Bridge across Rhine at Cologne was planned to echo towers of famed Cologne Cathedral.

Named after St. Severin, 4th century Bishop of Cologne, bridge is asymmetrical, with its long span stretching out to left in picture

DOUBLE PONTOONS of floating bridge over Hood Canal, arm of Puget Sound, are retractable to let ships pass. Floating section is 7,131 ft. long, rests on 23 concrete pontoons anchored with 16 miles of 1½-in. steel cable.





BRAZIL'S THIN SPANS of cantilevers linked by precast concrete beams cross Rio Paraná in giant 368-ft. steps. Chief users will be cattlemen, who can now truck their cattle directly to big São Paulo markets.

TERENCE SPENCER

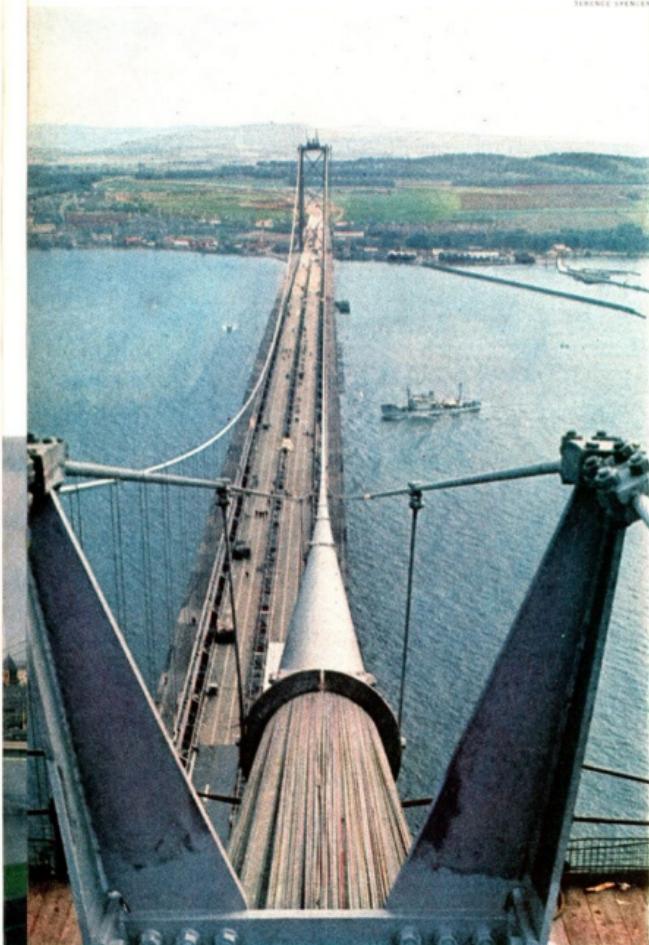


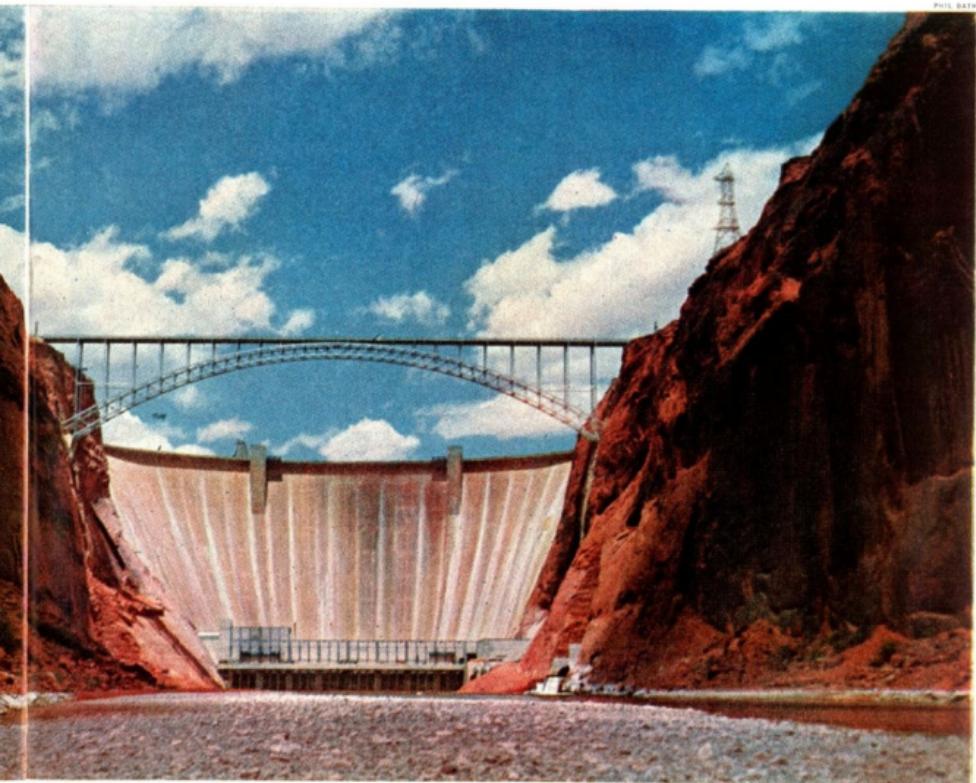
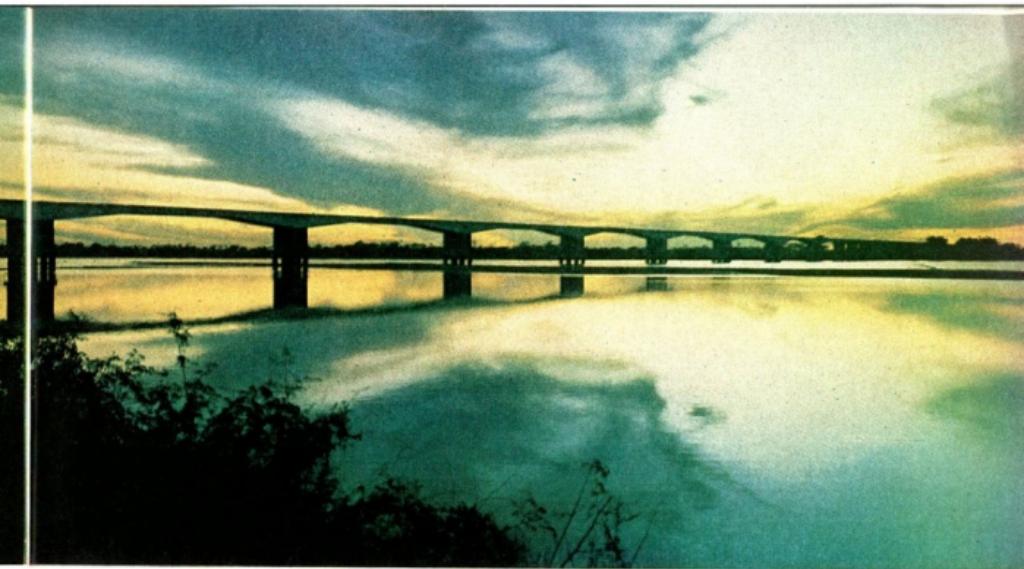
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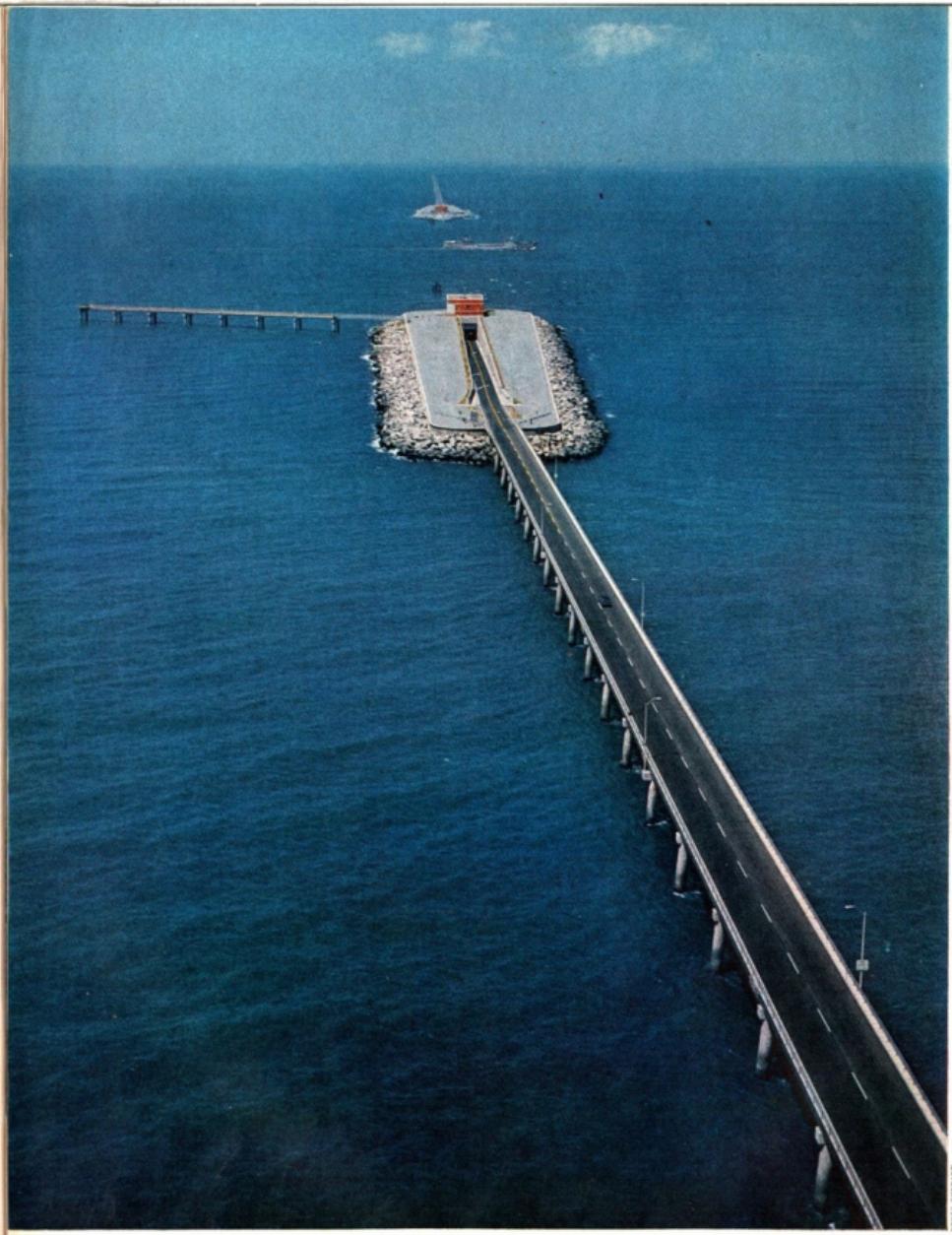
SCOTLAND'S MIGHTY LEAP across the Firth of Forth near Edinburgh required suspension of 3,300 ft., longest

in Europe. New \$43 million bridge is scheduled to be completed in September, will be opened by Queen Elizabeth.

GLEN CANYON'S LONELY ARCH 700 ft. above Colorado River is 1,271 ft. across. Built in remote Arizona, it made possible building of the just-completed dam. The bridge now takes road to Page (pop. 3,100).







PIONEERING BRIDGE-TUNNEL across mouth of Chesapeake Bay carries U.S. Route 13 over 17½ miles of water and through two one-mile tunnels dug between eight-acre

artificial islands. Deep ship channels pass over tunnels and beneath steel bridge near northern terminal. Cost of project: \$200 million. Toll: car and driver, \$4. Passenger, 85¢.

thrust of each arch carried along the length of the entire bridge. He reasoned that there was thus little need for the massive pier-and-arch bridge. At Neuilly, he tested his theory by building a bridge using piers 13 ft. thick to support arches 120 ft. long. The bridge not only stood, but its construction used far less stone than any bridge of similar dimensions before it. Most important, Perret greatly increased the useful waterway underneath. Roughly a decade later, when the first cast-iron bridge was thrown across the Severn River in Britain, men started on their first real bridge-building spree since the Romans.

Steel. The spree soon ran into a storm. Engineers were building bridges of iron, but they were crossing the bridges with iron too—the iron horses of the first railroads. Their weight and vibration were too much. During the 1870s and 1880s, no fewer than 25 railroad bridges fell each year in the U.S. A train's weight collapsed the Ashland Creek Bridge in Ohio in 1876, killing 80 persons. The most dramatized disaster of the times was the Firth of Tay tragedy in Scotland in 1879. During a December storm, 13 of the trusses of the two-year-old iron bridge fell into the raging waters—taking with them a trainload of some 100 passengers into the black abyss.

James B. Eads led the way back out of the abyss. A self-taught engineer who built ironclads for the Union Navy, Eads' experience with iron taught him the defects of the metal. When he began after the war to push his scheme for bridging the Mississippi at St. Louis, he conceived the notion of a great triple arch of steel. In those days, steel was an untried structural metal that cost three times what it does today. But Eads knew it had twice the strength of wrought iron and could be worked in a way that iron never could. It took Eads more than seven years and \$7,000,000, but what he built was a magnificent, 1,524-ft. bridge that was also one of the world's first important steel constructions of any kind. *Scientific American* was so impressed that it proposed Eads for President.

Cable. While Eads was working with rigid steel, other innovators were developing the concept of the suspension bridge—a primitive invention never much fancied by later bridge builders because of its nasty tendency to dump travelers or blow down. But with the invention of steel cables, the principle of bearing the load from above took on new fascination. As it turned out, suspension bridges were found to be the sole reasonable way of bridging long spans, since only suspension bridges can economically support dead weight beyond 1,600 ft.

Early experiments were shaky: in 1850 a regiment of French soldiers fell to their death from a suspension bridge at Angers. But a year later, German-born John Roebling began assembling a suspension bridge—over, of all places,

the Niagara gorge and to carry, of all things, a railroad.

Wind. It took Roebling four years to build the 821-ft. Niagara bridge, but beginning in March of 1855, trains began regular crossings over a span held up by wire cables for the first time in history. Twelve years later he began planning his greatest work, the Brooklyn Bridge. Surveying the East River for the location of the main piers, he had his foot crushed. The injury gave him tetanus, and he died three weeks later. The man who took over the job was another Roebling—his son, Washington, who saw the bridge to completion in 1883. At a cost of \$15 million and 20 lives, the Brooklyn Bridge set a record length of 1,595 ft. and set builders striving for even greater spans. In 1931, Builder Othmar Ammann spun the George Washington Bridge 3,500

ft. across the Hudson River; in 1937, Cincinnati Engineer Joseph Strauss carried the Golden Gate 4,200 ft. across the entrance to San Francisco Bay.

Concrete. Gertie's final gallop convinced bridge builders that they did not know everything about bridge building. Back to school they went to learn more about aerodynamics, stresses and strains. The new technology produces far more than just better suspension bridges. One of the most ingenious uses of prestressed concrete is in the \$21 million floating bridge across the Hood Canal in Washington's Puget Sound. Carried on 23 concrete pontoons, the bridge has retractable center sections that slide into the main body of the bridge, allowing waterborne traffic to pass through instead of under. The greatest use of prestressed concrete is in the 53-mile bridge over Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo—the longest prestressed concrete bridge in the world.

By necessity, since nearly all of their bridges were destroyed in World War II, some of the busiest users of the new technology are the Germans. They are also some of the most inventive. Nearly all the steel bridges built in Germany today use a German-developed steel plate called orthotropic. On a conventional bridge, the concrete roadway is supported by steel stringers. Not on an orthotropic bridge, which has instead of a concrete slab a half-as-heavy steel deck serving both as roadway and stress-carrying component of the bridge spans.

Bridge building is almost as frenzied in other parts of the world. Britain's new bridges include the majestic Firth of Forth suspension span (3,300 ft., longest in Europe), soon to be completed. Already under construction in Portugal is the even longer (3,323 ft.) Tagus River span, scheduled for completion in 1967.

Biggest. But nowhere on earth is there such a surge of bridge building as in the U.S., which already has 500,000 bridges. So far the most spectacular new span is the masterwork of George Washington Builder Othmar Ammann (now 85)—the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge across the main entrance to New York Harbor. Nearly everything about the bridge is the biggest: it cost \$325 million, it outspans Golden Gate by 60 ft., it hangs from 145,000 miles of cable wire. Its twelve traffic lanes will carry 48 million cars a year between Brooklyn and Staten Island.

What next? Bridge builders are now talking about suspensions almost two miles long in a single span, and such talk is likely to lead to startling results. Prospects, perhaps sooner than later: bridges vaulting Italy's Messina strait, Turkey's Bosphorus and New York's Long Island Sound.



GALLOPING GERTIE COLLAPSING (1940)
And back they went to school.

ft. across the Hudson River; in 1937, Cincinnati Engineer Joseph Strauss carried the Golden Gate 4,200 ft. across the entrance to San Francisco Bay.

The long inverted arch of the suspension bridges was not only economic, it possessed inspiring beauty. But that very beauty blinded some builders, who wanted to create an even slimmer bridge by cutting down on the depth of the stiffening girders. Such a bridge was the Tacoma Narrows Bridge, built out over Puget Sound in 1940. Motorists crossing the bridge often noticed that the car in front appeared to sink into the roadway or even vanish for an instant. Nobody was alarmed at first, and engineers and drivers alike enjoyed explaining the advantages of "Galloping Gertie's" flexible suspension design. Then, four months after the bridge was opened, Gertie galloped herself to pieces in a high wind. Gertie's extremely narrow, slender and flex-

CINEMA

Up the Irish

The Son of Captain Blood. "What would your father say," cries the mother of the hero of this picture, "if he knew that his son had got mixed up with such scum?" Silly woman. Father would certainly say: "Up the Irish!" For the name of the hero of this picture is Sean Flynn, and his father was the late Errol Flynn, an actor never notably fastidious about the cinema scumpany he kept.

Way back in 1935 Flynn senior cast some lead upon the waters, a super-colossal sinker called *Captain Blood*, and he would certainly cheer to hear that it had come home, covered all over with green stuff, to a lad of 23 who seems willing and able to follow in his father's bootsteps.

Unhappily, this sequel is even sillier than the original moecean picture—and *Blood*, as somebody remarked at the time, was thinner than water. But *Son* never lacks excitement. In rapid succession Sean 1) takes passage in a tall ship sailing from Port Royal, Jamaica, 2) falls in love with the beautieous Abigail (Alessandra Panaro), 3) runs afoul of Captain De Malagon, a nasty pirate who hated Captain Blood and is happy to loose his fury on the son and his lust on Abigail, 4) seizes the nasty pirate's ship, 5) storms a citadel, 6) frees all the slaves, 7) can't think of anything more to do. But sit tight. In movies like this, Mother Nature is always ready to cover for a fellow. Along comes a Technicolor earthquake to wind up the picture with a great big bang.

So don't see it. Tammy Teen will, and she will squeal over Sean just as loud as mother squeeked over Errol. The boy looks like his old man—he has the same empty, eager eyes and the same silly, lopsided smile. And the young pup acts like the old dog too—he is already known in the trade as Flynn-Tin-Tin. But Sean has something going for him

besides his moniker. He has an All-American body and a wild Irish charm. He seems born to be a Hollywood buccaneer and climb upon the rigging like his daddy used to do.

Psycho-ceramic?

The Patsy. When he gets a shoe-shine, the toothblack lays on a nice thick coat of mushy black polish before happening to notice that the customer is barefoot. When he wants to look well dressed, he pulls his socks down over his sneakers. When somebody shouts in his face, his eyebrows grow six inches in six seconds. When somebody calls him a psycho-ceramic, he figures they mean a crackpot.

Crackpot is hardly the word for Jerry Lewis, a shrewd showbusinessman who does almost anything to make a dollar. Ever since he went Hollywood he has systematically loused up a considerable comic talent, and in the process his pictures have made millions. *Patsy* will make several more, no doubt about that. It's essentially a re-run of the same movie Jerry has been making over and over for the past eight years: the story of a poor twerp who becomes a rich twerp. This time he has added the insurance of a strong supporting cast of senior comics: Keenan Wynn, Ed Wynn, Phil Harris, Everett Sloane and the late Peter Lorre. They manage now and then to do something funny, but the rest of the time they look like men struggling in an avalanche of publum.

Long Wait Between Spains

Behold a Pale Horse. The bigger they come the harder they fall. This picture, for instance, is very long and very expensive. It was constructed by an important moviemaker (Fred Zinnemann, who also directed *From Here to Eternity* and *High Noon*), and it contains an important cast (Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn, Omar Sharif). But size,



PECK IN "PALE HORSE"
Smaller than it seems.

as the cannibal said while he munched the midget, isn't everything. Zinnemann's direction is occasional, his characters are trumpery and his actors obviously know it. Worst of all, though, is the picture's plot: something about a Spanish Loyalist guerrilla (Peck) who lives in the French Pyrenees and passes the time nursing his nerves instead of fighting Franco. In fact, he spends nine-tenths of this picture postponing a raid that doesn't amount to much when it finally comes off, and Zinnemann is unable to make drama of delay. *Pale Horse* is a white elephant.

A Pill

The New Interns. Is there a doctor in the house? These days there usually is, and usually he's on the screen. U.S. moviemakers, struck by the popularity of TV programs about physicians and by the international success of some British medicomedies, all too often call in a pill pusher to remedy the money megrims. And the remedy often works. In 1962 *The Interns*, a patent preparation that cost less than \$2,000,000 to manufacture, was one of Columbia's major moneymakers.

The New Interns is a second dose of the same cheap stuff, and it's a good deal harder to swallow than the first. The director of the hospital is a surly surgeon (Telly Savalas) with a tongue like a scalpel, a man whose idea of administration is to scream insults at interns in the presence of patients. The interns, of course, give him ample cause for complaint. One of them (Michael Callan) spends most of his time taking an extra-curricular course in anatomy from a student nurse (Barbara Eden). Another (George Segal) keeps wandering out of the hospital in pursuit of the punk who raped his best girl (Inger Stevens). Still another (Dean Jones) finds out he is sterile and drowns his sorrows in drink.

There is, however, some sugar on the pill. The action is feverish and the interns sometimes leave the customers in stitches. But for the most part, the picture is an exploratory operation conducted, alas, without anesthesia.



ERROL AS BLOOD
Climbing upon the rigging like his daddy used to do.



SEAN AS SON OF BLOOD



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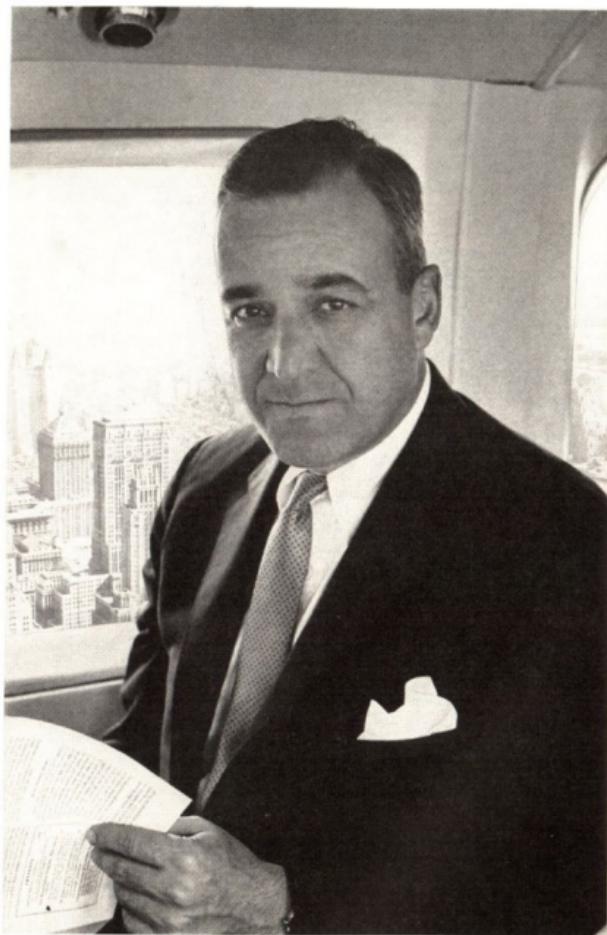
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James Waring Davant, 46, joined our Minneapolis office after World War II, served as broker, sales manager, and resident partner. During these years he helped thousands of investors, and quadrupled business in this office. Corporate managements place full confidence in him, and he has frequently been called upon to act in the delicate intricacies of public offerings. Last year, for example, he handled the many complex problems involved in the million-share public offering of the common stock of North American Life and Casualty Company.

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U.S. BUSINESS

GOVERNMENT

Trouble After the Party

It was nearly as risky as inviting Hedda Hopper, Sheilah Graham, Lolly Parsons and Dorothy Kilgallen to tea together, but Chief Economic Adviser Walter Heller thought he could pull it off. For months he worked to arrange an unprecedented meeting of four past chairmen of the Council of Economic Advisers with President Johnson. Though economists are a notably proud and prickly lot, Heller felt that the meeting would indicate that the former chairmen generally support the major points of the Administration's economic policy, and he hoped that acrimonious debate could be avoided. Last week President Johnson joined Heller and Economic Advisers John Lewis and Gardner Ackley in the Oval Room to welcome the four past chairmen: Republicans Arthur Burns and Raymond Saulnier, who were Dwight Eisenhower's men, and Democrats Leon Keyserling and Edwin Nourse, who worked under Harry Truman.

More Desirable. Everything went smoothly at first. Sitting in his rocker, his feet on a footstool, Lyndon Johnson was at his best. He deftly mentioned that he had looked at a recent speech by Burns, prominently displayed a copy of Keyserling's latest economic tract on monetary policy, and at one point replied to an expression of optimism by Saulnier by saying: "Mr. Saulnier, you're making this nomination seem more desirable all the time." Basking in this euphoria, the visitors generally agreed that the economy's short-term prospects did indeed look good.

The meeting lasted 45 minutes, and the trouble began as it ended. To the surprise of Republican Burns, who had presumed that the session would be unpublicized, Johnson proposed that the press be briefed immediately. As if on

signal, reporters and cameramen rushed in. Burns refused Heller's request to join him in the briefing, and Heller went on to say that the main note of the meeting had been "a general feeling of broad consensus." Since this seemed to imply a general consensus in support of the Administration's economic policies, Burns and Saulnier felt that they had been used for electioneering purposes. Snapped Burns later: "Mr. Heller spoke of a consensus where none existed. The reporting of this meeting violated every professional code—and when that happens to me, I'm independent enough to get damn mad."

Not on the Bandwagon. In fact, although Burns had agreed that present fiscal policy is "sound," he warned the President that he was tampering with the free market in ways that "could seriously injure the economy," also suggested some tightening of credit to head off inflation. "Steve" Saulnier believed that it was far too early to measure the final results of the tax cut—but Heller told the press that the visitors had agreed that the cut has been a success so far. Later, Saulnier said: "I don't think any of us are being served very well by continually being told that everything is hunky-dory and that we're all on the same bandwagon." The Johnson wagon may be moving smoothly, but not all the economists have hopped aboard.

LABOR

Profits, Polemics & Politics

After a long and lazy summer of labor-management discussions, the Big Three auto companies offered the United Auto Workers a proposal only two weeks before the Aug. 31 expiration of the contract. It was a wage and benefit package that amounted to 41¢ over the next three years, accepted the union's premise that better retirement and pension benefits are imperative this



U.A.W.'S REUTHER
Delaying the target.

year, but ignored the U.A.W.'s persistent demands for longer coffee breaks.

Christ & Churchill. As it is expected to in the script, the union turned down the offer, but it did so with such heat and haste as to banish any hope of a smooth settlement. Walter Reuther rather proudly paraphrased Winston Churchill to declare that "never have so few with so much offered so little to so many." Later Reuther managed to bring Christ to the bargaining table by asserting that He "would have given the most militant trade-union argument you ever heard." At week's end Reuther decided to increase pressure on the auto companies by delaying until this week the selection of a "target company"—the one that the U.A.W. will strike first if no settlement is reached.

There could well be a strike. Though the Big Three's offer might have been considered generous in other years, 1964 is the year of the greatest auto profits and production in history—and the U.A.W. fully intends to take advantage of that fact. It argues that productivity in the auto industry is increasing by 4.9% annually and that its workers deserve nothing less than a 4.9% wage hike. The industry's offer amounts to about 3.5%, higher than the 3.2% guideline laid down by the Administration to stave off inflationary wage raises. Walter Reuther does not care much for guidelines, snapped that "no economics professor is going to write our contract." The final settlement will be somewhere between 3.5% and 4.9%, and thus assuredly well above the Government standard.

Itching for the Hustings. Deadlines are as important as guidelines as a factor in whether there will be a strike. Even if both sides agree to a contract extension beyond Aug. 31—as it now seems almost certain they will have to—chances are good that U.A.W. locals with their own grievances (26,700 in all) may start wildcat strikes that could



BURNS, KEYSERLING, SAULNIER & NOURSE WITH HELLER & JOHNSON
Risking a storm.

shut down one or more automakers. Any strike would, however, probably be short-lived. The auto companies are anxious to launch their 1965 models. Walter Reuther is itching to get on the hustings against Barry Goldwater, and the U.A.W. (together with some auto-industry bosses) would like to avoid embarrassing Lyndon Johnson, who kicks off his campaign with a Sept. 7 Labor Day speech in Detroit.

BANKING

A Bold Breed

In a near-empty lot in downtown Hamden, Conn. (pop. 46,000), three 28-year-old entrepreneurs telephoned busily and dispatched letters last week from a modest and makeshift trailer. Their aim: to market a \$3,000,000 stock issue that they will use to open

lished banks, which state laws often bar from branching. Partly to skip around those archaic laws, U.S. Controller of the Currency James J. Saxon has been eagerly chartering new national banks. He hopes that they will introduce fresh methods, hone competition to the consumer's benefit, and revitalize a business that has been steadily losing ground to the savings and loan associations and the credit unions. Compared with the richer, older banks, many of the lean and aggressive newcomers stay open longer hours, charge less for loans and checking accounts, and adopt more aggressive ways of attracting money.

Almost any group of entrepreneurs with sound character and solid financing can get a bank charter. All they have to do is find a suitable location, convince state or federal examiners that the area could support a new bank, then



YOUNG HAMDEN ENTREPRENEURS*

Lower charges, longer hours, aggressive ways.

a bank. The men, all trained in junior executive positions at the Chase Manhattan Bank (two have left), are typical of a bold new breed who are making new banks bloom all over the U.S. after a 40-year decline in total numbers.

This year more than 300 banks will get started, almost three times more than in 1961. For the first time in a generation, new national banks have opened or soon will open in downtown Boston, Washington, Newark, San Francisco and countless small towns. The expansion is so rapid that Congress is now debating whether to demand closer federal screening of the people who bankroll the banks, and some authorities are worried about the possibility of "overbanking."

How to Start. One reason for the boom is the stimulus of the U.S. economy's upswing, which has greatly increased bank earnings. In addition, the sprawl of the suburbs and the westward population drift have created a need for expanded lending and checking-account services that cannot be met by estab-

lished banks. The men laws often bar from branching. Partly to skip around those archaic laws, U.S. Controller of the Currency James J. Saxon has been eagerly chartering new national banks. He hopes that they will introduce fresh methods, hone competition to the consumer's benefit, and revitalize a business that has been steadily losing ground to the savings and loan associations and the credit unions. Compared with the richer, older banks, many of the lean and aggressive newcomers stay open longer hours, charge less for loans and checking accounts, and adopt more aggressive ways of attracting money.

Almost any group of entrepreneurs with sound character and solid financing can get a bank charter. All they have to do is find a suitable location, convince state or federal examiners that the area could support a new bank, then

raise the money for it. Businessmen often collect enough by passing the hat among themselves, and sometimes they can get started on a small scale by putting up their shares in the bank as collateral for low-interest loans from bigger banks. Less affluent organizers sell stock to the public. Often investors are let in only after they pledge to deposit \$500 or \$1,000 in the bank for every \$100 worth of stock they buy.

High Yield, Low Risk. Most stock issues are oversubscribed two or three times. Reason: banks are highly profitable, earning a yearly average of 9% of their capital, and many of the new ones break into the black within a year. Says Phoenix Millionaire David Murdoch: "Bank stocks are among the best you can get. Very few banks ever fail, and that's more than you can say for most businesses."

The long queue of banking investors includes some interesting personalities. Among the initial stockholders in the

* From left: John D. Kelley, Alan R. Damsky, Douglas S. Lasher.

new District of Columbia National Bank are Bobby Baker, half a dozen Congressmen and several financial reporters. Baseball Hero Jackie Robinson is the chairman and a major organizer of Harlem's soon-to-open Freedom National Bank, which is one of five recently chartered in big cities to appeal to the Negro community. And, of course, investments in several Texas banks, including at least one new one, have helped to swell the fortunes of Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson.

WALL STREET

New Reason to List

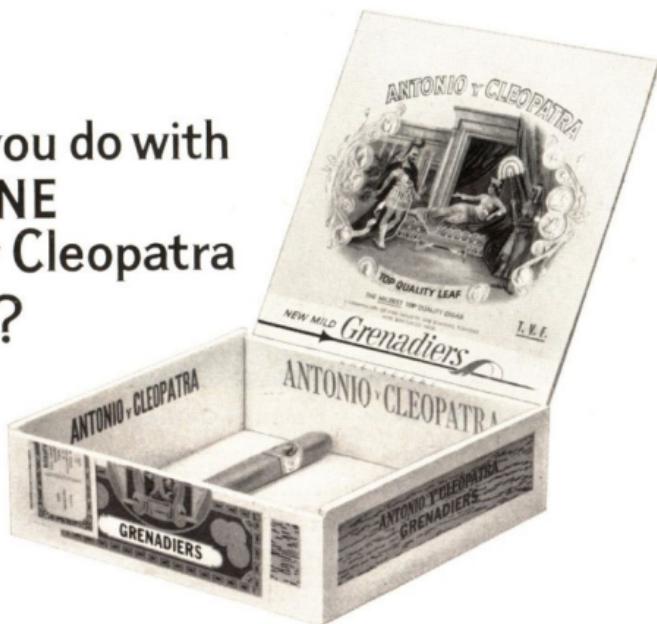
The rush to get listed on the stock exchanges has been going on for many months, partly because U.S. companies are increasingly aware of the advantages of listing: added prestige, broader ownership of shares, more active trading in the stock. Last week they got an added reason for listing that is sure to speed up the trend. President Johnson signed a bill that gives the Government broad new authority to regulate stocks traded both on and off the exchanges.

Under the "full disclosure law," companies with at least 750 stockholders and assets of \$1,000,000 will be required to file detailed financial reports to the Securities and Exchange Commission. Thus firms whose stock is traded over the counter will now be subject to the same rules as listed companies in such matters as issuing proxy statements, making regular reports to stockholders and providing information on trading in the stock by corporation officials and principal shareholders. Gone will be much of the treasured privacy of the some 3,000 companies that fall under the new law—and gone, too, will be the chief reason that most of them had for not listing.

At least 800 of these companies are eligible to be listed on the American Stock Exchange, but only 125 of them meet the tougher requirements of the New York Stock Exchange, which raised its standards again in March. Most companies can make the decision about listing in their own boardrooms, but the nation's banks have had to wait for authorization from their regulatory agencies. Last week Federal Reserve member banks got the initial go-ahead to list, and Chase Manhattan was the first to announce that it had applied to the New York Exchange.

So far this year, the New York Exchange has listed 47 new companies, compared with 59 in all of 1963. This week two more names—Rayette and First Western Financial—go on the Big Board, and on Sept. 8 Communications Satellite Corp. will make its debut with the tape initials CQ, the ham radio code for "if you hear me, come in." The American Exchange is picking up new listings even faster: 57 this year v. 31 in a comparable period last year. But there is still a lot more to come: of the nation's 1,200,000 corporations, only 2,600 are listed on any exchange.

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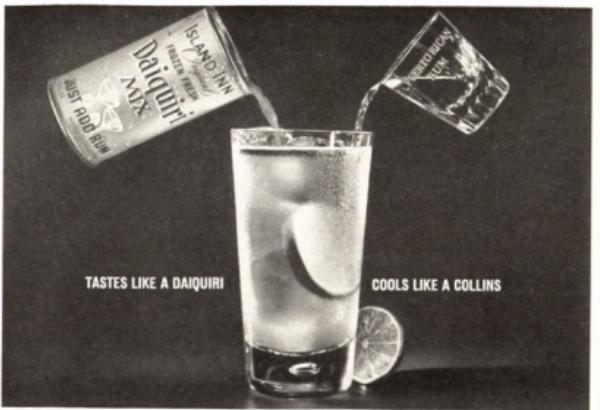
Why not have one? By the way, if you're on your last AyC, remember to get more. If you forget, you'll hate yourself later. Eleven shapes and sizes, 15¢ to 30¢ price range.



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TRANSPORTATION

Back on the Rails

As more and more people cram into the big cities, the problem of moving them from place to place becomes increasingly acute. More autos are not the answer: in some big cities, cars often have to move at the pace of a slow walk. Desperate for a way to reduce the growing crush, cities are seeking to improve their mass transit with new ideas, new systems and new equipment. Last week American Machine & Foundry announced that 18 U.S. cities are considering elevated monorail systems. Pittsburgh is building a one-mile experimental "skybus" expressway over which remote-control trains on rubber-tired buses will be guided by a I-shaped center rail. And the President fortnight ago ordered the Commerce Department to study plans for a high-speed (about 150 m.p.h.) rail service along the 380-mile "megapolis" between Boston and Washington. It would cut rail time from 8½ hours to four.

Comfort & Speed. All this activity—and a surge in orders for more conventional equipment—has transformed the nation's transit-car makers from a side industry only five years ago into a healthy one today. The three major carbuilders this year expect to ship 700 cars v. an average of 425 cars per year since 1956. Last week the New York City Transit Authority tested twelve newly delivered stainless-steel subway cars made by Philadelphia's Budd Co., the first of 600 cars—at \$114,700 each—that will be the largest subway order in history. The St. Louis Car division of General Steel Industries is busy building 162 air-conditioned aluminum cars for the New York Port Authority's Hudson Tube line to New Jersey, this month completed the last of 430 picture-windowed World's Fair cars for the New York subway. Pullman-Standard is building 180 air-conditioned, 62-m.p.h. cars for the Chicago Transit Authority.

Up to now, the boomlet has come chiefly from the five big U.S. cities that still have rapid rail transit: New York, Chicago, Boston, Cleveland and Philadelphia. But Atlanta and Washington, D.C., are planning new systems. Philadelphia is already engineering one, and even Los Angeles is toying with the idea. San Francisco, having broken ground for a three-county, \$925 million system—the nation's biggest in more than half a century—is testing four systems of computer-controlled train operation proposed by General Electric, Westinghouse Electric, Westinghouse Air Brake and General Signal. With all this going on, industry experts predict that annual sales of all types of transit equipment will soar from today's \$100 million to \$660 million by 1980.

Buying at Home. The newest spur transit building comes from the Administration, which has asked Congress for a \$225 million appropriation to get the

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refrain from shouting:



We're so excited about our new Salary Continuance Policy, it's all we can do to keep from hollering about it.

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This *AMAZING* new group policy pays up to 65% of an employee's salary during disability.

Even if he's out of commission for years, he goes on collecting right up to age 65. Think about that for a minute.

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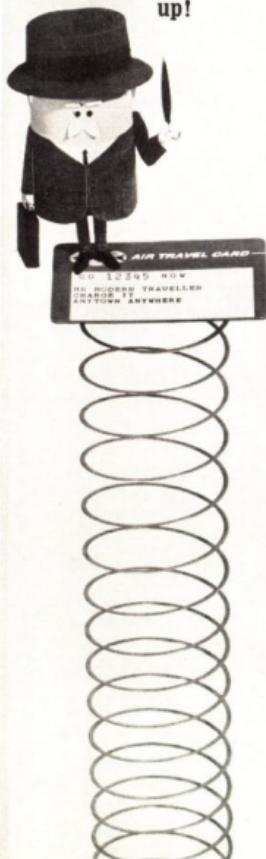


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1964 Mass Transit Act rolling. The law is expected to stimulate \$600 million worth of transit-car purchases over a decade, also mean an additional \$400 million in sales for such bus-builders as General Motors and the Flxible Co. of Dayton. Whatever the total, U.S. equipment makers will get all of it. Congress tacked a little-noticed "Buy American" proviso into the law.

SERVICES

Attracting the Unwashed

Americans not only buy more cars than anyone, but spend far more time and money keeping them clean. This year they will spend \$257 million to have their autos washed professionally, and countless millions of hours washing cars in their own driveways. While some 5,000 car-wash outfits are putting



DO-IT-YOURSELF CAR LAUNDRY IN DENVER

Agility also helps.

U.S. autos through 175 million washes this year, the car-wash industry is growing at the rate of 15 million wash jobs a year. Still, fewer than 20% of the nation's 84 million cars are cleaned regularly by car washes, and the industry wants nothing more than to attract some of those unwashed millions. Its latest lure is the low-cost, coin-operated car wash, which is activated by quarters and operated by the motorist himself.

Final Polish. Despite overcrowding and high mortality in the industry, several hundred entrepreneurs have already opened coin-op car washes across the U.S. During the next year, the industry expects another 1,000 coin-ops to open, in addition to 250 more of the traditional conveyor-line or "tunnel" outfits. Johnson's Wax is putting the final polish on a plan to establish a nationwide chain of 300 car washes that will do everything—including applying a coat of wax—automatically. Continental Oil Co. (Conoco) has begun to test coin-ops in its Denver gas stations, could eventually attach them to sta-

tions in major cities all over the U.S. Humble, Shell and Gulf dealers have been installing British-made coin-ops. No fewer than 79 U.S. companies are now turning out the devices.

A few types use washing and drying tunnels through which a customer drives slowly after inserting three quarters, but the most common by far are the stalls into which a customer drives and stops his car. By inserting a quarter, he gets a five-minute jet stream of water and detergent through a high-pressure hose that he uses to spray the car. Another dime gets him a packet of lintless paper towels with which to dry the car, and yet another dime turns on a vacuum cleaner for the interior. Though quick and experienced washers can get away with one quarter, most find that it takes two or three to complete the job properly, also find that they need

a bit of agility to keep their clothes dry. But whatever the system, it is cheaper than the average \$1.50 to \$2 cost of the tunnel washes: even with three quarters, the do-it-yourself washer pays only 95¢.

Setting Up Vibrations. The coin-ops are aimed at attracting young people, lower-income groups, and longtime driveway polishers who have become sufficiently prosperous that they no longer want their neighbors to see them doing the job—yet not so prosperous that they want to spend \$2 to clean up the car. The do-it-yourself outfits are so far concentrated in the Southwest, often appear in small towns, where their cost (average: \$20,000) makes them far more practical than the high-volume tunnel washers (average cost: \$200,000). New and better coin-ops are bound to come: next year a Florida company will begin producing a washer that directs a stream of pulsating water at a car. By setting up vibrations in the metal, it loosens the dirt and ensures that it all comes out in the wash.

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW

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tach-y-car-di-a
hemato-crit



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WORLD BUSINESS

BRAZIL

The High Cost of Coffee

There is still an awful lot of coffee in Brazil, but there seem to be fewer and fewer customers for it. Since the 1920s, when Brazil supplied 80% of the world's coffee, the country's share of the market has steadily declined. While warehouses are bulging with beans, stevedores in Santos and other big coffee ports nowadays lounge about playing cards. This year Brazil will probably not be able to find buyers for its allotted export quota of 18 million bags, or 37% of the world market. The main

recent official investigation uncovered a string of "irregularities" in I.B.C.'s hiring practices, promotional spending and coffee purchasing. The new president, appointed when the revolutionary government took over, is Leonidas Lopes Borio, 41, a civil engineer who is unfamiliar with coffee marketing.

At a meeting of the International Coffee Organization in London this month, Borio argued for considerably lower coffee quotas—the amount of coffee that producers are allowed to export—to help keep prices up by reducing the supply. Opposed by the U.S., the world's biggest coffee consumer, he



BRAZILIAN COFFEE BEING SPREAD FOR DRYING
Mixed with a bit of bungling.

problem: an inflexible policy of too-high coffee prices and official bungling and corruption. Last week Brazil announced new policy goals designed to stabilize prices and to put coffee exports on a more businesslike basis.

Juan's Challenge. Among world commodities, coffee ranks second only to petroleum in export value, and in Brazil it is the No. 1 cash crop. Part of Brazil's crisis, of course, may be only temporary: drought and forest fires caused considerable scare-buying and stockpiling abroad, followed by a sharp drop in demand. But by charging as high as \$62.37 a bag (132 lbs.), Brazil is asking more than the world market will bear. Aggressive African and Central American producers are busy underselling it, and Colombia has benefited from a successful U.S. ad campaign that features a winning Colombian coffee grower named Juan Valdez, thus helping to erode Brazil's longtime image as the world's coffee king.

Exporters blame the trouble on the government's Brazilian Coffee Institute (I.B.C.), a complex clearinghouse that handles Brazil's coffee dealings. A re-

wound up agreeing to a new world quota of 48 million bags—a scant 300,000 lower than the old quota. Angry at this failure, Brazilian producers also criticized Borio for selling 180,000 bags of low-grade coffee to Algeria and Lebanon at cut-rate prices.

Quotas in Question. Thanks to rising Brazilian prices, the U.S. housewife is now paying about 89¢ a lb. for coffee, compared with 69¢ last year. Europeans, burdened also with high import duties on coffee, must pay even more—about \$1.30 a lb. in London, \$2 in Rome, \$2.50 in Paris. Last week the U.S. Congress, never too happy with the system of quotas on world coffee, reacted in the consumer's behalf: by a narrow 194-to-183 vote, the House rejected legislation that would allow the U.S. to join in the new quota agreement. Though Administration leaders count on eventual approval, the action jolted Brazilians into asking President Humberto Castello Branco to convene an emergency meeting of all world coffee producers. The new quotas, argued Brazilian congressmen, are meaningless without U.S. participation.

ASIA

The Hard Struggle

In a great crescent stretching 10,000 miles from Iran to Japan live more than a fourth of the world's 3.1 billion people. This is non-Communist Asia, whose vast size and vaster human reservoir make its bitter struggle for a better life of particular concern to all nations. Last week a new report from the United Nations showed just how hard that struggle is—and how far most of the 22 Asian nations in the survey must go before reaching even the most preliminary goals.

The Asian-born, Western-trained economists who directed the survey are worried most about the crisis facing Asia's agriculture and mining. Eighty percent of the area's export income comes from such primary commodities as rubber, minerals, tea and jute—but commodity prices fluctuate sharply, and industrial nations are turning increasingly to man-made substitutes. Because of soft prices and shaky politics, the inflow of foreign capital is declining. Asia's foreign exchange reserves are far lower and its trade deficits three times higher than a decade ago.

Food & Factories. Even more alarming to the economists is the fact that population is growing five times as fast as food production in Asia. The output of food is actually dropping in India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, South Korea, Iran and Nepal. The average Asian eats little more than he did in 1939, and hunger is a constant gnawing companion of about one in four. At present rates, food output in the area will rise only 5% during the next decade, but the U.N. figures that it must increase about 60% if Asians are to eat enough.

To earn money to buy food, many of Asia's non-Communist governments hope to raise export income by pushing industrialization. But, warned the U.N. report, "industrialization is not the panacea, nor is it a simple and easy process." Though the area's manufacturing has been growing at a brisk 8% annually in recent years, its share of world industrial output is still only 7%, most of which is consumed within the area itself. The products of Asia's small factories are still too costly for most foreign buyers, and widespread inflation aggravates the problem, notably in Indonesia, South Korea and Laos. In India, a car costs 38% more than in Britain, a small refrigerator 50% more than in the U.S.

Map for Progress. The U.N. group has some fairly obvious suggestions for narrowing the gaps: abandonment of ancient farming methods, more use of fertilizer, more irrigation. As for industrialization, it said, "what is needed is entrepreneurship, research, and skilled and disciplined labor." In varying degrees, this has been achieved in Japan,



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Hong Kong and Malaysia, which the U.N. economists held up as luminous examples for others to follow. Said the report, in a boost for free enterprise: "The significant fact is that industrial growth has taken place without protective measures or other devices that have now come to be accepted by many countries as necessary."

French Violets

President de Gaulle may seek to make his current interest in Southeast Asia appear Olympian, but the interest that many Frenchmen have in the area is down to earth—and economic. Though forced to leave the area as a major power a decade ago, France still holds at least a \$375 million investment in her former Indo-Chinese empire, more than any other nation. The total may not seem great in the industrialized West, but in a backward region it constitutes a substantial influence.

Even in little Laos, two-thirds controlled by Communists, French investment still stands at \$4,000,000. French interests in neighboring, neutralist Cambodia total \$50 million, chiefly in rubber plantations that provide jobs for 20,000 and bring in \$15 million a year in foreign currency. But it is in fertile, war-torn South Viet Nam that France has its strongest hold and greatest stake: about \$320 million in investments.

Jute & Jute. Until this year, French firms repatriated \$12 million annually from their investments in Viet Nam. In February, angry over De Gaulle's diplomatic recognition of Red China and his proposals that Viet Nam be neutralized, the Saigon government blocked repatriation and embargoed virtually all

French imports. Last week came the first major sign of a softening in this attitude. Air Viet Nam took delivery of a \$2,100,000 French Caravelle jet. One reason for the choice: Air Viet Nam is 20% owned by Air France.

Other French enterprises in South Viet Nam range from cigarette factories to oxygen plants, from Asia's third-largest brewery to the Société Vietnamienne du Jute, which turns out 3,000,000 sacks a year for holding the rice crop. Three French banks handle 39% of the country's banking, and 100 or so French firms control its insurance, hotels, cinemas, printing and shipping. French companies also hold part interest in many Vietnamese firms.

Walking Softly. Ninety per cent of South Viet Nam's rubber plantations are French owned, and their output of 70,000 tons a year (France buys more than half) constitutes 70% of the country's exports. The plantations often pay "taxes" to the Viet Cong guerrillas lest they damage property and kidnap foremen. Today, the 5,000 Metropolitan Frenchmen in South Viet Nam walk softly. "We feel that we should bloom quietly, like violets," says one. Ironically, the French violets are being protected by the chief target of De Gaulle's criticism, the U.S., as it struggles to save the country from Communism.

BRITAIN

A Gain for Rayne

When it was built on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue and 58th Street in 1927, the \$18 million Savoy Plaza became one of the world's most luxurious hotels. A favorite of aristocrats, diplomats and cinema stars, it has been host to the likes of the King of Nepal, Adlai Stevenson, William Scranton, Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands and Groucho Marx. The Savoy also captured the fancy of a darkly handsome British real estate tycoon named Max Rayne. Two years ago he bought one-third of the hotel from William Zeckendorf, later bought the whole thing when Zeckendorf became even harder pressed for cash. Last week representatives of Rayne's London Merchant Securities Ltd. concluded an agreement for a huge and shrewd real estate deal involving the Savoy Plaza.

Down will come the 33-story hotel, and in its place will rise a 40-story office skyscraper that will house the New York and overseas headquarters of General Motors. G.M. is eager to trade up from its shabby, 37-year-old offices at Broadway and 57th Street. Rayne is more than happy to accommodate G.M. by razing the Savoy Plaza; he believes that the New York hotel market is overbuilt and will be in trouble after the World's Fair closes. Says he: "What's good for General Motors is good for London Merchant Securities Ltd."

Money from the Church. A swiftrising millionaire who has not yet made the British *Who's Who*, Rayne, now



ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

MANHATTAN'S SAVOY PLAZA
London's bridges are building up.

46, fell into real estate by lucky accident. Just after he was demobbed from the wartime R.A.F., he and his father leased a London building for \$2,000, but found it unsuitable for their women's-dress business. He sublet the place, was surprised to find that he could earn \$15,000 a year on the transaction. With that he stripped off the textiles, went fulltime into Britain's booming property market. His reputation for impeccable manners, soft talk and smart business sense soon gained him entree to the most munificent lenders, including Church Estates Development and Investments Co. Ltd., owned by the Church of England.

Six years ago, Rayne bought control of London Merchant Securities, a then moribund company. Under Rayne's guidance, the firm from 1960 to 1963 raised its after-tax profits from \$75,000 to \$1,000,000 and its assets to \$50 million.

Help from the Lords. In one typically remarkable deal, Rayne bought a 5,000-acre plot in Scotland for \$2,000,000, then sold off 82 acres of it for \$1,500,000. Recently he bought the controlling shares in Britain's Hazell Sun printing company from Press Lords Cecil King and Roy Thomson, promptly merged with a competitor to produce Britain's biggest printing firm and a \$5,600,000 profit for himself.

Now his properties, held through an intricate maze of subsidiaries, span from the world's largest Scotch distillery, at Invergordon, to major holdings in downtown Toronto. Rayne, who has every intention of expanding his U.S. beachhead, figures that the planned G.M. building may well cost about as much as Manhattan's Pan Am building. That structure, which was 45% financed by a consortium of other British real estate men, ran to \$100 million.



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TÀPIES



TURCIOS



SUÁREZ



SANSEGUNDO

Slashed, splattered, stitched, bandaged—with homage to Goya's black nightmares.

ART

STYLES

Iberian Resurgence

Art in Spain inexorably involves a set of attitudes to and by the government. The Civil War, cutting off a rich flowering of painting and sculpture, turned Picasso into a rebellious exile in France, Dalí into a Franco sympathizer, Miró into a resister who stood his ground on Spanish soil. Until 1958, art and the government fought a wary underground war, and the world wondered whether the Spanish art had ended in 1937 with Picasso's *Guernica*.

Then came a wry event. Abstract paintings by a fiery Catalonian named Antoni Tàpies won a prize for Spain at the Venice Biennale, followed by first prize at the Carnegie International. It dawned on Madrid that themeless abstractions have no power to topple a government but could serve to speak to the world of a more modern, talented and open Spain.

Embarrassing Support. Tàpies, now 40, and many others have since lived with a government that likes them more than they wish to be liked. They prosper in embarrassment; the freedom that they insisted upon is suddenly an asset to Franco. This uneasy partnership makes for strange ironies. When the government four months ago sent a striking show of new painting to the Spanish pavilion at the World's Fair, Tàpies and one of his top followers, Modest Cuixart, would not let their work be included—even though Picasso, out of a growing nostalgia for Spain, sent three new paintings.

Instead, Tàpies and others contributed to a rump show of modern Spanish work now on at Rimini, in Italy. And

the master Picasso, just to prove that he cannot be brought into camp, specifically chose for the Rimini show a 1937 surrealist condemnation of Spanish fascism called *Dreams and Lies of Franco*.

Head Start. From his great house on a mountain promontory northeast of Barcelona, Tàpies remains the leader of the Spanish moderns—by virtue of a head start. In 1949, in Barcelona, he put on a show of abstractions which, though dismissed by the Spanish press and ignored by the public, caught the eye of other struggling painters.

Tàpies had been going to law school while painting in emulation of Miró; he gave up school to help found a group called *Dau al Set* to experiment in the arts. More technicians than theoreticians, the group hoped to grapple with matter, not imagery, and Tàpies still feels the need, as he says, to "throw in sand, stone, dust—something that would give me the immediateness of a crumbling wall, the feel of its crevices and its worn surfaces."

To the sophisticated French pursuit of paint as paint—*tachisme, art brut*, or *art informel*—Spaniards such as Tàpies brought robust energy. They not only painted the wall; they made walls. They slashed and splattered their canvases, then stitched and bandaged them up. Their palettes were a tinker's delight, making Jackson Pollock's drip technique seem like polite pottering. And out of that impulse grew the whole movement (see color pages). Some of the comers:

► Modest Cuixart, 39, cousin of Antoni Tàpies, paints in a richly detailed impasto that he calls "the new baroque." Once a member of *Dau al Set*, he left to dabble in textile designs, returned

to share the crown of Catalan craftsmanship with Tàpies. Cuixart says that "a renewal is taking place among those young artists who are distinguished by their absolute independence."

► Joaquín Vaquero Turcios, 31, son of an established Madrid landscapist, is a bold muralist whose works form walls in churches, hospitals and universities across Spain, even an 8,611-sq.-ft. bulkwork in an electrical plant in Grandas de Salime. His murals are close to "official" art, full of public consciousness but when he won first prize at the 1963 Paris biennial, it was awarded for his feverish blend of abstraction and figuration. Vaquero Turcios fears gimmickry in the Spanish preoccupation with paint as material rather than illusion. But he himself uses a latex and plastic mixture on pressed wood, or even plaster, as in the sails of his *Homenaje a Rodrigo de Triana*, the sailor on Columbus' *Pinta* who first saw the New World.

► Carlos Sansegundo, 34, is an expatriate who recently married an American and hopes to become a U.S. citizen. He is a Basque, a former sculptor who now paints romantic embroidery to pop art—"Spanish art is dead," says Sansegundo. "The Spanish are too proud. They will not accept what other countries are doing. I think it has killed art." He is quite happy, however, to show his work in the World's Fair pavilion.

► Antonio Suárez, 41, shares the Spanish concern with raw materials. Says he: "We've got to get our hands on it—the Spanish sensuality. We're sculptors in a way." When he feels that he is sketching too precisely, Suárez works with his left hand just to make it rougher. His work brutally flattens torsos and landscapes in a grotesque agony that invites the eye to probe.

► Antonio Saura, 34, is a slender Castilian who abandoned surrealism for the

SPANISH PAINTING TODAY

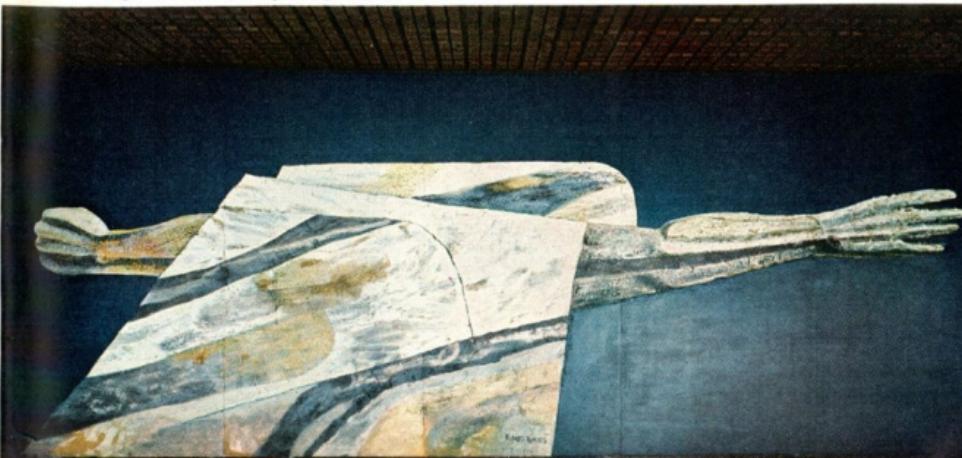


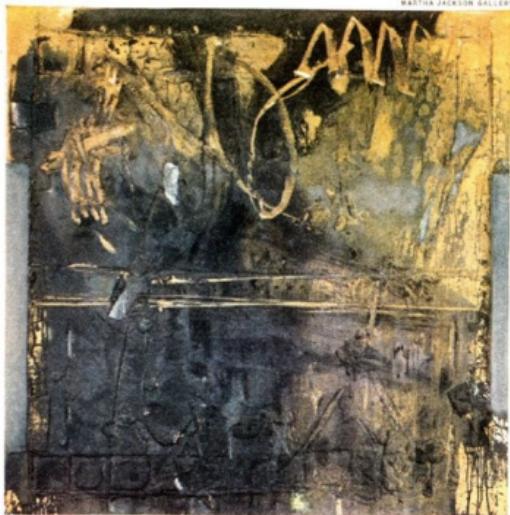
MODEST CUIXART'S *Night Adulation* contrasts glimpse of predawn

sensuality with richly worked lower half in style he calls "new baroque."

JOAQUÍN VAQUERO TURCIO'S *Homage to Rodrigo de Triana* is in Spanish pavilion at World's Fair.

Sailor clutches imaginary mast of Columbus' ship, flings arm in gesture of "Land ho!" as he sights New World.





"MOTION OVER BLACK," by leading painter, Antoni Tàpies,

shows austere colors and rich texture typical of recent Spanish art.



"YOU GIVE ME LUCK" is by young iconoclast, Carlos Sanse-

gundo, who hit upon pop-like style "because I was fed up with black."



© ARCY GALLERIES





"TORSO." Antonio Suárez' lush oil, shares flavor of Spanish past and present. Motto of young Spaniards, says a critic, is not "Make it new" but "Make it over."

© FRIZ GALLERIES



"CRUCIFIXION" is Antonio Saura's symbol not of Christ but, he says, of individual,



PIERRE Matisse GALLERY

vas and shoe trees to evoke sense of death that obsessed artist it honors.



PIERRE Matisse GALLERY

SPANISH GREATS are aging but still unmatched in brilliance. Joan Miró, 71, lives in Majorca, painted this work in 1953.



PICASSO, 82, was pleased when Spanish government bought three bright, witty works from 1963 *Painter and His Model* series for pavilion.

most tortured expressionism seen in present-day Spanish art. He sprays cynicism as he sprays his oils: "A renaissance of the arts in Spain today?" says he. "Oh come now. It is an art of protest against officialdom. The present cultural level is pretty grim. The artist must sell abroad if he is to survive."

► José Guinovart, 37, is a Barcelona favorite who started with social realism, then did stage décor for García Lorca plays. The stocky artist turned to collages, attaching everyday apparel to his somber canvases. His *Homenaje a Valdés Leal* attempts to express the tremendous force of a 17th century artist in a volcanic surface that belches up actual objects.

Despite their modern idiom, contemporary Spaniards like Guinovart still live in homage to their ancestral art. None is all that distant from Goya's black nightmare paintings. Their colors are gloomy or veiled. They rarely use oils pure from the tube but rather blend them with earths to make their impastos. They seem, like the flamenco dancer holding his head high while his feet stomp in the dust, trapped in a tragic, often elegant, dilemma between formality and earthiness.

ARTISTS

The Volcanic Volcanist

No painter could ever claim a more fiery passion than Mexico's Gerardo Murillo. He loved volcanoes. He lived four months on the slopes of Mount Etna, spent six months inside Popocatépetl's crater, and bought Paricutin

volcano for \$78 when it was a baby in 1943. He so mistreated his body that his teeth fell out from sulphur fumes and a leg was amputated because of bad circulation. He called himself "Dr. Atl" (Aztec for water), and signed that name to more than 11,000 drawings and 1,000 paintings, mostly volcanic landscapes.

At the turn of the century, storming the European art scene, Dr. Atl talked anarchism in Barcelona cafés, argued with Lenin in Lausanne, published an anticlerical newspaper with a young socialist named Benito Mussolini. When the fire of Mexico's revolution was lit in 1911, Dr. Atl returned home to kindle his country's intellectuals. Diego Rivera, José Clemente Orozco and David Alfaro Siqueiros caught the blaze from him. Dr. Atl became Mexico's Fine Arts Minister, promptly shut down the Fine Arts Academy as too traditional. The plutonic painter, more than anyone, pointed Mexican art toward its folklore, its social fervor and its peppery expressionism.

Later, Dr. Atl became dismayed at the leftist tack that the artists he had encouraged were taking. As for himself, he preferred fascism, publishing almost daily newspaper articles during World War II in praise of it. Politics finally palled, and the old man returned to his volcanoes. Last week Dr. Atl's fire finally went out at the age of 89. President López Mateos ordered his burial in Mexico's pantheon of famous men.

SCULPTURE

Mud-Flat Museum

To the 2,700 citizens of Emeryville, Calif., Art is mostly just a convenient and genial way of addressing men named Arthur. The town, a square mile of land wedged between Oakland and Berkeley on San Francisco Bay, is chiefly noted for its cut-rate property taxes, which have drawn so much industry that during working hours the population rises to 40,000. Yet in the last few months, culture-shy Emeryville has become the nation's center of "derelict sculpture."

A branch of "found art," derelict sculptures are built on Emeryville's bay-side mud flats from driftwood, discarded tires, broken toys, beer cans, jugs and other rubbish—treasures of pop art, and readily come by because a high proportion of bay debris washes up there. The artists are amateurs, art students or real pros. Singly or in expeditions, they come clad in jeans and bikinis and armed with tools, nails and beer, to squish out across the oozing, odorous, umber mud and whack away at the driftwood. They use only what they find, in deference to the DUMP NO RUBBISH sign and its \$1,000 fine.

Most of the derelict sculptures wash away with the tide. But some are such masterpieces that they regularly cause crack-ups by gawking drivers on the

© WILLIAM JACKSON



VIKING ON EMERYVILLE FLATS
Some waste has taste.

nearby freeway. One is a 12-ft. gallows with the 13 steps and a hanging effigy, its neck snapped at a medically correct angle. Another is a dinosaur and pterodactyl combination well planted in the muck. Last week a 17-year-old high-schooled named Wayne Sexton finished his fifth dereliction—a mammoth Viking warrior standing almost 20 ft. high. "I like Vikings," said he, as if that explained everything.

There is—or has been—a Christ on a cross, a battered old bus, a man in a rocking chair, a huge hand, a praying mantis. Social significance marks some of the sculptures; one has the broad arrow of the British "Ban the Bomb" movement. Many derelict sculptures are abstract, weather-worn totems that look curiously free against the steel-and-stone panorama of San Francisco across the bay. Another piece forms the word love, the o supplied by a treadless tire.

But, as the old question goes, is it art? James A. McCray, chairman of the art department at the University of California in Berkeley, describes derelict sculpture as "unusual—but legitimate in every sense of the word." Says one local artist, John McCracken, 29: "I'm amazed at the quantity of works that has arisen out of the nothingness that was there before." Most amazing is that they are there at all, unpretentious products of a leisurely society, which prove that some waste has taste. The mayor of Emeryville did not even know the sculptures were there until a few days ago. But he liked them. "They give this town some class," he said.



DR. ATL

Some friends caught fire.

MILESTONES

Married. Philip Crosby, 30, one of the four Let's-Sing-Like-Bing brothers; and Mary Joyce Gabbard, 24, California airline stewardess; both for the second time; in Las Vegas.

Married. Edie Adams, 35, kittenish nightclub comedienne and cinemactress, widow of the late cigar-chomping Ernie Kovacs; and Marty Mills, 37, Manhattan music publisher; she for the second time; in Beverly Hills, Calif.

Divorced. By Dinah Shore, 47, TV's old-fashioned girl; Maurice Smith, 43, Palm Springs contractor; after one year of marriage, no children; in Indio, Calif.

Died. Vic Oliver, 66, British comedian and former husband (1936-45) of Winston Churchill's daughter Sarah, a music hall star who doubled up U.S. and British audiences with his hilarious piano and violin spoofs of long-haired recitals; of a heart attack; in Johannesburg, South Africa.

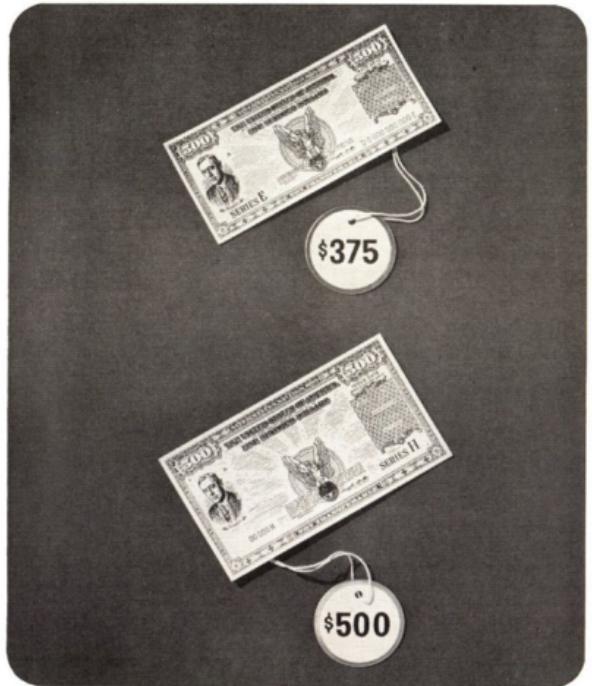
Died. Palmiro Togliatti, 71, boss of Italy's Communist Party since World War II; following a stroke; near Yalta, Russia (see THE WORLD).

Died. Oscar ("Happy") Felsch, 73, key figure in the 1919 Chicago "Black Sox" baseball scandal, the team's slugging center fielder who unwittingly broke open the mess, admitted helping throw the World Series to Cincinnati when he fell for a reporter's "all-the-others-have-confessed" ruse and angrily blurted: "Why those wise guys! At least I already have my \$5,000"; of a liver ailment; in Milwaukee.

Died. Major General David Grant, 73, first surgeon general of the Air Force (1941-46), who, in an age of unpressurized cabins, managed to sell a skeptical War Department on airborne hospital planes, by the end of World War II had organized an air shuttle of 4,000 casualties a month across the Atlantic and brought the first litter-carrying helicopters to the front; of cancer; in Winter Park, Fla.

Died. William Keck, 84, oil tycoon, a crusty California wildcatter who hit it big near Los Angeles in 1922, went on to make his family-controlled company, Superior Oil, one of the world's largest independent producers and to amass a \$250 million fortune, the small change from which he used to support such causes as those of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy; in Los Angeles.

Died. Gerardo Murillo (assumed name: Dr. Atl), 89, pioneer Mexican landscape and folk artist, who kindled the artistic fires in Rivera, Orozco and Siqueiros; of a heart attack; in Mexico City (see ART).



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BOOKS

Too Poor to Bow

THE COMPLETE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE (1940-1946). 1,048 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$12.50.

When Charles de Gaulle fled his prostrate country in 1940, he was all that the Free French had—and he had nothing: "Not the shadow of a force or of an organization at my side. In France, no following and no reputation. Abroad, neither credit nor standing." Four years later, the obscure and penniless general had helped liberate France, become its first postwar President, and taken his place among world

"Limitless Fury." A soldier's son, De Gaulle grew up in Paris with an all-consuming love of country. "France," he decided in early youth, "cannot be France without greatness." As an army colonel in the 1930s, he was keenly aware of his country's disavowal of that destiny. Petty partisan squabbling and interminable changes of government kept France's defenses in a shambles. While Hitler armed to the teeth, the French staked all on their *grande illusion*, the Maginot Line. Risking his career, De Gaulle badgered his superiors to create a mechanized army capable of swift, massive attack. Only Hitler took his advice. France's capitulation



F.D.R., DE GAULLE & CHURCHILL AT CASABLANCA
War's verdict reversed, a nation's stain washed clean.

statesmen of the first rank. History records no more telling example of the will to power.

De Gaulle's three volumes of wartime memoirs, published for the first time in their entirety, are a rung-by-rung account of that ascent. There were no mysteries about it, and De Gaulle makes none. He has been accused of melodrama, egocentrism and arrogance, but his memoirs are written in an eloquently understated, supremely lucid style. As to the familiar gibe about his Joan of Arc complex, *le grand Charles* has never believed that he or his beloved France had any special claim to divine protection. True, he was superbly, even illogically confident. But above all else, De Gaulle has always been a realist. In his serene, eminently aristocratic view of human affairs, man is an infinitely corruptible, infrequently brilliant creature. It was the task of Charles de Gaulle, as he saw it, to make the children of darkness see the light. But in the years of France's humiliation it took all the patience, compassion and perseverance of which he was capable.

tion, he writes, was the expression of a "profound national renunciation."

De Gaulle's reaction was "limitless fury." He vowed: "If I live, I will fight, wherever I must, as long as I must, until the enemy is defeated and the national stain washed clean." De Gaulle tried to persuade the Vichy government to carry on the war from French North Africa, but no one of any eminence followed him into exile. "At this moment, the worst in her history," De Gaulle realized, "it was for me to assume the burden of France."

For six years he shouldered that burden without a day of rest. To many it seemed preposterous that a middle-echelon army officer should presume to reverse the verdict of war. But De Gaulle effectively enforced his claim with impassioned broadcasts, with tireless journeying to all parts of the French Empire, with his insistence in Allied councils that French sovereignty be everywhere respected. The U.S. protested the Gaullist seizure of Vichy-ruled islands off Newfoundland, even threatened to send in cruisers; De Gaulle replied that he would open fire

on them. When a British general hauled down the Tricolor at a French outpost in Syria, De Gaulle dispatched a column of French troops to raise it again.

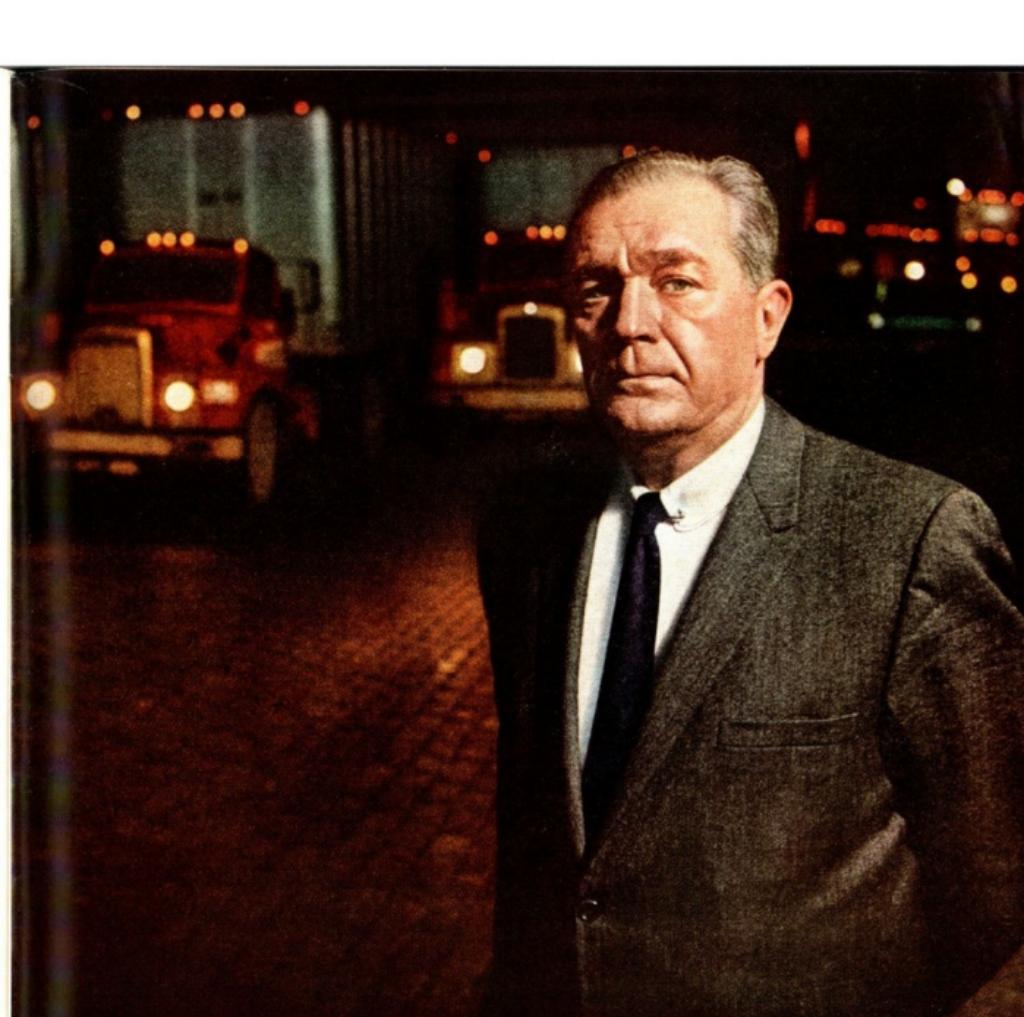
Heavy Burden. Roosevelt and Churchill were frequently exasperated by their difficult ally. Cool and lofty, a master of the calculated insult, the general did nothing to allay their anger. De Gaulle was accused of sabotaging the war effort, of planning to set himself up as dictator of France. The leader of Britain's Labor Party, among others, had his misgivings about the general. De Gaulle recalls: "I can still see Mr. Attlee coming softly into my office, asking for the reassurance needed to relieve his conscience as a democrat, and then, after he had heard me, withdrawing with a smile on his face."

In one of those conversations that seem to sum up the men and the epoch, Churchill urged De Gaulle not to be so intransigent with the U.S. Said the Prime Minister: "Look at the way I yield and rise up again, turn and turn about." Replied De Gaulle: "You can because you are seated on a solid state, an assembled nation, a united empire, large armies. But I! Where are my resources? And yet I, as you know, am responsible for the interests and destiny of France. It is too heavy a burden, and I am too poor to be able to bow."

Take & Hold. Without ever consulting De Gaulle, F.D.R. tried to bring the Vichy forces in North Africa over to the Allied side, undercuts his authority by setting up General Henri Giraud in Algiers as the Free French commander-in-chief. But De Gaulle journeyed to Algiers, "swallowed up" Giraud, in Churchill's phrase, and retained undisputed command of the ever-growing Free French movement. Gradually, grudgingly, the Allies recognized De Gaulle as his nation's *de facto* leader. When the Allies invaded France, they were astounded at the fervor with which he was regarded by most Frenchmen. Moreover, his wartime policy was triumphantly vindicated when he managed to restore order to the ravaged nation and prevent the powerful Communists from seizing control in a single city.

Actually, as the rest of the world was to learn, Charles de Gaulle had a shrewd understanding of the postwar world. Contemptuous of F.D.R.'s vague idealism, horrified by the surrender of Poland to Stalin at the Yalta Conference, De Gaulle expressed his philosophy with customary bite: "In foreign affairs, logic and sentiment do not weigh heavily in comparison with the realities of power; what matters is what one takes and what one can hold on to."

"Bitter Serenity." It was his own dream to preside as a powerful executive over a united France. He was foiled by France, the "most mercurial and intractable nation in the world." The "parties of yesteryear," as he dubbed them later, returned to their old, irresponsible ways. Rather than be



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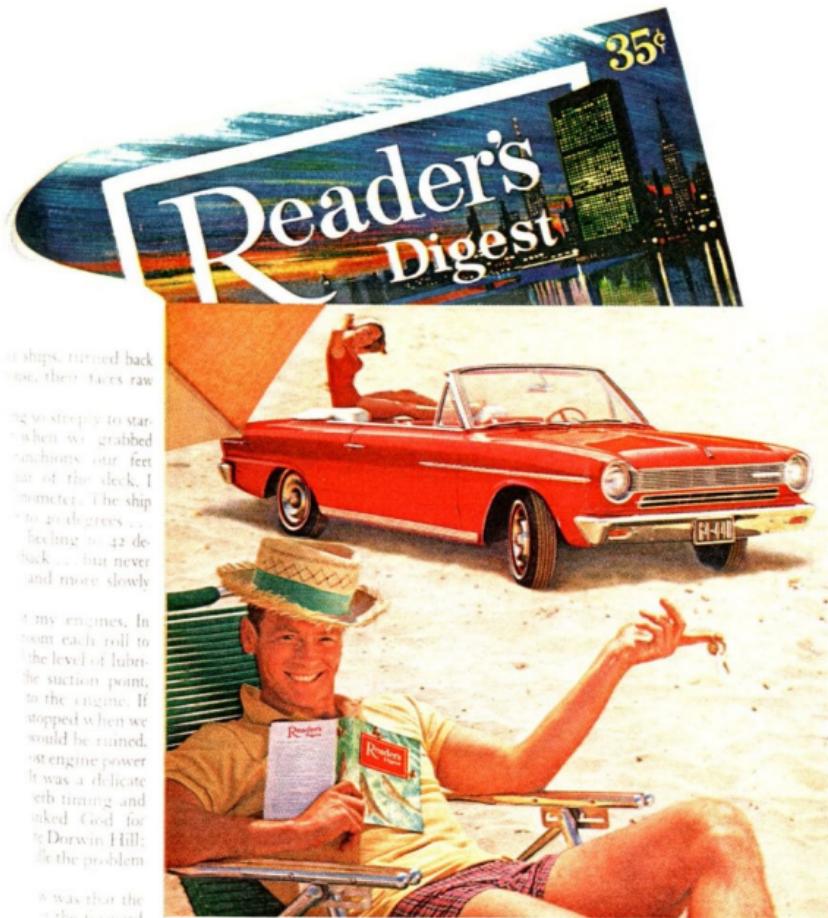
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embroiled in their machinations, De Gaulle resigned as President of France only two months after his election in 1946 and, retiring in "bitter serenity" to his country home outside Paris, wrote these memoirs.

"Every Frenchman, whatever his tendencies," De Gaulle concludes, "had the troubling suspicion that with the general vanished something primordial, permanent and necessary which he incarnated in history and which the regime of parties could not represent. But they knew it could be invoked by common consent as soon as a new laceration threatened the nation." Like so many of the general's grand pronouncements, it turned out to be a simple statement of fact. In 1958, on the brink of civil war, France did indeed turn again to the primordial force that is Charles de Gaulle.

You Were There

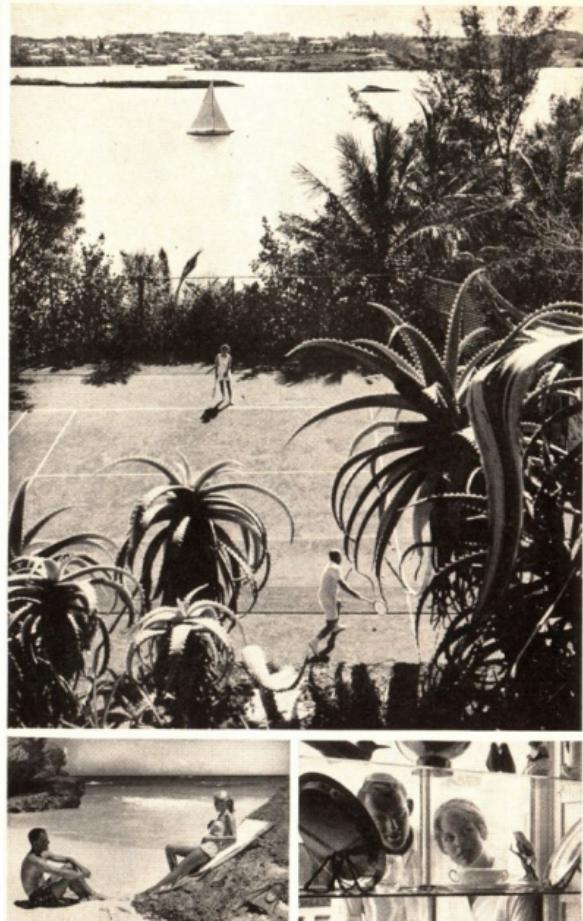
THE BLACK SHIP SCROLL by Oliver Statler. 80 pages. Turtle. \$5.

When Commodore Matthew Perry's U.S. flotilla pried open the door of hermetic Japan in 1854, the world gasped delightedly at the treasures within. The quaintness of Japanese life and the beauty of its art affected interior decoration from New York to Paris, influenced the course of modern painting, launched a flood of books and operas. What, while the West marveled, did the Japanese make of it all?

The question is partially answered by this slim, elegant volume that has been assembled by Nipponologist Oliver Statler, author of *Japanese Inn* (but no kin to the U.S. innkeeping clan). Half of the book, and its heart, consists of 40 color plates taken from two Japanese scrolls of the time. Such scrolls, which unrolled horizontally up to 40 ft., served as the picture books and newsreels of feudal Japan. To document Perry's arrival, and satisfy their feudal masters' incorrigible curiosity, Japanese artists swarmed aboard Perry's six black ships, sketching virtually everything in sight with swift brush strokes on mulberry-bark paper. Their captions are often as eerily strange as their pictures, which confirmed the Japanese notion that all Westerners had enormous noses and were covered with hair. Clean-shaven Commodore Perry is shown as a slant-eyed demon, heavily mustached and bearded, with eyebrows as thick as bagels.

In you-were-there fashion, the scrolls faithfully capture the Americans in every conceivable pursuit: tipping, hunting, surveying Shimoda harbor, laundering their clothes at the beach. They also suggest that U.S. sailors have not changed very much. One picture depicts a tipsy seaman dallying in an inn with five tarts, and the dialogue is suitably arch: "Oh, come a little closer to me!" "I say, I say, it seems you've had too much and can't stand up!"

Japanese casualness about sex con-



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COMMODORE PERRY
All Westerners are hairy.

vinced Perry that they were "a lewd people." When the shogun's commissioners complained that a U.S. naval officer had left some religious books in one of the temples, Perry responded by protesting against "the obscene books which the Japanese had given the sailors." But after a desperate effort on both sides to understand each other, this first encounter between two great nations of the Pacific ended amicably. As Perry prepared to sail for home, the Japanese came out to his flagship with the last of their presents, three small spaniels for President Millard Fillmore. "They now thrive in Washington," he reported later, not unlike Lyndon Johnson's Him and Her.

The Honey Trap

RUPERT BROOKE by Christopher Hassall. 557 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$8.75.

"Why," he wondered as a boy, "do we always know someone everywhere?" The answer was simple. Rupert Brooke grew up among Top People in an era when no other kind counted in England. As a kid he built sandcastles with Virginia Woolf. Other adoring contemporaries included Darwin's granddaughters, Keyneses, Strachey and most of the other young Britons who were to leave their mark on the times. As the late Christopher Hassall makes clear in this massive, kindly biography, Rupert Brooke had everything: charm, grace, Grecian good looks, precocious brilliance. That was his tragedy. For Rupert, everything from schoolboy success to a celebrated death came too quickly, too easily.

Everything, that is, but emotional maturity. Mother was part of his problem. The wife of a housemaster at Rugby, she was a proper, pre-Freudian Victorian to the last glove button. Young Rupert, who arrived after his mother had lost a daughter in infancy, was often told that she had terribly hoped he would be a girl.

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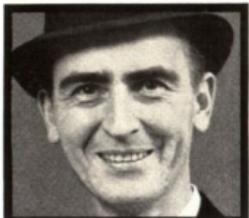
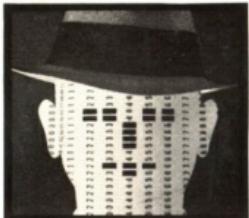
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(Uncle Alan was Dean), the other golden lads and lasses fell in love, married, got jobs. Not Rupert. Dawdling on at Granchester, a sleepy village near Cambridge ("Yet stands the church clock at ten to three? And is there honey still for tea?"), he floundered through one infatuation after another. But with the only girl who really wanted a serious relationship, Rupert backed and fled, made himself sick and finally fled to the South Seas. He admitted, says Hassall, that "he was, most regrettably, a Victorian at heart." At 27, only a few months before his death, he confessed in a letter to Cathleen Nesbit, then a struggling young actress, that he was "a cripple, incomplete. . . I seemed to have missed everything."

It was in World War I, of course, that Brooke found completion in every sense, and he seemingly anticipated his fate years ahead of time. It was not a heroic death. The war poet, as he is remembered, was a victim of blood poisoning aboard a ship in the Aegean. His grave on the island of Skyros attracts almost as many tourists as Shelley's grave in the English Protestant Cemetery in Rome. In Brooke's memory, Granchester's clock for many years was stopped at ten to three.

The 95 poems that comprise Brooke's collected works still sell, in an age when there is hardly any corner of a foreign field that calls itself English. If Rupert Brooke had survived, or had he even been exposed to the soul-shredding savagery of trench warfare that distilled the bitter poetry of Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon, he might have become a different, and possibly better, writer. As it was, he became an anthological Immortal, trapped forever in the honey of post-adolescent nostalgia.

Musical Chairs

THE VALLEY OF BONES by Anthony Powell. 242 pages. Little, Brown. \$4.50.

To pick up one of Anthony Powell's novels at random is as bewildering an experience as walking into a theater halfway through *Henry IV*, Part II. Who was Hugo Warminster? Why does Dicky Unfraville despise Buster Fope? What ever became of Eleanor Walpole-Wilson and her Lesbian roommate?

Powell's cool, elegantly witty books in fact are not so much self-contained novels as chapters in a projected, twelve-part series that he calls *The Music of Time*. So numerous are the odd and diverting characters who flash in and out of his pages that a list of all their names and relationships, assembled by London's *Time and Tide* two novels back, occupied four full pages of type. Yet every one of them is as distinctively striated and plump with life as a mountain trout, and the society they inhabit is as compellingly real and elaborate as Proust's Paris.

Twitching Thread. In *The Valley of Bones*, No. 7 in his series, Powell picks up the life of Nicholas Jenkins,



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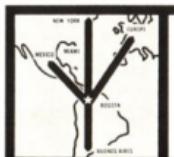
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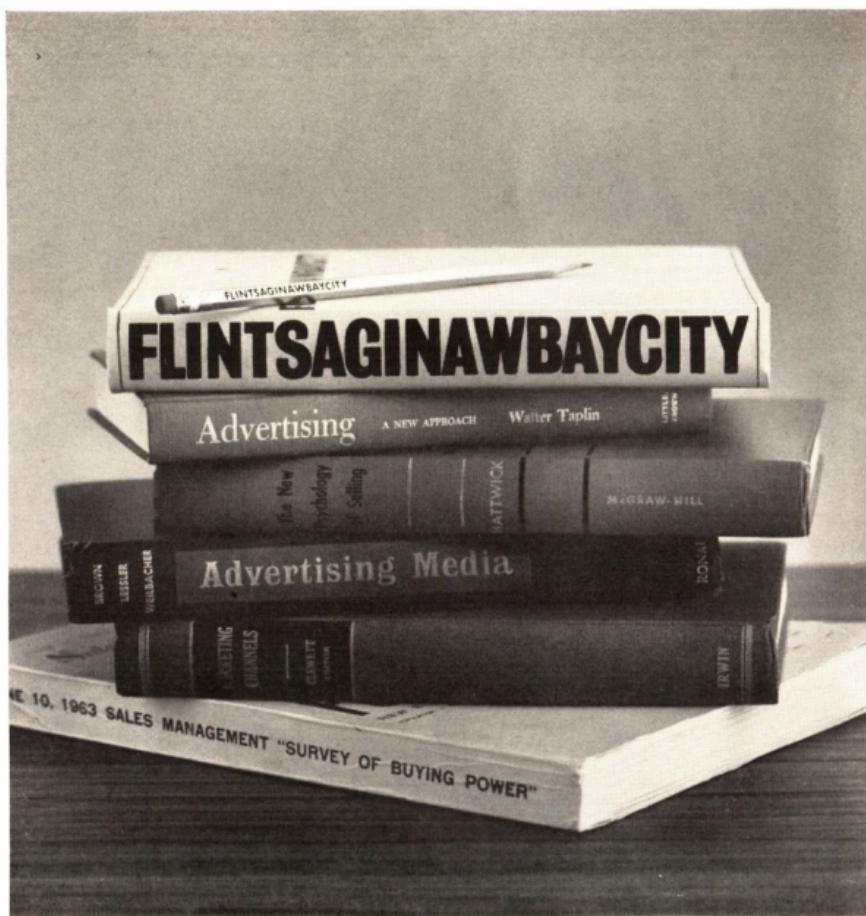
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his all-seeing narrator, shortly after the outbreak of World War II; it ends about a year later after the fall of Dunkirk. At 35, Old Etonian Nick is a somewhat overage second lieutenant assigned to backwater posts in Ireland and Wales, where he passes his time studying anti-gas warfare and reading Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*. The shooting war, which largely flows past him, interests Powell less than its effects on the worn-out aristocrats and upper-middle-class English men and women who inhabit his fictional world. Not a great deal happens. Nick's brother-in-law, Robert Tolland, is killed while serving in France with the Field Security Service. "Would he have made a lot of money in his export house trading with the Far East? Might he have married Flavia Wisbeite? As in musical chairs, the piano stops suddenly, someone is left without a seat, petrified for a lifetime in their attitude of that particular moment."

Nick encounters all manner of odd types in the army. He is linked to them all by the warp of a social fabric that Powell understands as well as any writer now working, and by the long arm of coincidence, which Powell nudges more shamelessly than any novelist since Dickens. When a character in *The Valley of Bones* moves, another character inevitably twitches at the end of a fictional thread that may stretch all the way back to *A Question of Upbringing*, the first in his series. Nick has a casual conversation with a fellow officer, and a memory floats Joyce-like to the surface: "I was struck by a thought as to where I might have seen Pennstone before. Was it at Mrs. Andriadi's party in Hill Street ten or twelve years ago? His identity was revealed. He was the young man with the orchid in his buttonhole."

Patterned Spectacle. An officer sitting with his back to Nick suddenly swivels in his chair—and turns out to be Widmerpool, that inspired clown who appears in all his novels as Powell's satiric image of Eng and "new man." Some characters will presumably never reappear. Others, notably Lieutenant Odo Stevens, who falls in love with another of Nick's sisters-in-law, will obviously glide into view again in later chapters of the saga.

Powell's vision of society, as he explained at the outset of his series, is one of "human beings moving hand in hand in intricate measure: stepping slowly, methodically, sometimes a trifle awkwardly, in evolutions that take recognizable shape; or breaking into seemingly meaningless gyrations, while partners disappear only to reappear again, once more giving pattern to the spectacle: unable to control the melody, unable, perhaps, to control the steps of the dance." Powell himself consummately controls the melody. To the reader who joins his dance, it is clear that he is unfolding one of the great comic sagas in English fiction.



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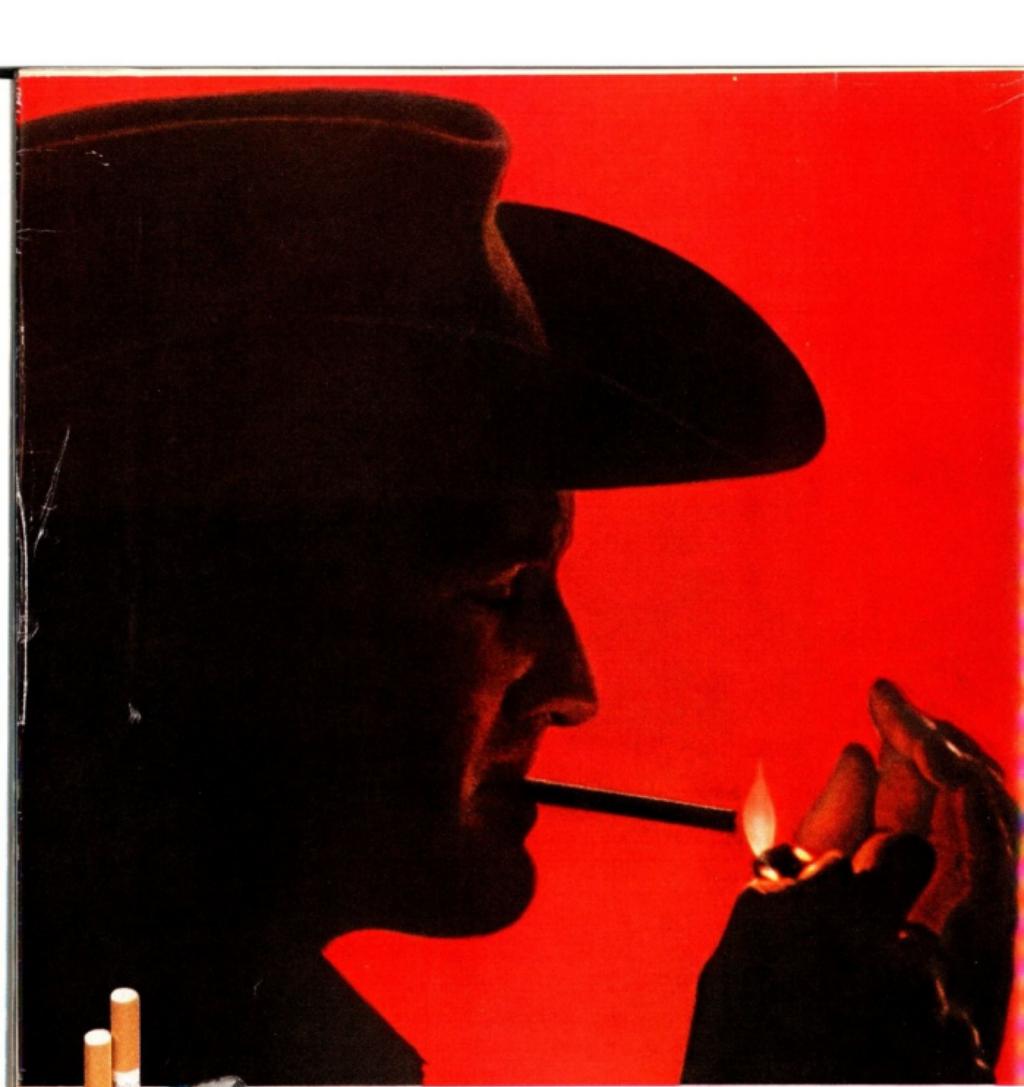
His exhilaration attracts the world traveler to Escudellers 14, in Barcelona. The walls are festooned with garlic clusters, the air charged with gaiety, and the Canadian Club forever in demand.

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